



—FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

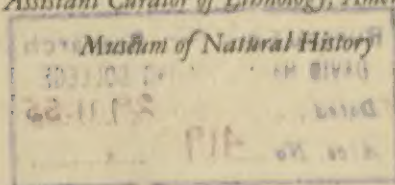
COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA  
GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA  
SEX AND TEMPERAMENT

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-FROM THE  
SOUTH SEAS

*Studies of Adolescence and Sex  
in Primitive Societies*

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## PREFACE

THE combination of these three books into one volume seems to me a reasonable method of assembling a series of studies of primitive peoples in the South Seas, made consecutively from 1925 to 1933, because they express a single, though I hope developing, point of view and result from a single method of approach. In all three books I have approached the patterns of these primitive societies—so different from our own culture and so different one from another—from the vantage point of a special age group, the members of which I studied in detail, so as to see the whole culture through their eyes. In Samoa I specialised on the adolescent girl, but I found the study of the pre-adolescent age group, which I used in Samoa merely as a stepping-off place, so important for the understanding of the development of character within the culture that in my next field trip, to the Manus of the Admiralty Islands in New Guinea, I moved down to study the pre-school age, making an excursion up into a study of the pre-adolescent group as my next point of emphasis. Finally, on my third field trip I specialised particularly in the treatment of very little children and in a special study of the final character forms shown by the mature men and women. From whichever age grade I was viewing the culture,

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however, I worked with the same field methods: notebook and pencil observations of identified individuals against the background of the formal culture, which I was in no case solely responsible for recording. In Samoa I had access to a wealth of published materials on the formal culture; on my two later trips I had the great advantage of pursuing my special investigations parallel to Dr. Reo Fortune's studies of the same culture, so that I was left free to specialise upon my own problems. At the same time my tentative hypotheses could be submitted to the test of his first-hand knowledge of the culture concerned. On my special problems I worked single-handed. All the details of child behaviour, an adolescent girl's greater shyness, a six-year-old's identification with his father, etc., are based upon my observations. Each of these five educational systems was sifted through the selective medium of a single observer's attention, and the blind spots may be assumed to have been relatively similar in all of the five cultures studied. When I compare the behaviour of a Samoan child with the behaviour of a Manus child, I am making comparisons within my own set of observations alone, observations which have to be accepted or rejected in terms of the inner consistency of the picture which they present. This method, by which a single observer tackles alone a problem such as character in culture, was useful as long as the field was uncharted, the problems so unknown they could be handled in broad outlines; the type of outline incidentally which

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makes the material much more available and useful for the general reader and the student from related sciences. They are pioneer studies made by a method which I myself shall not use again; my future work, like my past three years' work in Bali and among the Iatmul of New Guinea, which awaits future publication, will be co-operative, in which at least two and sometimes as many as six observers, armed with modern methods of recording, typewriters or stenotypes, miniature cameras and moving-picture cameras, will bring a battery of observation to bear upon the behaviour of native children or native mothers. The results of these more modern methods will be better validated than these early studies, and provide far more detail to be used by other investigators for analysis; they will lack, inevitably, in some degree the unity of the studies presented in these three books now published together, these three books which summarise my first ten years of grappling with the problem of how the human character is moulded by the diverse cultural settings into which human beings, cultureless and flexible, are born.



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*"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world"*

THE questions which inquiring minds ask about primitive peoples have changed radically in the last fifteen years, and because of these continuing new questions, it seems worth while to reissue these studies of five South Sea peoples.

When *Coming of Age in Samoa* was written, the questions which were uppermost in the minds of the scientific world and the intelligent reading public were "What is human nature? How flexible is human nature? How much can we learn about its limits and its potentialities from studies of societies so very different, so conveniently simpler than our own?" And the student of primitive culture arranged the material to this emphasis, to demonstrate just how flexible and responsive to cultural influences was this human nature about which we actually knew so little and assumed so much. In those days it was important to show that the physiological changes of adolescence were not of themselves sufficient to account for the period of storm and stress through which our children passed, but that the ease or difficulty of this transition should be laid at the

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door of a different cultural setting—in Samoa to freedom in sex, lack of economic responsibility, and lack of any pressure to make choices; in our own society to a restricted and postponed sex expression, to confusion about economic rôles, and to the conflicting currents of modern life among which the adolescent must choose.

It was a simple—a very simple—point to which our materials were organized in the 1920's, merely the documentation over and over of the fact that human nature is not rigid and unyielding, not an unadaptable plant which insists on flowering or becoming stunted after its own fashion, responding only quantitatively to the social environment, but that it is extraordinarily adaptable, that cultural rhythms are stronger and more compelling than the physiological rhythms which they overlay and distort, that the failure to satisfy an artificial, culturally stimulated need—for outdistancing one's neighbours in our society, for instance, or for wearing the requisite number of dog's teeth among the Manus—may produce more unhappiness and frustration in the human breast than the most rigorous cultural curtailment of the physiological demands of sex or hunger. We had to present evidence that human character is built upon a biological base which is capable of enormous diversification in terms of social standards.

The battle which we once had to fight with the

whole battery at our command, with the most fantastic and startling examples that we could muster, is now won. As the devout in the Middle Ages would murmur a precautionary "God willing" before stating a plan or a wish, those who write about the problems of man and society have learned to insert a precautionary "in our culture" into statements which would have read, fifteen years ago, merely as "Adolescence is always a time of stress and strain," "Children are more imaginative than adults," "All artists are neurotics," "Women are more passive than men," etc., with no such precautionary phrase. It is true that in some cases this phrase is mere lip service, as was the "God willing" of the mediæval speaker, and that those who use it still believe in their heart of hearts that all men, Samoan, Manus, Mundugumor, Eskimo and Bantu, are really made in their own image, with a few non-essential trappings of feathers and cowrie shells to obscure the all-important similarities. But nevertheless the trend towards a deeper appreciation of the malleability of the human being is marked enough so that students of primitive societies and their significance can go on to other questions.

By the time I made my second field trip, to the Manus, discussed in *Growing Up in New Guinea*, a new issue had to be met. Under the influence of the progressive-education movement and a quick and partial



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interpretation of the first flush of success in Russian educational experiments, educators and philosophers were saying, "Yes, the child is malleable, he takes the form you wish him to take; therefore, if you train him sufficiently differently from the way his unfortunate parents were trained, in no time at all you will produce a new generation which will build a new world." Here, our premise—the flexibility of human nature—had already been turned to point a social philosophy of cultural change. It was necessary to examine it.

In Manus I found a society which, in its major emphases, was not unlike the more puritan forms of our own. The adults were driven by a harsh competitive system, hard working and with little tolerance for pleasure or art; each man worked for himself and for his own household; the future economic security of one's children was a principal goal. But the children had no part in this adult world of money values and hard work; they were left free to play all day in a pleasant co-operative world where there was no property and no possessiveness. If exposure to social forms different from those which ruled the lives of their parents could have made such a difference as our more enthusiastic educators postulated, it should have made it here. And yet, when they passed adolescence, the generous gay co-operative Manus children turned into grasping competitive Manus adults.

On the basis of the Manus material, we could add a caution: Human nature was malleable, yes; children could be given years of freedom apparently emphasising other values from those which ruled the lives of their fathers and mothers, yes. But there were limits to this malleability. It was no use permitting children to develop values different from those of their society. The adult forms, expressed in the way in which those children, though later granted an illusory freedom for a few years, had been trained as very small children, and again expressed in the way of life offered to young men ready to marry and participate in society, always won. Human nature is flexible, but it is also elastic—it will tend to return to the form that was impressed upon it in earliest years. From this it follows that “Culture is very, very strong. You cannot alter a society by giving its children of school age new behaviour patterns to which the adult society gives no scope.”

One further suggestion came out of the study of Manus children. Granted that the adult form would always win over any contradictory values emphasised during childhood, it still might make a difference whether those discontinuities \* occurred. When children grow up in a straight line, the values of six-year-old life dovetailing neatly into the values of seven-

\* See also Ruth Benedict, “Continuities and Discontinuities in Cultural Conditioning,” *Psychiatry*, Vol. One, No. 2, May, 1938.

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year-old life, and so on up without a break, might there not be a possibility of greater happiness, of greater consistency of personality than when different values are permitted expression at different ages? Manus raised the problem whether our colleges, with their carefree Forest of Arden atmosphere, were in fact the best preparation for a harsh, competitive, workaday world. Perhaps the difficulty of our young people in adapting themselves to business routine was parallel to the impotent, tight-lipped sullenness with which the newly married young man in Manus left his group of carefree companions to do the bidding of the older male relatives who had financed his marriage.\*

There is a still further suggestion to be drawn from the Manus material, although I did not fully realise it myself until I had sharpened my perceptions in other South Sea cultures.† The Manus, like our Puritan ancestors, predicate original sin—that is, they assume that man's fundamental drives are immoral, and that man must be broken to fit the accepted form regarded as the good life. Therefore, the prescribed educational

\* Today it is the contrast between the values still taught to the children—that when they grow up they will have jobs and be independent—and the absence of those jobs in reality, that presents a major discrepancy under which youth is restive and unhappy.

† See also Margaret Mead, "Primitive Society," Chapter One of *Planned Society*, edited by T. Findlay Mackenzie. New York, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1937.



efforts of the society are directed toward thwarting tendencies assumed to be present in all human beings. They train little children to shame, and insist that women go about ready to hide their heads in the presence of a male relative-in-law. This attitude towards human nature is so familiar to all of us, and so congenial to many of us who have felt the demands of society as strongly opposed to the demands and needs of our own personality, that it may cause little questioning. But the evidence of other societies suggests that the expectation of frustration prompted by such a view of human nature is not necessary. The Samoans have no idea of original sin—no idea that social forms necessarily thwart the demands of the human body or the wishes of the human heart. Rather, they view society as a world of gracious though strict shapes, like the beautifully articulated rafters of their beehive-shaped houses, a world in which each person will take the place he is capable of filling. They do not emphasise a sinful nature which must be curbed, a will that must be broken, an avid, demanding, biological nature to which all social demands are frustrating; the Samoans instead regard children as born with different capacities to listen and to learn, and as originally deficient in “understanding”—where understanding might be rephrased as “an appreciation of the value of social forms.” Keep the children out from under the elders’

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feet, teach them gradually the rules which make life simple and pleasant, and in turn this "understanding" will flower in their hearts.

To the student of the rigorous nature of biological drives, the Samoan complacency in the face of human drives, which surely must make demands which the society will not satisfy, seems fatuous. One may grant that there is some truth both in the Manus assumption of an intractable immoral human nature, which must be suppressed, and in the Samoan assumption of an adaptable, slowly developing, potentially happy and conforming human nature. Some cultural expression will be frustrating to some children in all societies, the same cultural expression may be fulfilment to other children in the same societies. Learning to read may be a horrid chore to one child, a delightful key to a new world to another. There remains the question, which social attitude is more conducive to human happiness, to smoothness and adjustment? Ought a society to say in effect, "Everything we ask you to do is uncongenial, painful to learn and painful to practise, but you must do it," or, "Everything we ask you to do is possible for you and pleasant for you, the rewards are greater than the prices, so, of course, you will do it"? It is true that the cultural expectation is not the only determinant of how a child will react. The child who finds learning to read a painful task may actually

differ fundamentally from the child who enjoys it. He *may* have bad eyesight, or be an auditory type who finds visualisation difficult; he may have been so thwarted in other ways that reading fits inevitably into the picture of thwarting. But it may be merely that his mother said: "Next year you'll have to learn to read—I know you'll hate it. All children hate reading. Poor child, I know that I wept over it." Similarly, the child who loves reading may be a visual type, he may have had his curiosity about life so stimulated that the need to satisfy it is much stronger than the dislike of learning a new skill; he may be an active child, bored with too little occupation, he may have been so generously fed from a flowing maternal breast that he expects all experience to be gratifying—or his mother may merely have said, "Next month, if you are good, I'll let you start to read, and then you can read all those stories to yourself, any time you like."

The evidence of primitive societies suggests that the assumptions which any culture makes about the degree of frustration or fulfilment contained in cultural forms may be more important for human happiness than which biological drives it chooses to develop, which to suppress or to leave undeveloped. We may take as an example the attitude of the Victorian woman who was not expected to enjoy sex experience and who did not enjoy it. She was certainly in no degree as frustrated



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as are those of her descendants who find sex, which they had been told they would enjoy, unsatisfactory. Comparison of societies as opposed as Samoa and Manus suggests, therefore, that it is very important for human happiness how we phrase the demands of society. To assume that people will want those things which the culture makes possible gives an expectation of happy, optimistic, progressive development. To assume that people really want only those things which they may not have, on the other hand, is only another method of producing the undoubted frustration of present-day America where children are reared to want an assured and rising economic status which under present economic forms they cannot have. It seems obvious enough that a desire for a motor car is not a primary need, but one which is culturally stimulated, which is for some people culturally satisfied, for others culturally denied. The evidence from primitive society suggests that even such presumably fundamental drives as sex, need for social relationships, need for some sort of control over environment, may be imputed only to be denied, with much heart-burning, or ignored, and in this case no such heart-burning is there.

My later field trips in 1931-33 to the mainland of New Guinea added more material on this question as to how we can frame our cultural expectation of human nature so as to make growing up and living either frus-

trating or fulfilling. Human societies may make assumptions about human nature which their educational systems are unable to carry out.

The Arapesh of New Guinea assume that all human beings, male and female, are naturally unaggressive, self-denying, lightly sexed, comfortably domestic, concerned with growing food to feed growing children. They do not conceive the personality as developed by frustration. But they have cultural forms which do frustrate the young child. The child is taught to expect to have its mother always at its beck and call and then she is forced to go away and leave the unweaned child for long periods in small hamlets where often no other woman has milk. The child is not equipped to understand her act as anything but a hostile desertion. It responds with anger and hostility. The mother, whose desertion was prompted not by hostility but by the urgent needs of gardening on perpendicular slopes up and down which she could not carry a heavy baby, is shocked and disapproving, pained and surprised at the child's response; and the child, fearing to lose its mother's love, feels guilt over its anger. Here we have, then, a third variant. Society may assume a type of character which its educational forms are too faulty to produce, and the result will be a discrepancy which makes for human unhappiness. We are doing something similar today in bringing children up in a public-

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school system which paralyses initiative and then expecting to produce active, intelligent citizens able to cope with the problems of a democracy.

The Mundugumor have an educational system comparably inefficient to that of the Arapesh. They assume that all children, male and female, are naturally aggressive and hostile. To such characters, Mundugumor society, with its sex foreplay which is more like a battle royal, its premium on headhunting, its violent, swaggering, quarrelsome social pattern where every man's hand is turned against his brother, is congenial. But even the Mundugumor mother pulling her baby impatiently away from her breast did not succeed in producing in every child a character which lived up to Mundugumor expectations, and the result was occasionally a kind, weak man or a warm, complacent woman who did not fit.

The fifth society, Tchambuli, presents still another way in which society may complicate the educational picture. Where Arapesh and Mundugumor each have a single expectation, one picture of human personality regardless of sex, the Tchambuli attempt to standardise the personality of the sexes in contrasting ways—they expect men to be responsive, interested in the arts, women to be bold, initiating, economically more responsible. Aside from the probability that such a formulation puts an undue strain upon the natural contrast



between men's and women's physiological function, the Tchambuli complicated the matter even further for each generation by preserving patriarchal forms combined with personalities more appropriate to matriarchy. Young men are faced with the contradictory demand that they be yielding, responsive to and dependent upon women and that they act like the head of the family. Such mixed and badly co-ordinated elements cause a good deal of confusion and functional maladjustment, especially in the young men. A parallel to this form of confusion between the realities of personality standardisation and the socio-legal forms of a society may be found in America today, which retains European patriarchal forms while demanding from women a far more dominant personal rôle than may be exercised in terms of those forms.\*

So from each of these five societies came new suggestions and cautions, to be used in our thinking about educational problems.

My third field trip, to the Arapesh, the Mundugumor and the Tchambuli, also suggested that the regimentation of human personality in terms of age, sex, class, or race standards was always likely to do violence to the actual temperaments of many individuals. The

\* See also Margaret Mead, "On the Institutionalized Rôle of Women and Character Formation," *Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung*, Jahrgang V, Heft 1, pp. 69-75.

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two sexes, because of the striking contrast between them in physical form and physiological function, might seem to be the least susceptible to such distortion. Yet a study of standardisation of personality in these three primitive cultures shows that it is possible for a culture to override even the differences between the sexes by attempting to shape every individual of both sexes to a single emphasis. And the Tchambuli have even turned the tables altogether upon our expectation by attempting to standardise women as the competent, economically responsible, initiating members of society, and men as the responsive and compliant ones. These findings attest anew to the dominance of cultural forms over "innate characteristics." They throw little light upon actual sex differences but they do illuminate the way in which culture can take a clue from one sort of temperament, and assume that the personality appropriate to express that temperament is natural for any defined group in the society—whether defined by sex, age, race or class—or even, as in the simplest cases, Arapesh and Mundugumor, that it is natural for all. This evidence for the strength of cultural conditioning, for the importance of cultural expectation of a given type of personality, contains a warning for us of the waste of human personalities which is always likely to occur in any cultural attempt to ignore differences be-

tween human beings in the interests of a single standard for any group, or for all the members of a society.

These were the special suggestions, the leads and the cautions which seemed to me most eloquently pointed up by the materials when I wrote them up in book form in 1926, in 1929 and in 1934. Meanwhile, the accounts of these primitive cultures remain. The quaint customs, the unusual ceremonies, that as I write are already disappearing before missionisation in Manus, Arapesh, Tchambuli and Mundugumor, and whose modification had begun one hundred years ago in Samoa, may amuse and startle, bewilder and stimulate us for an hour. But the implications of these experiments in ways of life, in ways in which man can come to merely bearable or to highly enjoyable and constructive terms with his own nature, his fellows and his material environment, and learn how to pause and pattern his world imaginatively in terms of religion and art—these have a continuing significance for our thinking.

And in 1939, people are asking far deeper and more searching questions from the social sciences than was the case in 1925. The malleability of human nature, the rules of the growth and change of social forms, are no longer matters of interest only to the professional educator, the social philosopher and the social scientist.



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The man in the street has been made actively and painfully aware of them. He no longer takes his social forms for granted as a healthy person takes for granted the functioning of his heart and liver. The creaking and groaning of the social structure has made him socially conscious. Once conscious, he is forced to make choices, or at least to desire the possibility of choice. If social forms are not fixed, either by God or by unalterable historical processes, but may be given new direction and new definition by the exercise of the human will, then choice is inevitably indicated for all those who think and care for the fate of their own generation and for the world in which their immediate descendants must live miserably or well, and for even more remote generations of men. Slight decisions now, mere deflection of the course of social development, may have consequences of unguessed magnitude ten generations from now. When we build a new world, what kind of world do we want to build?

This is the question which is being asked of the social scientist today. The psychologist is asked to give his evidence on the basic needs of human beings, what needs cannot be ignored without marring the individual's development and debarring him from full functioning as a human being. The psychiatrist is asked what are the limits of strain which individuals reared

within a given cultural system can stand, what are the conditions within the personality and in the outer world which cause some individuals to break beneath the strain of living, and what changes could be made in education and social forms so that fewer breakdowns would occur. The economist is required to give a statement of the resources of the country, the relationship between technology, natural resources and social organisation, to define the economic borders within which a social system must work. The sociologist is asked to give us material upon the interrelationships of individuals in groups and between groups, to state which forms of social organisation are compatible one with another, and which are conducive to social ends, which to destructive ends, leading to internal and external waste and warfare.

From the students of culture, the social anthropologists, a different order of suggestions may be demanded. The anthropologist is concerned with the interrelations between man's human nature, his natural environment, his technological inventions, his social organisation and the symbolic structures of religion, art and philosophy by which he endows life with value and meaning. As the comparative student of many human cultures, the anthropologist is in a position to discuss total systems, and the gains in one respect, the losses in another, consequent upon different cultural integrations. Do these

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five South Sea cultures help us to choose between one type of social system and another?

In all five cultures, we are dealing with homogeneous societies, societies which emphasise one set of human values at the expense of all others. The Samoan emphasises a graceful, easy, diffuse emotional life, a relaxed dependence upon reliable social forms, a minimum of symbolic expression. In Samoa the person with marked individuality and a capacity for strong feeling, a bent for religious or artistic expression, a fondness for speculative thought, is at a disadvantage. The society not only has no use for such persons, but disapproves of them so that their very gifts become a liability. The Manus emphasise the practical virtues of abstinence, thrift, industry, denial of the flesh, postponement of all satisfactions, and individualistic pursuit of personal gain. Those who are not interested in these ends have no rôle in this society; the artist, the philosopher, individuals valuing personal relations, find no place. In Arapesh, all value is placed on peaceful, non-aggressive parental activity and those who feel intensely or violently are disallowed, while individuals who would have been regarded as close to the social ideal in Arapesh are disallowed in Mundugumor. In Tchambuli, the contrasting standardisation of the sexes forms the basis for the non-utilisation of certain types,



the strong man with capacities for leadership, the dependent, clinging, maternal woman, find no place. Each society has taken a special emphasis and given it a full and integrated expression at the expense of other potentialities of the human race.

If we take these five societies as data on the whole problem of homogeneity versus heterogeneity, upon single standards for all versus a cultural tolerance of diversity, what do we find? As each society is homogeneous, the conflicts, the confusions of a heterogeneous society are lacking. Primitive man, secure in a closed and ordered universe, has a dignity that we have lost. He is all of a piece, he has few doubts and few confusions. Those who are born most in accord with the emphases of the culture are given opportunities for limited, but rounded expression. The deviant temperaments are left without sufficient sophistication to realise their plight. This homogeneity, this coherence, is something which may well fill us with envy. But we may still ask if this homogeneity is not too dearly bought.

We are faced with the question: Would we, if we could, achieve a single standard, a homogeneity comparable to these primitive cultures? We do not propose to sacrifice the inventions which destroyed that homogeneity—writing, specialisation of skills, the state

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which made it possible to integrate politically peoples who are diverse culturally, technology which transcends national boundaries. If we do elect homogeneity, totalitarianism, an absolute standard which a whole nation will unquestioningly accept, such a homogeneity can never have the simple dignity of the cultures of these island peoples. Primitive man's dignity is based upon the simplicity of the problems which he has set himself, upon his ignorance of any other answers than those he knows to the questions of why the sun crosses the sky, why the rain falls, the fish spawn, or how human marriages should be arranged. His sense of adequacy, of having a complete point of view towards the universe, is a phase in the history of the gradual development of the human spirit which civilised man may well be proud to count as a part of his long and honourable heritage. But civilised man cannot return without dishonour to that simplicity of spirit, because there is no return to the simplicity of conditions which made it possible. Where primitive man was merely ignorant of contrasting values as possible for him, where he knew no scientific findings which called into question his simple philosophising, civilised man must wilfully disallow a large part of his cultural inheritance, must feign a spurious ignorance in place of the genuine ignorance of his primitive ancestors and his primitive con-

temporaries. To achieve a pseudo-homogeneity, modern man must outlaw and suppress, purge and interdict, those persons and ideas who challenge a falsely oversimplified scheme. At best he achieves only a precarious and synthetic homogeneity, built not upon the honesty of limited knowledge, but upon a dogmatic selection from a wide range of knowledge which will not fit upon his Procrustean bed. And at the same time, any attempt at a single standard sacrifices all the hard-won gains of heterogeneity—freedom of thought, with resulting freedom of inquiry into the natural world, respect for contrasting and complementary values, all the new values which are constantly born of intricacy and complexity—all would go.

Accounts of primitive people may, however, do more than awaken a futile nostalgia for the homogeneity which is so appropriate and inevitable at their stage of complexity, so inappropriate to ours. Each of these primitive homogeneities of which we have a record bears witness to some different potentiality of the human spirit, to some special source of life untapped by other cultural forms. It is consonant with our vision of a period when man will draw on natural resources as he has never done before, and so free himself from economic insecurity, to envisage a world in which new social inventions will permit us to draw upon human

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potentialities as never before; in which we will reconcile without destroying the contrasting values of modern life.

We are at a crossroads and must decide whether we go forward towards a more ordered heterogeneity, or make a frightened retreat to some single standard which will waste nine-tenths of the potentialities of the human race in order that we may have a too dearly purchased security. We have an opportunity to conceive, and out of that conception begin to build, a world which shall be as new in the ordered interplay given to man's myriad gifts as the present world is new in the technological utilisation of physical resources. The imminence of other problems—the need to find some general solution for the problems of poverty and war—should not blind us to the importance of building a world which is not only safe in terms of obtaining a living and safe against meaningless aggression, but also safe from the ever-present danger that one version of life, a version which uses only a tithe of human capabilities, will be forced upon everyone. If we solve our economic and international problems with sophistication but compromise that solution by attaching to it an oversimplified and naïve view of personality in culture, we hamstring the future. But if we hold before us, as a goal, a world in which each gift will have its place, we



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may be able to make the necessary social inventions to construct a world of interrelated and integrated values which will replace both the homogeneity of the savage and the confused and frustrating heterogeneity of the twentieth century.

M. M.

*New York,*  
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## —FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

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COMING OF AGE  
IN SAMOA



## FOREWORD

MODERN descriptions of primitive people give us a picture of their culture classified according to the varied aspects of human life. We learn about inventions, household economy, family and political organisation, and religious beliefs and practices. Through a comparative study of these data and through information that tells us of their growth and development, we endeavour to reconstruct, as well as may be, the history of each particular culture. Some anthropologists even hope that the comparative study will reveal some tendencies of development that recur so often that significant generalisations regarding the processes of cultural growth will be discovered.

To the lay reader these studies are interesting on account of the strangeness of the scene, the peculiar attitudes characteristic of foreign cultures that set off in strong light our own achievements and behaviour.

However, a systematic description of human activities gives us very little insight into the mental attitudes of the individual. His thoughts and actions appear merely as expressions of rigidly defined cultural forms. We learn little about his rational thinking, about his friendships and conflicts with his fellowmen. The personal side of the life of the individual is almost elim-

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inated in the systematic presentation of the cultural life of the people. The picture is standardised, like a collection of laws that tell us how we should behave, and not how we behave; like rules set down defining the style of art, but not the way in which the artist elaborates his ideas of beauty; like a list of inventions, and not the way in which the individual overcomes technical difficulties that present themselves.

And yet the way in which the personality reacts to culture is a matter that should concern us deeply and that makes the studies of foreign cultures a fruitful and useful field of research. We are accustomed to consider all those actions that are part and parcel of our own culture, standards which we follow automatically, as common to all mankind. They are deeply ingrained in our behaviour. We are moulded in their forms so that we cannot think but that they must be valid everywhere.

Courtesy, modesty, good manners, conformity to definite ethical standards are universal, but what constitutes courtesy, modesty, good manners, and ethical standards is not universal. It is instructive to know that standards differ in the most unexpected ways. It is still more important to know how the individual reacts to these standards.

In our own civilisation the individual is beset with difficulties which we are likely to ascribe to fundamental human traits. When we speak about the difficulties of childhood and of adolescence, we are thinking of them

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as unavoidable periods of adjustment through which every one has to pass. The whole psycho-analytic approach is largely based on this supposition.

The anthropologist doubts the correctness of these views, but up to this time hardly any one has taken the pains to identify himself sufficiently with a primitive population to obtain an insight into these problems. We feel, therefore, grateful to Miss Mead for having undertaken to identify herself so completely with Samoan youth that she gives us a lucid and clear picture of the joys and difficulties encountered by the young individual in a culture so entirely different from our own. The results of her painstaking investigation confirm the suspicion long held by anthropologists, that much of what we ascribe to human nature is no more than a reaction to the restraints put upon us by our civilisation.

FRANZ BOAS.



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## I

### INTRODUCTION

DURING the last hundred years parents and teachers have ceased to take childhood and adolescence for granted. They have attempted to fit education to the needs of the child, rather than to press the child into an inflexible educational mould. To this new task they have been spurred by two forces, the growth of the science of psychology, and the difficulties and maladjustments of youth. Psychology suggested that much might be gained by a knowledge of the way in which children developed, of the stages through which they passed, of what the adult world might reasonably expect of the baby of two months or the child of two years. And the fulminations of the pulpit, the loudly voiced laments of the conservative social philosopher, the records of juvenile courts and social agencies all suggested that something must be done with the period which science had named adolescence. The spectacle of a younger generation diverging ever more widely from the standards and ideals of the past, cut adrift without the anchorage of respected home standards or group religious values, terrified the cautious reactionary, tempted the radical propagandist to missionary crusades

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among the defenceless youth, and worried the least thoughtful among us.

In American civilisation, with its many immigrant strains, its dozens of conflicting standards of conduct, its hundreds of religious sects, its shifting economic conditions, this unsettled, disturbed status of youth was more apparent than in the older, more settled civilisation of Europe. American conditions challenged the psychologist, the educator, the social philosopher, to offer acceptable explanations of the growing children's plight. As to-day in post-war Germany, where the younger generation has even more difficult adjustments to make than have our own children, a great mass of theorising about adolescence is flooding the book shops; so the psychologist in America tried to account for the restlessness of youth. The result was works like that of Stanley Hall on "Adolescence," which ascribed to the period through which the children were passing, the causes of their conflict and distress. Adolescence was characterised as the period in which idealism flowered and rebellion against authority waxed strong, a period during which difficulties and conflicts were absolutely inevitable.

The careful child psychologist who relied upon experiment for his conclusions did not subscribe to these theories. He said, "We have no data. We know only a little about the first few months of a child's life. We are only just learning when a baby's eyes will first follow a light. How can we give definite answers to



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questions of how a developed personality, about which we know nothing, will respond to religion?" But the negative cautions of science are never popular. If the experimentalist would not commit himself, the social philosopher, the preacher and the pedagogue tried the harder to give a short-cut answer. They observed the behaviour of adolescents in our society, noted down the omnipresent and obvious symptoms of unrest, and announced these as characteristics of the period. Mothers were warned that "daughters in their teens" present special problems. This, said the theorists, is a difficult period. The physical changes which are going on in the bodies of your boys and girls have their definite psychological accompaniments. You can no more evade one than you can the other; as your daughter's body changes from the body of a child to the body of a woman, so inevitably will her spirit change, and that stormily. The theorists looked about them again at the adolescents in our civilisation and repeated with great conviction, "Yes, stormily."

Such a view, though unsanctioned by the cautious experimentalist, gained wide currency, influenced our educational policy, paralysed our parental efforts. Just as the mother must brace herself against the baby's crying when it cuts its first tooth, so she must fortify herself and bear with what equanimity she might the unlovely, turbulent manifestations of the "awkward age." If there was nothing to blame the child for, neither was there any programme except endurance

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which might be urged upon the teacher. The theorist continued to observe the behaviour of American adolescents and each year lent new justification to his hypothesis, as the difficulties of youth were illustrated and documented in the records of schools and juvenile courts.

But meanwhile another way of studying human development had been gaining ground, the approach of the anthropologist, the student of man in all of his most diverse social settings. The anthropologist, as he pondered his growing body of material upon the customs of primitive people, grew to realise the tremendous rôle played in an individual's life by the social environment in which each is born and reared. One by one, aspects of behaviour which we had been accustomed to consider invariable complements of our humanity were found to be merely a result of civilisation, present in the inhabitants of one country, absent in another country, and this without a change of race. He learned that neither race nor common humanity can be held responsible for many of the forms which even such basic human emotions as love and fear and anger take under different social conditions.

So the anthropologist, arguing from his observations of the behaviour of adult human beings in other civilisations, reaches many of the same conclusions which the behaviourist reaches in his work upon human babies who have as yet no civilisation to shape their malleable humanity.

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With such an attitude towards human nature the anthropologist listened to the current comment upon adolescence. He heard attitudes which seemed to him dependent upon social environment—such as rebellion against authority, philosophical perplexities, the flowering of idealism, conflict and struggle—asccribed to a period of physical development. And on the basis of his knowledge of the determinism of culture, of the plasticity of human beings, he doubted. Were these difficulties due to being adolescent or to being adolescent in America?

For the biologist who doubts an old hypothesis or wishes to test out a new one, there is the biological laboratory. There, under conditions over which he can exercise the most rigid control, he can vary the light, the air, the food, which his plants or his animals receive, from the moment of birth throughout their lifetime. Keeping all the conditions but one constant, he can make accurate measurement of the effect of the one. This is the ideal method of science, the method of the controlled experiment, through which all hypotheses may be submitted to a strict objective test.

Even the student of infant psychology can only partially reproduce these ideal laboratory conditions. He cannot control the pre-natal environment of the child whom he will later subject to objective measurement. He can, however, control the early environment of the child, the first few days of its existence, and decide what sounds and sights and smells and tastes are to

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impinge upon it. But for the student of the adolescent there is no such simplicity of working conditions. What we wish to test is no less than the effect of civilisation upon a developing human being at the age of puberty. To test it most rigorously we would have to construct various sorts of different civilisations and subject large numbers of adolescent children to these different environments. We would list the influences the effects of which we wished to study. If we wished to study the influence of the size of the family, we would construct a series of civilisations alike in every respect except in family organisation. Then if we found differences in the behaviour of our adolescents we could say with assurance that size of family had caused the difference, that, for instance, the only child had a more troubled adolescence than the child who was a member of a large family. And so we might proceed through a dozen possible situations—early or late sex knowledge, early or late sex-experience, pressure towards precocious development, discouragement of precocious development, segregation of the sexes or coeducation from infancy, division of labour between the sexes or common tasks for both, pressure to make religious choices young or the lack of such pressure. We would vary one factor, while the others remained quite constant, and analyse which, if any, of the aspects of our civilisation were responsible for the difficulties of our children at adolescence.

Unfortunately, such ideal methods of experiment

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are denied to us when our materials are humanity and the whole fabric of a social order. The test colony of Herodotus, in which babies were to be isolated and the results recorded, is not a possible approach. Neither is the method of selecting from our own civilisation groups of children who meet one requirement or another. Such a method would be to select five hundred adolescents from small families and five hundred from large families, and try to discover which had experienced the greatest difficulties of adjustment at adolescence. But we could not know what were the other influences brought to bear upon these children, what effect their knowledge of sex or their neighbourhood environment may have had upon their adolescent development.

What method then is open to us who wish to conduct a human experiment but who lack the power either to construct the experimental conditions or to find controlled examples of those conditions here and there throughout our own civilisation? The only method is that of the anthropologist, to go to a different civilisation and make a study of human beings under different cultural conditions in some other part of the world. For such studies the anthropologist chooses quite simple peoples, primitive peoples, whose society has never attained the complexity of our own. In this choice of primitive peoples like the Eskimo, the Australian, the South Sea islander, or the Pueblo Indian, the anthropologist is guided by the knowledge that the analysis



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of a simpler civilisation is more possible of attainment.

In complicated civilisations like those of Europe, or the higher civilisations of the East, years of study are necessary before the student can begin to understand the forces at work within them. A study of the French family alone would involve a preliminary study of French history, of French law, of the Catholic and Protestant attitudes towards sex and personal relations. A primitive people without a written language present a much less elaborate problem and a trained student can master the fundamental structure of a primitive society in a few months.

Furthermore, we do not choose a simple peasant community in Europe or an isolated group of mountain whites in the American South, for these people's ways of life, though simple, belong essentially to the historical tradition to which the complex parts of European or American civilisation belong. Instead, we choose primitive groups who have had thousands of years of historical development along completely different lines from our own, whose language does not possess our Indo-European categories, whose religious ideas are of a different nature, whose social organisation is not only simpler but very different from our own. From these contrasts, which are vivid enough to startle and enlighten those accustomed to our own way of life and simple enough to be grasped quickly, it is possible to learn many things about the effect of a civilisation upon the individuals within it.

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So, in order to investigate the particular problem, I chose to go not to Germany or to Russia, but to Samoa, a South Sea island about thirteen degrees from the Equator, inhabited by a brown Polynesian people. Because I was a woman and could hope for greater intimacy in working with girls rather than with boys, and because owing to a paucity of women ethnologists our knowledge of primitive girls is far slighter than our knowledge of boys, I chose to concentrate upon the adolescent girl in Samoa.

But in concentrating, I did something very different from what I would do if I concentrated upon a study of the adolescent girl in Kokomo, Indiana. In such a study, I would go right to the crux of the problem; I would not have to linger long over the Indiana language, the table manners or sleeping habits of my subjects, or make an exhaustive study of how they learned to dress themselves, to use the telephone, or what the concept of conscience meant in Kokomo. All these things are the general fabric of American life, known to me as investigator, known to you as readers.

But with this new experiment on the primitive adolescent girl the matter was quite otherwise. She spoke a language the very sounds of which were strange, a language in which nouns became verbs and verbs nouns in the most sleight-of-hand fashion. All of her habits of life were different. She sat cross-legged on the ground, and to sit upon a chair made her stiff and miserable. She ate with her fingers from a woven plate;

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she slept upon the floor. Her house was a mere circle of pillars, roofed by a cone of thatch, carpeted with water-worn coral fragments. Her whole material environment was different. Cocoanut palm, breadfruit, and mango trees swayed above her village. She had never seen a horse, knew no animals except the pig, dog and rat. Her food was taro, breadfruit and bananas, fish and wild pigeon and half-roasted pork, and land crabs. And just as it was necessary to understand this physical environment, this routine of life which was so different from ours, so her social environment in its attitudes towards children, towards sex, towards personality, presented as strong a contrast to the social environment of the American girl.

I concentrated upon the girls of the community. I spent the greater part of my time with them. I studied most closely the households in which adolescent girls lived. I spent more time in the games of children than in the councils of their elders. Speaking their language, eating their food, sitting barefoot and cross-legged upon the pebbly floor, I did my best to minimise the differences between us and to learn to know and understand all the girls of three little villages on the coast of the little island of Taū, in the Manu'a Archipelago.

Through the nine months which I spent in Samoa, I gathered many detailed facts about these girls, the size of their families, the position and wealth of their parents, the number of their brothers and sisters, the amount of sex experience which they had had. All of

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these routine facts are summarised in a table in the appendix. They are only the barest skeleton, hardly the raw materials for a study of family situations and sex relations, standards of friendship, of loyalty, of personal responsibility, all those impalpable storm centres of disturbances in the lives of our adolescent girls. And because these less measurable parts of their lives were so similar, because one girl's life was so much like another's, in an uncomplex, uniform culture like Samoa, I feel justified in generalising although I studied only fifty girls in three small neighbouring villages.

In the following chapters I have described the lives of these girls, the lives of their younger sisters who will soon be adolescent, of their brothers with whom a strict taboo forbids them to speak, of their older sisters who have left puberty behind them, of their elders, the mothers and fathers whose attitudes towards life determine the attitudes of their children. And through this description I have tried to answer the question which sent me to Samoa: Are the disturbances which vex our adolescents due to the nature of adolescence itself or to the civilisation? Under different conditions does adolescence present a different picture?

Also, by the nature of the problem, because of the unfamiliarity of this simple life on a small Pacific island, I have had to give a picture of the whole social life of Samoa, the details being selected always with a view to illuminating the problem of adolescence. Matters of political organisation which neither interest nor influence the young girl are not included. Minutiae

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of relationship systems or ancestor cults, genealogies and mythology, which are of interest only to the specialist, will be published in another place. But I have tried to present to the reader the Samoan girl in her social setting, to describe the course of her life from birth until death, the problems she will have to solve, the values which will guide her in her solutions, the pains and pleasures of her human lot cast on a South Sea island.

Such a description seeks to do more than illuminate this particular problem. It should also give the reader some conception of a different and contrasting civilisation, another way of life, which other members of the human race have found satisfactory and gracious. We know that our subtlest perceptions, our highest values, are all based upon contrast; that light without darkness or beauty without ugliness would lose the qualities which they now appear to us to have. And similarly, if we would appreciate our own civilisation, this elaborate pattern of life which we have made for ourselves as a people and which we are at such pains to pass on to our children, we must set our civilisation over against other very different ones. The traveller in Europe returns to America, sensitive to nuances in his own manners and philosophies which have hitherto gone unremarked, yet Europe and America are parts of one civilisation. It is with variations within one great pattern that the student of Europe to-day or the student of our own history sharpens his sense of appreciation. But if we step outside the stream of Indo-European

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culture, the appreciation which we can accord our civilisation is even more enhanced. Here in remote parts of the world, under historical conditions very different from those which made Greece and Rome flourish and fall, groups of human beings have worked out patterns of life so different from our own that we cannot venture any guess that they would ever have arrived at our solutions. Each primitive people has selected one set of human gifts, one set of human values, and fashioned for themselves an art, a social organisation, a religion, which is their unique contribution to the history of the human spirit.

Samoa is only one of these diverse and gracious patterns, but as the traveller who has been once from home is wiser than he who has never left his own door step, so a knowledge of one other culture should sharpen our ability to scrutinise more steadily, to appreciate more lovingly, our own.

And, because of the particular problem which we set out to answer, this tale of another way of life is mainly concerned with education, with the process by which the baby, arrived cultureless upon the human scene, becomes a full-fledged adult member of his or her society. The strongest light will fall upon the ways in which Samoan education, in its broadest sense, differs from our own. And from this contrast we may be able to turn, made newly and vividly self-conscious and self-critical, to judge anew and perhaps fashion differently the education we give our children.



## II

### A DAY IN SAMOA

THE life of the day begins at dawn, or if the moon has shown until daylight, the shouts of the young men may be heard before dawn from the hillside. Uneasy in the night, populous with ghosts, they shout lustily to one another as they hasten with their work. As the dawn begins to fall among the soft brown roofs and the slender palm trees stand out against a colourless, gleaming sea, lovers slip home from trysts beneath the palm trees or in the shadow of beached canoes, that the light may find each sleeper in his appointed place. Cocks crow, negligently, and a shrill-voiced bird cries from the breadfruit trees. The insistent roar of the reef seems muted to an undertone for the sounds of a waking village. Babies cry, a few short wails before sleepy mothers give them the breast. Restless little children roll out of their sheets and wander drowsily down to the beach to freshen their faces in the sea. Boys, bent upon an early fishing, start collecting their tackle and go to rouse their more laggard companions. Fires are lit, here and there, the white smoke hardly visible against the paleness of the dawn. The whole village, sheeted and frowsy, stirs, rubs its eyes, and stumbles towards the beach. "Talofa!" "Talofa!"

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"Will the journey start to-day?" "Is it bonito fishing your lordship is going?" Girls stop to giggle over some young ne'er-do-well who escaped during the night from an angry father's pursuit and to venture a shrewd guess that the daughter knew more about his presence than she told. The boy who is taunted by another, who has succeeded him in his sweetheart's favour, grapples with his rival, his foot slipping in the wet sand. From the other end of the village comes a long drawn-out, piercing wail. A messenger has just brought word of the death of some relative in another village. Half-clad, unhurried women, with babies at their breasts, or astride their hips, pause in their tale of Losa's outraged departure from her father's house to the greater kindness in the home of her uncle, to wonder who is dead. Poor relatives whisper their requests to rich relatives, men make plans to set a fish trap together, a woman begs a bit of yellow dye from a kinswoman, and through the village sounds the rhythmic tattoo which calls the young men together. They gather from all parts of the village, digging sticks in hand, ready to start inland to the plantation. The older men set off upon their more lonely occupations, and each household, reassembled under its peaked roof, settles down to the routine of the morning. Little children, too hungry to wait for the late breakfast, beg lumps of cold taro which they munch greedily. Women carry piles of washing to the sea or to the spring at the far end of the village, or set off inland after weaving materials. The older

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girls go fishing on the reef, or perhaps set themselves to weaving a new set of Venetian blinds.

In the houses, where the pebbly floors have been swept bare with a stiff long-handled broom, the women great with child and the nursing mothers, sit and gossip with one another. Old men sit apart, unceasingly twisting palm husk on their bare thighs and muttering old tales under their breath. The carpenters begin work on the new house, while the owner bustles about trying to keep them in a good humour. Families who will cook to-day are hard at work; the taro, yams and bananas have already been brought from inland; the children are scuttling back and forth, fetching sea water, or leaves to stuff the pig. As the sun rises higher in the sky, the shadows deepen under the thatched roofs, the sand is burning to the touch, the hibiscus flowers wilt on the hedges, and little children bid the smaller ones, "Come out of the sun." Those whose excursions have been short return to the village, the women with strings of crimson jelly fish, or baskets of shell fish, the men with cocoanuts, carried in baskets slung on a shoulder pole. The women and children eat their breakfasts, just hot from the oven, if this is cook day, and the young men work swiftly in the mid-day heat, preparing the noon feast for their elders.

It is high noon. The sand burns the feet of the little children, who leave their palm leaf balls and their pin-wheels of frangipani blossoms to wither in the sun, as they creep into the shade of the houses. The

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women who must go abroad carry great banana leaves as sun-shades or wind wet cloths about their heads. Lowering a few blinds against the slanting sun, all who are left in the village wrap their heads in sheets and go to sleep. Only a few adventurous children may slip away for a swim in the shadow of a high rock, some industrious woman continue with her weaving, or a close little group of women bend anxiously over a woman in labour. The village is dazzling and dead; any sound seems oddly loud and out of place. Words have to cut through the solid heat slowly. And then the sun gradually sinks over the sea.

A second time, the sleeping people stir, roused perhaps by the cry of "a boat," resounding through the village. The fishermen beach their canoes, weary and spent from the heat, in spite of the slaked lime on their heads, with which they have sought to cool their brains and redden their hair. The brightly coloured fishes are spread out on the floor, or piled in front of the houses until the women pour water over them to free them from taboo. Regretfully, the young fishermen separate out the "Taboo fish," which must be sent to the chief, or proudly they pack the little palm leaf baskets with offerings of fish to take to their sweethearts. Men come home from the bush, grimy and heavy laden, shouting as they come, greeted in a sonorous rising cadence by those who have remained at home. They gather in the guest house for their evening kava drinking. The soft clapping of hands, the high-

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pitched intoning of the talking chief who serves the kava echoes through the village. Girls gather flowers to weave into necklaces; children, lusty from their naps and bound to no particular task, play circular games in the half shade of the late afternoon. Finally the sun sets, in a flame which stretches from the mountain behind to the horizon on the sea, the last bather comes up from the beach, children straggle home, dark little figures etched against the sky; lights shine in the houses, and each household gathers for its evening meal. The suitor humbly presents his offering, the children have been summoned from their noisy play, perhaps there is an honoured guest who must be served first, after the soft, barbaric singing of Christian hymns and the brief and graceful evening prayer. In front of a house at the end of the village, a father cries out the birth of a son. In some family circles a face is missing, in others little runaways have found a haven! Again quiet settles upon the village, as first the head of the household, then the women and children, and last of all the patient boys, eat their supper.

After supper the old people and the little children are bundled off to bed. If the young people have guests the front of the house is yielded to them. For day is the time for the councils of old men and the labours of youth, and night is the time for lighter things. Two kinsmen, or a chief and his councillor, sit and gossip over the day's events or make plans for the morrow. Outside a crier goes through the village an-

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nouncing that the communal breadfruit pit will be opened in the morning, or that the village will make a great fish trap. If it is moonlight, groups of young men, women by twos and threes, wander through the village, and crowds of children hunt for land crabs or chase each other among the breadfruit trees. Half the village may go fishing by torchlight and the curving reef will gleam with wavering lights and echo with shouts of triumph or disappointment, teasing words or smothered cries of outraged modesty. Or a group of youths may dance for the pleasure of some visiting maiden. Many of those who have retired to sleep, drawn by the merry music, will wrap their sheets about them and set out to find the dancing. A white-clad, ghostly throng will gather in a circle about the gaily lit house, a circle from which every now and then a few will detach themselves and wander away among the trees. Sometimes sleep will not descend upon the village until long past midnight; then at last there is only the mellow thunder of the reef and the whisper of lovers, as the village rests until dawn.



### III

#### THE EDUCATION OF THE SAMOAN CHILD

BIRTHDAYS are of little account in Samoa. But for the birth itself of the baby of high rank, a great feast will be held, and much property given away. The first baby must always be born in the mother's village and if she has gone to live in the village of her husband, she must go home for the occasion. For several months before the birth of the child the father's relatives have brought gifts of food to the prospective mother, while the mother's female relatives have been busy making pure white bark cloth for baby clothes and weaving dozens of tiny pandanus mats which form the layette. The expectant mother goes home laden with food gifts and when she returns to her husband's family, her family provide her with the exact equivalent in mats and bark cloth as a gift to them. At the birth itself the father's mother or sister must be present to care for the new-born baby while the midwife and the relatives of the mother care for her. There is no privacy about a birth. Convention dictates that the mother should neither writhe, nor cry out, nor inveigh against the presence of twenty or thirty people in the house who sit up all night if need be, laughing, joking, and playing games. The midwife cuts the cord with a fresh

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bamboo knife and then all wait eagerly for the cord to fall off, the signal for a feast. If the baby is a girl, the cord is buried under a paper mulberry tree (the tree from which bark cloth is made) to ensure her growing up to be industrious at household tasks; for a boy it is thrown into the sea that he may be a skilled fisherman, or planted under a taro plant to give him industry in farming. Then the visitors go home, the mother rises and goes about her daily tasks, and the new baby ceases to be of much interest to any one. The day, the month in which it was born, is forgotten. Its first steps or first word are remarked without exuberant comment, without ceremony. It has lost all ceremonial importance and will not regain it again until after puberty; in most Samoan villages a girl will be ceremonially ignored until she is married. And even the mother remembers only that Losa is older than Tupu, and that her sister's little boy, Fale, is younger than her brother's child, Vigo. Relative age is of great importance, for the elder may always command the younger—until the positions of adult life upset the arrangement—but actual age may well be forgotten.

Babies are always nursed, and in the few cases where the mother's milk fails her, a wet nurse is sought among the kinsfolk. From the first week they are also given other food, papaya, cocoanut milk, sugar-cane juice; the food is either masticated by the mother and then put into the baby's mouth on her finger, or if it is



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liquid, a piece of bark cloth is dipped into it and the child allowed to suck it, as shepherds feed orphaned lambs. The babies are nursed whenever they cry and there is no attempt at regularity. Unless a woman expects another child, she will nurse a baby until it is two or three years old, as the simplest device for pacifying its crying. Babies sleep with their mothers as long as they are at the breast; after weaning they are usually handed over to the care of some younger girl in the household. They are bathed frequently with the juice of a wild orange and rubbed with cocoanut oil until their skins glisten.

The chief nurse-maid is usually a child of six or seven who is not strong enough to lift a baby over six months old, but who can carry the child straddling the left hip, or on the small of the back. A child of six or seven months of age will assume this straddling position naturally when it is picked up. Their diminutive nurses do not encourage children to walk, as babies who can walk about are more complicated charges. They walk before they talk, but it is impossible to give the age of walking with any exactness, though I saw two babies walk whom I knew to be only nine months old, and my impression is that the average age is about a year. The life on the floor, for all activities within a Samoan house are conducted on the floor, encourages crawling, and children under three or four years of age optionally crawl or walk.

From birth until the age of four or five a child's

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education is exceedingly simple. They must be house-broken, a matter made more difficult by an habitual indifference to the activities of very small children. They must learn to sit or crawl within the house and never to stand upright unless it is absolutely necessary; never to address an adult in a standing position; to stay out of the sun; not to tangle the strands of the weaver; not to scatter the cut-up cocoanut which is spread out to dry; to keep their scant loin cloths at least nominally fastened to their persons; to treat fire and knives with proper caution; not to touch the kava bowl, or the kava cup; and, if their father is a chief, not to crawl on his bed-place when he is by. These are really simply a series of avoidances, enforced by occasional cuffings and a deal of exasperated shouting and ineffectual conversation.

The weight of the punishment usually falls upon the next oldest child, who learns to shout, "Come out of the sun," before she has fully appreciated the necessity of doing so herself. By the time Samoan girls and boys have reached sixteen or seventeen years of age these perpetual admonitions to the younger ones have become an inseparable part of their conversation, a monotonous, irritated undercurrent to all their comments. I have known them to intersperse their remarks every two or three minutes with, "Keep still," "Sit still," "Keep your mouths shut," "Stop that noise," uttered quite mechanically although all of the little ones present may have been behaving as quietly as a

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row of intimidated mice. On the whole, this last requirement of silence is continually mentioned and never enforced. The little nurses are more interested in peace than in forming the characters of their small charges and when a child begins to howl, it is simply dragged out of earshot of its elders. No mother will ever exert herself to discipline a younger child if an older one can be made responsible.

If small families of parents and children prevailed in Samoa, this system would result in making half of the population solicitous and self-sacrificing and the other half tyrannous and self-indulgent. But just as a child is getting old enough so that its wilfulness is becoming unbearable, a younger one is saddled upon it, and the whole process is repeated again, each child being disciplined and socialised through responsibility for a still younger one.

This fear of the disagreeable consequences resulting from a child's crying, is so firmly fixed in the minds of the older children that long after there is any need for it, they succumb to some little tyrant's threat of making a scene, and five-year-olds bully their way into expeditions on which they will have to be carried, into weaving parties where they will tangle the strands, and cook houses where they will tear up the cooking leaves or get thoroughly smudged with the soot and have to be washed—all because an older boy or girl has become so accustomed to yielding any point to stop an outcry.

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This method of giving in, coaxing, bribing, diverting the infant disturbers is only pursued within the household or the relationship group, where there are duly constituted elders in authority to punish the older children who can't keep the babies still. Towards a neighbour's children or in a crowd the half-grown girls and boys and even the adults vent their full irritation upon the heads of troublesome children. If a crowd of children are near enough, pressing in curiously to watch some spectacle at which they are not wanted, they are soundly lashed with palm leaves, or dispersed with a shower of small stones, of which the house floor always furnishes a ready supply. This treatment does not seem actually to improve the children's behaviour, but merely to make them cling even closer to their frightened and indulgent little guardians. It may be surmised that stoning the children from next door provides a most necessary outlet for those who have spent so many weary hours placating their own young relatives. And even these bursts of anger are nine-tenths gesture. No one who throws the stones actually means to hit a child, but the children know that if they repeat their intrusions too often, by the laws of chance some of the flying bits of coral will land in their faces. Even Samoan dogs have learned to estimate the proportion of gesture that there is in a Samoan's "get out of the house." They simply stalk out between one set of posts and with equal dignity and all casualness stalk in at the next opening.



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By the time a child is six or seven she has all the essential avoidances well enough by heart to be trusted with the care of a younger child. And she also develops a number of simple techniques. She learns to weave firm square balls from palm leaves, to make pin-wheels of palm leaves or frangipani blossoms, to climb a cocoanut tree by walking up the trunk on flexible little feet, to break open a cocoanut with one firm well-directed blow of a knife as long as she is tall, to play a number of group games and sing the songs which go with them, to tidy the house by picking up the litter on the stony floor, to bring water from the sea, to spread out the copra to dry and to help gather it in when rain threatens, to roll the pandanus leaves for weaving, to go to a neighbouring house and bring back a lighted fagot for the chief's pipe or the cook-house fire, and to exercise tact in begging slight favours from relatives.

But in the case of the little girls all of these tasks are merely supplementary to the main business of baby-tending. Very small boys also have some care of the younger children, but at eight or nine years of age they are usually relieved of it. Whatever rough edges have not been smoothed off by this responsibility for younger children are worn off by their contact with older boys. For little boys are admitted to interesting and important activities only so long as their behaviour is circumspect and helpful. Where small girls are brusquely pushed aside, small boys will be patiently tolerated and they become adept at making themselves useful. The four

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or five little boys who all wish to assist at the important business of helping a grown youth lasso reef eels, organise themselves into a highly efficient working team; one boy holds the bait, another holds an extra lasso, others poke eagerly about in holes in the reef looking for prey, while still another tucks the captured eels into his *lavalava*. The small girls, burdened with heavy babies or the care of little staggerers who are too small to adventure on the reef, discouraged by the hostility of the small boys and the scorn of the older ones, have little opportunity for learning the more adventurous forms of work and play. So while the little boys first undergo the chastening effects of baby-tending and then have many opportunities to learn effective co-operation under the supervision of older boys, the girls' education is less comprehensive. They have a high standard of individual responsibility but the community provides them with no lessons in co-operation with one another. This is particularly apparent in the activities of young people; the boys organise quickly; the girls waste hours in bickering, innocent of any technique for quick and efficient co-operation.

And as the woman who goes fishing can only get away by turning the babies over to the little girls of the household, the little girls cannot accompany their aunts and mothers. So they learn even the simple processes of reef fishing much later than do the boys. They are kept at the baby-tending, errand-running stage until they are old enough and robust enough to

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work on the plantations and carry foodstuffs down to the village.

A girl is given these more strenuous tasks near the age of puberty, but it is purely a question of her physical size and ability to take responsibility, rather than of her physical maturity. Before this time she has occasionally accompanied the older members of the family to the plantations if they were willing to take the babies along also. But once there, while her brothers and cousins are collecting cocoanuts and roving happily about in the bush, she has again to chase and shepherd and pacify the ubiquitous babies.

As soon as the girls are strong enough to carry heavy loads, it pays the family to shift the responsibility for the little children to the younger girls and the adolescent girls are released from baby-tending. It may be said with some justice that the worst period of their lives is over. Never again will they be so incessantly at the beck and call of their elders, never again so tyrannised over by two-year-old tyrants. All the irritating, detailed routine of housekeeping, which in our civilisation is accused of warping the souls and souring the tempers of grown women, is here performed by children under fourteen years of age. A fire or a pipe to be kindled, a call for a drink, a lamp to be lit, the baby's cry, the errand of the capricious adult—these haunt them from morning until night. With the introduction of several months a year of government schools these children are being taken out of their

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homes for most of the day. This brings about a complete disorganisation of the native households which have no precedents for a manner of life where mothers have to stay at home and take care of their children and adults have to perform small routine tasks and run errands.

Before their release from baby-tending the little girls have a very limited knowledge of any of the more complicated techniques. Some of them can do the simpler work in preparing food for cooking, such as skinning bananas, grating cocoanuts, or scraping taro. A few of them can weave the simple carrying basket. But now they must learn to weave all their own baskets for carrying supplies; learn to select taro leaves of the right age for cooking, to dig only mature taro. In the cook-house they learn to make *palusami*, to grate the cocoanut meat, season it with hot stones, mix it with sea water and strain out the husks, pour this milky mixture into a properly made little container of taro leaves from which the aromatic stem has been scorched off, wrap these in a breadfruit leaf and fasten the stem tightly to make a durable cooking jacket. They must learn to lace a large fish into a palm leaf, or roll a bundle of small fish in a breadfruit leaf; to select the right kind of leaves for stuffing a pig, to judge when the food in the oven of small heated stones is thoroughly baked. Theoretically the bulk of the cooking is done by the boys and where a girl has to do the heavier work, it is a matter for comment:

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"Poor Losa, there are no boys in her house and always she must make the oven." But the girls always help and often do a great part of the work.

Once they are regarded as individuals who can devote a long period of time to some consecutive activity, girls are sent on long fishing expeditions. They learn to weave fish baskets, to gather and arrange the bundles of fagots used in torch-light fishing, to tickle a devil fish until it comes out of its hole and climbs obediently upon the waiting stick, appropriately dubbed a "come hither stick"; to string the great rose-coloured jelly-fish, *lole*, a name which Samoan children give to candy also, on a long string of hibiscus bark, tipped with a palm leaf rib for a needle; to know good fish from bad fish, fish that are in season from fish which are dangerous at some particular time of the year; and never to take two octopuses, found paired on a rock, lest bad luck come upon the witless fisher.

Before this time their knowledge of plants and trees is mainly a play one, the pandanus provides them with seeds for necklaces, the palm tree with leaves to weave balls; the banana tree gives leaves for umbrellas and half a leaf to shred into a stringy "choker"; cocoanut shells cut in half, with cinet strings attached, make a species of stilt; the blossoms of the *Pua* tree can be sewed into beautiful necklaces. Now they must learn to recognise these trees and plants for more serious purposes; they must learn when the pandanus leaves are ready for the cutting and how to cut the long leaves

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with one sure quick stroke; they must distinguish between the three kinds of pandanus used for different grades of mats. The pretty orange seeds which made such attractive and also edible necklaces must now be gathered as paint brushes for ornamenting bark cloth. Banana leaves are gathered to protect the woven platters, to wrap up puddings for the oven, to bank the steaming oven full of food. Banana bark must be stripped at just the right point to yield the even, pliant, black strips, needed to ornament mats and baskets. Bananas themselves must be distinguished as to those which are ripe for burying, or the golden curved banana ready for eating, or bananas ready to be sun-dried for making fruit-cake rolls. Hibiscus bark can no longer be torn off at random to give a raffia-like string for a handful of shells; long journeys must be made inland to select bark of the right quality for use in weaving.

In the house the girl's principal task is to learn to weave. She has to master several different techniques. First, she learns to weave palm branches where the central rib of the leaf serves as a rim to her basket or an edge to her mat and where the leaflets are already arranged for weaving. From palm leaves she first learns to weave a carrying basket, made of half a leaf, by plaiting the leaflets together and curving the rib into a rim. Then she learns to weave the Venetian blinds which hang between the house posts, by laying one-half leaf upon another and plaiting the leaflets together. More difficult are the floor mats, woven of



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four great palm leaves, and the food platters with their intricate designs. There are also fans to make, simple two-strand weaves which she learns to make quite well, more elaborate twined ones which are the prerogative of older and more skilled weavers. Usually some older woman in the household trains a girl to weave and sees to it that she makes at least one of each kind of article, but she is only called upon to produce in quantity the simpler things, like the Venetian blinds. From the pandanus she learns to weave the common floor mats, one or two types of the more elaborate bed mats, and then, when she is thirteen or fourteen, she begins her first fine mat. The fine mat represents the high point of Samoan weaving virtuosity. Woven of the finest quality of pandanus which has been soaked and baked and scraped to a golden whiteness and paper-like thinness, of strands a sixteenth of an inch in width, these mats take a year or two years to weave and are as soft and pliable as linen. They form the unit of value, and must always be included in the dowry of the bride. Girls seldom finish a fine mat until they are nineteen or twenty, but the mat has been started, and, wrapped up in a coarser one, it rests among the rafters, a testimony to the girl's industry and manual skill. She learns the rudiments of bark cloth making; she can select and cut the paper mulberry wands, peel off the bark, beat it after it has been scraped by more expert hands. The patterning of the cloth with a pat-

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tern board or by free hand drawing is left for the more experienced adult.

Throughout this more or less systematic period of education, the girls maintain a very nice balance between a reputation for the necessary minimum of knowledge and a virtuosity which would make too heavy demands. A girl's chances of marriage are badly damaged if it gets about the village that she is lazy and inept in domestic tasks. But after these first stages have been completed the girl marks time technically for three or four years. She does the routine weaving, especially of the Venetian blinds and carrying baskets. She helps with the plantation work and the cooking, she weaves a very little on her fine mat. But she thrusts virtuosity away from her as she thrusts away every other sort of responsibility with the invariable comment, "Laititi a'u" ("I am but young"). All of her interest is expended on clandestine sex adventures, and she is content to do routine tasks as, to a certain extent, her brother is also.

But the seventeen-year-old boy is not left passively to his own devices. He has learned the rudiments of fishing, he can take a dug-out canoe over the reef safely, or manage the stern paddle in a bonito boat. He can plant taro or transplant cocoanut, husk cocoanuts on a stake and cut the meat out with one deft quick turn of the knife. Now at seventeen or eighteen he is thrust into the *Aumaga*, the society of the young

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men and the older men without titles, the group that is called, not in euphuism but in sober fact, "the strength of the village." Here he is badgered into efficiency by rivalry, precept and example. The older chiefs who supervise the activities of the *Aumaga* gaze equally sternly upon any backslidings and upon any undue precocity. The prestige of his group is ever being called into account by the *Aumaga* of the neighbouring villages. His fellows ridicule and persecute the boy who fails to appear when any group activity is on foot, whether work for the village on the plantations, or fishing, or cooking for the chiefs, or play in the form of a ceremonial call upon some visiting maiden. Furthermore, the youth is given much more stimulus to learn and also a greater variety of occupations are open to him. There is no specialisation among women, except in medicine and mid-wifery, both the prerogatives of very old women who teach their arts to their middle-aged daughters and nieces. The only other vocation is that of the wife of an official orator, and no girl will prepare herself for this one type of marriage which demands special knowledge, for she has no guarantee that she will marry a man of this class.

For the boy it is different. He hopes that some day he will hold a *matai* name, a name which will make him a member of the *Fono*, the assembly of headmen, which will give him a right to drink kava with chiefs, to work with chiefs rather than with the young men,

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to sit inside the house, even though his new title is only of "between the posts" rank, and not of enough importance to give him a right to a post for his back. But very seldom is he absolutely assured of getting such a name. Each family hold several of these titles which they confer upon the most promising youths in the whole family connection. He has many rivals. They also are in the *Aumaga*. He must always pit himself against them in the group activities. There are also several types of activities in one of which he must specialise. He must become a house-builder, a fisherman, an orator or a wood carver. Proficiency in some technique must set him off a little from his fellows. Fishing prowess means immediate rewards in the shape of food gifts to offer to his sweetheart; without such gifts his advances will be scorned. Skill in house-building means wealth and status, for a young man who is a skilled carpenter must be treated as courteously as a chief and addressed with the chief's language, the elaborate set of honorific words used to people of rank. And with this goes the continual demand that he should not be too efficient, too outstanding, too precocious. He must never excel his fellows by more than a little. He must neither arouse their hatred nor the disapproval of his elders who are far readier to encourage and excuse the laggard than to condone precocity. And at the same time he shares his sister's reluctance to accept responsibility, and if he should excel gently, not too obviously, he has good

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chances of being made a chief. If he is sufficiently talented, the *Fono* itself may deliberate, search out a vacant title to confer upon him and call him in that he may sit with the old men and learn wisdom. And yet so well recognised is the unwillingness of the young men to respond to this honour, that the provision is always made, "And if the young man runs away, then never shall he be made a chief, but always he must sit outside the house with the young men, preparing and serving the food of the *matai*s with whom he may not sit in the *Fono*." Still more pertinent are the chances of his relationship group bestowing a *matai* name upon the gifted young man. And a *matai* he wishes to be, some day, some far-off day when his limbs have lost a little of their suppleness and his heart the love of fun and of dancing. As one chief of twenty-seven told me: "I have been a chief only four years and look, my hair is grey, although in Samoa grey hair comes very slowly, not in youth, as it comes to the white man. But always, I must act as if I were old. I must walk gravely and with a measured step. I may not dance except upon most solemn occasions, neither may I play games with the young men. Old men of sixty are my companions and watch my every word, lest I make a mistake. Thirty-one people live in my household. For them I must plan, I must find them food and clothing, settle their disputes, arrange their marriages. There is no one in my whole family who dares to scold me or even to address me familiarly

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by my first name. It is hard to be so young and yet to be a chief." And the old men shake their heads and agree that it is unseemly for one to be a chief so young.

The operation of natural ambition is further vitiated by the fact that the young man who is made a *matai* will not be the greatest among his former associates, but the youngest and greenest member of the *Fono*. And no longer may he associate familiarly with his old companions; a *matai* must associate only with *matais*, must work beside them in the bush and sit and talk quietly with them in the evening.

And so the boy is faced by a far more difficult dilemma than the girl. He dislikes responsibility, but he wishes to excel in his group; skill will hasten the day when he is made a chief, yet he receives censure and ridicule if he slackens his efforts; but he will be scolded if he proceeds too rapidly; yet if he would win a sweetheart, he must have prestige among his fellows. And conversely, his social prestige is increased by his amorous exploits.

So while the girl rests upon her "pass" proficiency, the boy is spurred to greater efforts. A boy is shy of a girl who does not have these proofs of efficiency and is known to be stupid and unskilled; he is afraid he may come to want to marry her. Marrying a girl without proficiency would be a most imprudent step and involve an endless amount of wrangling with his family. So the girl who is notoriously inept must take her



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lovers from among the casual, the jaded, and the married who are no longer afraid that their senses will betray them into an imprudent marriage.

But the seventeen-year-old girl does not wish to marry—not yet. It is better to live as a girl with no responsibility, and a rich variety of emotional experience. This is the best period of her life. There are as many beneath her whom she may bully as there are others above her to tyrannise over her. What she loses in prestige, she gains in freedom. She has very little baby-tending to do. Her eyes do not ache from weaving nor does her back break from bending all day over the tapa board. The long expeditions after fish and food and weaving materials give ample opportunities for rendezvous. Proficiency would mean more work, more confining work, and earlier marriage, and marriage is the inevitable to be deferred as long as possible.

## IV

### THE SAMOAN HOUSEHOLD

A SAMOAN village is made up of some thirty to forty households, each of which is presided over by a headman called a *matai*. These headmen hold either chiefly titles or the titles of talking chiefs, who are the official orators, spokesmen and ambassadors of chiefs. In a formal village assembly each *matai* has his place, and represents and is responsible for all the members of his household. These households include all the individuals who live for any length of time under the authority and protection of a common *matai*. Their composition varies from the biological family consisting of parents and children only, to households of fifteen and twenty people who are all related to the *matai* or to his wife by blood, marriage or adoption, but who often have no close relationship to each other. The adopted members of a household are usually but not necessarily distant relatives.

Widows and widowers, especially when they are childless, usually return to their blood relatives, but a married couple may live with the relatives of either one. Such a household is not necessarily a close residential unit, but may be scattered over the village in three or

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four houses. No one living permanently in another village is counted as a member of the household, which is strictly a local unit. Economically, the household is also a unit, for all work upon the plantations under the supervision of the *matai* who in turn parcels out to them food and other necessities.

Within the household, age rather than relationship gives disciplinary authority. The *matai* exercises nominal and usually real authority over every individual under his protection, even over his father and mother. This control is, of course, modified by personality differences, always carefully tempered, however, by a ceremonious acknowledgment of his position. The newest baby born into such a household is subject to every individual in it, and his position improves no whit with age until a younger child appears upon the scene. But in most households the position of youngest is a highly temporary one. Nieces and nephews or destitute young cousins come to swell the ranks of the household and at adolescence a girl stands virtually in the middle with as many individuals who must obey her as there are persons to whom she owes obedience. Where increased efficiency and increased self-consciousness would perhaps have made her obstreperous and restless in a differently organised family, here she has ample outlet for a growing sense of authority.

This development is perfectly regular. A girl's marriage makes a minimum of difference in this respect, except in so far as her own children increase

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most pertinently the supply of agreeably docile subordinates. But the girls who remain unmarried even beyond their early twenties are in nowise less highly regarded or less responsible than their married sisters. This tendency to make the classifying principle age, rather than married state, is reinforced outside the home by the fact that the wives of untitled men and all unmarried girls past puberty are classed together in the ceremonial organisation of the village.

Relatives in other households also play a rôle in the children's lives. Any older relative has a right to demand personal service from younger relatives, a right to criticise their conduct and to interfere in their affairs. Thus a little girl may escape alone down to the beach to bathe only to be met by an older cousin who sets her washing or caring for a baby or to fetch some cocoanut to scrub the clothes. So closely is the daily life bound up with this universal servitude and so numerous are the acknowledged relationships in the name of which service can be exacted, that for the children an hour's escape from surveillance is almost impossible.

This loose but demanding relationship group has its compensations also. Within it a child of three can wander safely and come to no harm, can be sure of finding food and drink, a sheet to wrap herself up in for a nap, a kind hand to dry casual tears and bind up her wounds. Any small children who are missing when night falls, are simply "sought among their kinsfolk," and a baby whose mother has gone inland to

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work on the plantation is passed from hand to hand for the length of the village.

The ranking by age is disturbed in only a few cases. In each village one or two high chiefs have the hereditary right to name some girl of their household as its *taupo*, the ceremonial princess of the house. The girl who at fifteen or sixteen is made a *taupo* is snatched from her age group and sometimes from her immediate family also and surrounded by a glare of prestige. The older women of the village accord her courtesy titles, her immediate family often exploits her position for their personal ends and in return show great consideration for her wishes. But as there are only two or three *taupos* in a village, their unique position serves to emphasise rather than to disprove the general status of young girls.

Coupled with this enormous diffusion of authority goes a fear of overstraining the relationship bond, which expresses itself in an added respect for personality. The very number of her captors is the girl's protection, for does one press her too far, she has but to change her residence to the home of some more complacent relative. It is possible to classify the different households open to her as those with hardest work, least chaperonage, least scolding, largest or least number of contemporaries, fewest babies, best food, etc. Few children live continuously in one household, but are always testing out other possible residences. And this can be done under the guise of visits and with

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no suggestion of truancy. But the minute that the mildest annoyance grows up at home, the possibility of flight moderates the discipline and alleviates the child's sense of dependency. No Samoan child, except the *taupo*, or the thoroughly delinquent, ever has to deal with a feeling of being trapped. There are always relatives to whom one can flee. This is the invariable answer which a Samoan gives when some familial impasse is laid before him. "But she will go to some *other* relative." And theoretically the supply of relatives is inexhaustible. Unless the vagrant has committed some very serious offence like incest, it is only necessary formally to depart from the bosom of one's household. A girl whose father has beaten her over severely in the morning will be found living in haughty sanctuary, two hundred feet away, in a different household. So cherished is this system of consanguineous refuge, that an untitled man or a man of lesser rank will beard the nobler relative who comes to demand a runaway child. With great politeness and endless expressions of conciliation, he will beg his noble chief to return to his noble home and remain there quietly until his noble anger is healed against his noble child.

The most important relationships \* within a Samoan household which influence the lives of the young people are the relationships between the boys and girls who call each other "brother" and "sister," whether by blood, marriage or adoption, and the relationship between younger and older relatives. The stress upon

\* See Appendix, page 249.



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the sex difference between contemporaries and the emphasis on relative age are amply explained by the conditions of family life. Relatives of opposite sex have a most rigid code of etiquette prescribed for all their contacts with each other. After they have reached years of discretion, nine or ten years of age in this case, they may not touch each other, sit close together, eat together, address each other familiarly, or mention any salacious matter in each other's presence. They may not remain in any house, except their own, together, unless half the village is gathered there. They may not walk together, use each other's possessions, dance on the same floor, or take part in any of the same small group activities. This strict avoidance applies to all individuals of the opposite sex within five years above or below one's own age with whom one was reared or to whom one acknowledges relationship by blood or marriage. The conformance to this brother and sister taboo begins when the younger of the two children feels "ashamed" at the elder's touch and continues until old age when the decrepit, toothless pair of old siblings may again sit on the same mat and not feel ashamed.

*Tei*, the word for younger relative, stresses the other most emotionally charged relationship. The first maternal enthusiasm of a girl is never expended upon her own children but upon some younger relative. And it is the girls and women who use this term most, continuing to cherish it after they and the younger ones

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to whom it is applied are full grown. The younger child in turn expends its enthusiasm upon a still younger one without manifesting any excessive affection for the fostering elders.

The word *aiga* is used roughly to cover all relationships by blood, marriage and adoption, and the emotional tone seems to be the same in each case. Relationship by marriage is counted only as long as an actual marriage connects two kinship groups. If the marriage is broken in any way, by desertion, divorce, or death, the relationship is dissolved and members of the two families are free to marry each other. If the marriage left any children, a reciprocal relationship exists between the two households as long as the child lives, for the mother's family will always have to contribute one kind of property, the father's family another, for occasions when property must be given away in the name of the child.

A relative is regarded as some one upon whom one has a multitude of claims and to whom one owes a multitude of obligations. From a relative one may demand food, clothing, and shelter, or assistance in a feud. Refusal of such a demand brands one as stingy and lacking in human kindness, the virtue most esteemed among the Samoans. No definite repayment is made at the time such services are given, except in the case of the distribution of food to all those who share in a family enterprise. But careful count of the value of the property given and of the service rendered is kept and a

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return gift demanded at the earliest opportunity. Nevertheless, in native theory the two acts are separate, each one in turn becoming a "beggar," a pensioner upon another's bounty. In olden times, the beggar sometimes wore a special girdle which delicately hinted at the cause of his visit. One old chief gave me a graphic description of the behaviour of some one who had come to ask a favour of a relative. "He will come early in the morning and enter quietly, sitting down in the very back of the house, in the place of least honour. You will say to him, 'So you have come, be welcome!' and he will answer, 'I have come indeed, saving your noble presence.' Then you will say, 'Are you thirsty? Alas for your coming, there is little that is good within the house.' And he will answer, 'Let it rest, thank you, for indeed I am not hungry nor would I drink.' And he will sit and you will sit all day long and no mention is made of the purpose of his coming. All day he will sit and brush the ashes out of the hearth, performing this menial and dirty task with very great care and attention. If some one must go inland to the plantation to fetch food, he is the first to offer to go. If some one must go fishing to fill out the crew of a canoe, surely he is delighted to go, even though the sun is hot and his journey hither has been long. And all day you sit and wonder, 'What can it be that he has come for? Is it that largest pig that he wants, or has he heard perhaps that my daughter has just finished a large and beautiful

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piece of tapa? Would it perhaps be well to send that tapa, as I had perhaps planned, as a present to my talking chief, to send it now, so that I may refuse him with all good faith?' And he sits and studies your countenance and wonders if you will be favourable to his request. He plays with the children but refuses the necklace of flowers which they have woven for him and gives it instead to your daughter. Finally night comes. It is time to sleep and still he has not spoken. So finally you say to him, 'Lo, I would sleep. Will you sleep also or will you be returning whence you have come?' And only then will he speak and tell you the desire in his heart."

So the intrigue, the needs, the obligations of the larger relationship group which threads its carefully remembered way in and out of many houses and many villages, cuts across the life of the household. One day it is the wife's relatives who come to spend a month or borrow a fine mat; the next day it is the husband's; the third, a niece who is a valued worker in the household may be called home by the illness of her father. Very seldom do all of even the small children of a biological family live in one household and while the claims of the household are paramount, in the routine of everyday life, illness or need on the part of the closer relative in another household will call the wanderers home again.

Obligations either to give general assistance or to give specific traditionally required service, as in a mar-

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riage or at a birth, follow relationship lines, not household lines. But a marriage of many years' duration binds the relationship groups of husband and wife so closely together that to all appearances it is the household unit which gives aid and accedes to a request brought by the relative of either one. Only in families of high rank where the distaff side has priority in decisions and in furnishing the *taupo*, the princess of the house, and the male line priority in holding the title, does the actual blood relationship continue to be a matter of great practical importance; and this importance is lost in the looser household group constituted as it is by the three principles of blood, marriage and adoption, and bound together by common ties of everyday living and mutual economic dependence.

The *matai* of a household is theoretically exempt from the performance of small domestic tasks, but he is seldom actually so except in the case of a chief of high rank. However, the leading rôle is always accorded to him in any industrial pursuit; he dresses the pig for the feasts and cuts up the cocoanuts which the boys and women have gathered. The family cooking is done by the men and women both, but the bulk of the work falls upon the boys and young men. The old men spin the cocoanut fibre, and braid it into the native cord which is used for fish lines, fish nets, to sew canoe parts together and to bind all the different parts of a house in place. With the old women who do the bulk of the weaving and making of bark cloth, they super-

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wise the younger children who remain at home. The heavy routine agricultural work falls upon the women who are responsible for the weeding, transplanting, gathering and transportation of the food, and the gathering of the paper mulberry wands from which bark will be peeled for making tapa, of the hibiscus bark and pandanus leaves for weaving mats. The older girls and women also do the routine reef fishing for octopuses, sea eggs, jelly fish, crabs, and other small fry. The younger girls carry the water, care for the lamps (to-day except in times of great scarcity when the candle nut and cocoanut oil are resorted to, the natives use kerosene lamps and lanterns), and sweep and arrange the houses. Tasks are all graduated with a fair recognition of abilities which differ with age, and except in the case of individuals of very high rank, a task is rejected because a younger person has skill enough to perform it, rather than because it is beneath an adult's dignity.

Rank in the village and rank in the household reflect each other, but village rank hardly affects the young children. If a girl's father is a *matai*, the *matai* of the household in which she lives, she has no appeal from his authority. But if some other member of the family is the *matai*, he and his wife may protect her from her father's exactions. In the first case, disagreement with her father means leaving the household and going to live with other relatives; in the second case it may mean only a little internal friction. Also in the family



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of a high chief or a high talking chief there is more emphasis upon ceremonial, more emphasis upon hospitality. The children are better bred and also much harder worked. But aside from the general quality of a household which is dependent upon the rank of its head, households of very different rank may seem very similar to young children. They are usually more concerned with the temperament of those in authority than with their rank. An uncle in another village who is a very high chief is of much less significance in a child's life than some old woman in her own household who has a frightful temper.

Nevertheless, rank not of birth but of title is very important in Samoa. The status of a village depends upon the rank of its high chief, the prestige of a household depends upon the title of its *matai*. Titles are of two grades, chiefs and talking chiefs; each title carries many other duties and prerogatives besides the headship of a household. And the Samoans find rank a never-failing source of interest. They have invented an elaborate courtesy language which must be used to people of rank; complicated etiquette surrounds each rank in society. Something which concerns their elders so nearly cannot help being indirectly reflected in the lives of some of the children. This is particularly true of the relationship of children to each other in households which hold titles to which some of them will one day attain. How these far-away issues of adult life effect the lives of children and young people can best

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be understood by following their influence in the lives of particular children.

In the household of a high chief named Malae lived two little girls, Meta, twelve, and Timu, eleven. Meta was a self-possessed, efficient little girl. Malae had taken her from her mother's house—her mother was his cousin—because she showed unusual intelligence and precocity. Timu, on the other hand, was an abnormally shy, backward child, below her age group in intelligence. But Meta's mother was only a distant cousin of Malae. Had she not married into a strange village where Malae was living temporarily, Meta might never have come actively to the notice of her noble relative. And Timu was the only daughter of Malae's dead sister. Her father had been a quarter caste which served to mark her off and increase her self-consciousness. Dancing was an agony to her. She fled precipitately from an elder's admonitory voice. But Timu would be Malae's next *taupo*, princess. She was pretty, the principal recognised qualification, and she came from the distaff side of the house, the preferred descent for a *taupo*. So Meta, the more able in every way, was pushed to the wall, and Timu, miserable over the amount of attention she received, was dragged forward. The mere presence of another more able and enterprising child would probably have emphasised Timu's feeling of inferiority, but this publicity stressed it painfully. Commanded to dance on every occasion, she would pause whenever she caught

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an onlooker's eye and stand a moment wringing her hands before going on with the dance.

In another household, this same title of Malae's *taupo* played a different rôle. This was in the household of Malae's paternal aunt who lived with her husband in Malae's guest house in his native village. Her eldest daughter, Pana, held the title of *taupo* of the house of Malae. But Pana was twenty-six, though still unmarried. She must be wedded soon and then another girl must be found to hold the title. Timu would still be too young. Pana had three younger sisters who by birth were supremely eligible to the title. But Mele, the eldest of twenty, was lame, and Pepe of fourteen was blind in one eye and an incorrigible tomboy. The youngest was even younger than Timu. So all three were effectually barred from succession. This fact reacted favourably upon the position of Filita. She was a seventeen-year-old niece of the father of the other children with no possible claims on a title in the house of Malae, but she had lived with her cousins since childhood. Filita was pretty, efficient, adequate, neither lame like Mele nor blind and hoydenish like Pepe. True she could never hope to be *taupo*, but neither could they, despite their superior birth, so peace and amity reigned because of her cousins' deficiencies. Still another little girl came within the circle of influence of the title. This was Pula, another little cousin in a third village. But her more distant relationship and possible claims were completely obscured

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by the fact that she was the only granddaughter of the highest chief in her own village and her becoming the *taupo* of that title was inevitable so that her life was untouched by any other possibility. Thus six girls in addition to the present *taupo*, were influenced for good or evil by the possibility of succession to the title. But as there are seldom more than one or two *taupos* in a village, these influences are still fairly circumscribed when compared with the part which rank plays in the lives of boys, for there are usually one or more *matai* names in every relationship group.

Rivalry plays a much stronger part here. In the choice of the *taupo* and the *manaia* (the titular heir-apparent) there is a strong prejudice in favour of blood relationship and also for the choice of the *taupo* from the female and the *manaia* from the male line. But in the interests of efficiency this scheme had been modified, so that most titles were filled by the most able youth from the whole relationship and affinity group. So it was in Alofi. Tui, a chief of importance in the village, had one son, an able intelligent boy. Tui's brothers were dull and inept, no fit successors to the title. One of them had an ill-favoured young son, a stupid, unattractive youngster. There were no other males in the near relationship group. It was assumed that the exceedingly eligible son would succeed his father. And then at twenty he died. The little nephew hardly gave promise of a satisfactory development, and so Tui had his choice of looking outside his

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village or outside of his near relationship group. Village feeling runs high in Tui's village. Tui's blood relatives lived many villages away. They were strangers. If he did not go to them and search for a promising youth whom he could train as his successor, he must either find an eligible young husband for his daughter or look among his wife's people. Provisionally he took this last course, and his wife's brother's son came to live in his household. In a year, his new father promised the boy, he might assume his dead cousin's name if he showed himself worthy.

In the family of high chief Fua a very different problem presented itself. His was the highest title in the village. He was over sixty and the question of succession was a moot one. The boys in his household consisted of Tata, his eldest son who was illegitimate, Molo and Nua, the sons of his widowed sister, Sisi, his son by his first legal wife (since divorced and remarried on another island), and Tuai, the husband of his niece, the sister of Molo and Nua. And in the house of Fua's eldest brother lived his brother's daughter's son, Alo, a youth of great promise. Here then were enough claimants to produce a lively rivalry. Tuai was the oldest, calm, able, but not sufficiently hopeful to be influenced in his conduct except as it made him more ready to assert the claims of superior age over his wife's younger brothers whose claims were better than his. Next in age came Tata, the sour, beetle-browed bastard, whose chances were negligible

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as long as there were those of legitimate birth to dispute his left-handed claims. But Tata did not lose hope. Cautious, tortuous-minded, he watched and waited. He was in love with Lotu, the daughter of a talking chief of only medium rank. For one of Fua's sons, Lotu would have been a good match. But as Fua's bastard who wished to be chief, he must marry high or not at all. The two nephews, Molo and Nua, played different hands. Nua, the younger, went away to seek his fortune as a native marine at the Naval Station. This meant a regular income, some knowledge of English, prestige of a sort. Molo, the elder brother, stayed at home and made himself indispensable. He was the *tamafafine*, the child of the distaff side, and it was his rôle to take his position for granted, the *tamafafine* of the house of Fua, what more could any one ask in the way of immediate prestige. As for the future—his manner was perfect. All of these young men, and likewise Alo, the great nephew, were members of the *Aumaga*, grown up and ready to assume adult responsibilities. Sisi, the sixteen-year-old legitimate son, was still a boy, slender, diffident, presuming far less upon his position as son and heir-apparent than did his cousin. He was an attractive, intelligent boy. If his father lived until Sisi was twenty-five or thirty, his succession seemed inevitable. Even should his father die sooner, the title might have been held for him. But in this latter possibility there was one danger. Samala, his father's older brother, would



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have a strong voice in the choice of a successor to the title. And Alo was Samala's adored grandson, the son of his favourite daughter. Alo was the model of all that a young man should be. He eschewed the company of women, stayed much at home and rigorously trained his younger brother and sister. While the other young men played cricket, he sat at Samala's feet and memorised genealogies. He never forgot that he was the son of Sāfuá, the house of Fua. More able than Molo, his claim to the title was practically as good, although within the family group Molo as the child of the distaff side would always outvote him. So Alo was Sisi's most dangerous rival, provided his father died soon. And should Fua live twenty years longer, another complication threatened his succession. Fua had but recently re-married, a woman of very high rank and great wealth who had a five-year-old illegitimate son, Nifo. Thinking always of this child, for she and Fua had no children, she did all that she could to undermine Sisi's position as heir-apparent and there was every chance that as her ascendancy over Fua increased with his advancing age, she might have Nifo named as his successor. His illegitimacy and lack of blood tie would be offset by the fact that he was child of the distaff side in the noblest family in the island and would inherit great wealth from his mother.

Of a different character was the problem which confronted Sila, the stepdaughter of Ono, a *matai* of low rank. She was the eldest in a family of seven children.

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Ono was an old man, decrepit and ineffective. Lefu, Sila's mother and his second wife, was worn out, weary from bearing eleven children. The only adult males in the household were Laisa, Ono's brother, an old man like himself, and Laisa's idle shiftless son, a man of thirty, whose only interest in life was love affairs. He was unmarried and shied away from this responsibility as from all others. The sister next younger than Sila was sixteen. She had left home and lived, now here, now there, among her relatives. Sila was twenty-two. She had been married at sixteen and against her will to a man much older than herself who had beaten her for her childish ways. After two years of married life, she had run away from her husband and gone home to live with her parents, bringing her little two-year-old boy, who was now five years old, with her. At twenty she had had a love affair with a boy of her own village, and borne a daughter who had lived only a few months. After her baby died her lover had deserted her. Sila disliked matrimony. She was conscientious, sharp-tongued, industrious. She worked tirelessly for her child and her small brothers and sisters. She did not want to marry again. But there were three old people and six children in her household with only herself and her idle cousin to provide for them. And so she said despondently: "I think I will get married to that boy." "Which boy, Sila?" I asked. "The father of my baby who is dead." "But I thought you said you did not want him for a husband?" "No more do I. But I

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must find some one to care for my family." And indeed there was no other way. Her stepfather's title was a very low one. There were no young men within the family to succeed to it. Her lover was industrious and of even lower degree. The bait of the title would secure a worker for the family.

And so within many households the shadow of nobility falls upon the children, sometimes lightly, sometimes heavily, often long before they are old enough to understand the meaning of these intrusions from the adult world.

## V

### THE GIRL AND HER AGE GROUP

UNTIL a child is six or seven at least she associates very little with her contemporaries. Brothers and sisters and small cousins who live in the same household, of course, frolic and play together, but outside the household each child clings closely to its older guardian and only comes in contact with other children in case the little nursemaids are friends. But at about seven years of age, the children begin to form larger groups, a kind of voluntary association which never exists in later life, that is, a group recruited from both relationship and neighbourhood groups. These are strictly divided along sex lines and antagonism between the small girls and the small boys is one of the salient features of the group life. The little girls are just beginning to "be ashamed" in the presence of older brothers, and the prohibition that one small girl must never join a group of boys is beginning to be enforced. The fact that the boys are less burdened and so can range further afield in search of adventure, while the girls have to carry their heavy little charges with them, also makes a difference between the sexes. The groups of small children which hang about the fringes of some adult

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activity often contain both girls and boys, but here the association principle is simply age discrimination on the part of their elders, rather than voluntary association on the children's part.

These age gangs are usually confined to the children who live in eight or ten contiguous households.\* They are flexible chance associations, the members of which manifest a vivid hostility towards their contemporaries in neighbouring villages and sometimes towards other gangs within their own village. Blood ties cut across these neighbourhood alignments so that a child may be on good terms with members of two or three different groups. A strange child from another group, provided she came alone, could usually take refuge beside a relative. But the little girls of Siufaga looked askance at the little girls of Lumā, the nearest village and both looked with even greater suspicion at the little girls from Faleasao, who lived twenty minutes' walk away. However, heart burnings over these divisions were very temporary affairs. When Tua's brother was ill, her entire family moved from the far end of Siufaga into the heart of Lumā. For a few days Tua hung rather dolefully about the house, only to be taken in within a week by the central Lumā children with complete amiability. But when she returned some weeks later to Siufaga, she became again "a Siufaga girl," object elect of institutionalised scorn and gibes to her recent companions.

\* See Neighbourhood Maps. Appendix I, page 251.

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No very intense friendships are made at this age. The relationship and neighbourhood structure of the group overshadows the personalities within it. Also the most intense affection is always reserved for near relatives and pairs of little sisters take the place of chums. The Western comment, "Yes, Mary and Julia are such good friends as well as sisters!" becomes in Samoa, "But she is a relative," if a friendship is commented upon. The older ones fend for the younger, give them their spoils, weave them flower necklaces and give them their most treasured shells. This relationship aspect is the only permanent element in the group and even this is threatened by any change of residence. The emotional tone attached to the inhabitants of a strange village tends to make even a well-known cousin seem a little strange.

Of the different groups of little girls there was only one which showed characteristics which would make it possible to classify it as a gang. An accident of residence accounts for the most intense group development being in the centre of Lumā, where nine little girls of nearly the same age and with abundant relationship ties lived close together. The development of a group which played continually together and maintained a fairly coherent hostility towards outsiders, seems to be more of a function of residence than of the personality of any child particularly endowed with powers of leadership. The nine little girls in this group were less shy, less suspicious, more generous towards one another,



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more socially enterprising than other children of the same age and in general reflected the socialising effects of group life. Outside this group, the children of this age had to rely much more upon their immediate relationship group reinforced perhaps by the addition of one or two neighbours. Where the personality of a child stood out it was more because of exceptional home environment than a result of social give-and-take with children of her own age.

Children of this age had no group activities except play, in direct antithesis to the home life where the child's only function was work—baby-tending and the performance of numerous trivial tasks and innumerable errands. They foregathered in the early evening, before the late Samoan supper, and occasionally during the general siesta hour in the afternoon. On moonlight nights they scoured the villages alternately attacking or fleeing from the gangs of small boys, peeking through drawn shutters, catching land crabs, ambushing wandering lovers, or sneaking up to watch a birth or a miscarriage in some distant house. Possessed by a fear of the chiefs, a fear of small boys, a fear of their relatives and by a fear of ghosts, no gang of less than four or five dared to venture forth on these nocturnal excursions. They were veritable groups of little outlaws escaping from the exactions of routine tasks. Because of the strong feeling for relationship and locality, the part played by stolen time, the need for immediately executed group plans, and the punish-

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ment which hung over the heads of children who got too far out of earshot, the Samoan child was as dependent upon the populousness of her immediate locality, as is the child in a rural community in the West. True her isolation here was never one-eighth of a mile in extent, but glaring sun and burning sands, coupled with the number of relatives to be escaped from in the day or the number of ghosts to be escaped from at night, magnified this distance until as a barrier to companionship it was equivalent to three or four miles in rural America. Thus there occurred the phenomenon of the isolated child in a village full of children of her own age. Such was Luna, aged ten, who lived in one of the scattered houses belonging to a high chief's household. This house was situated at the very end of the village where she lived with her grandmother, her mother's sister Sami, Sami's husband and baby, and two younger maternal aunts, aged seventeen and fifteen. Luna's mother was dead. Her other brothers and sisters lived on another island with her father's people. She was ten, but young for her age, a quiet, listless child, reluctant to take the initiative, the sort of child who would always need an institutionalised group life. Her only relatives close by were two girls of fourteen, whose long legs and absorption in semi-adult tasks made them far too grown-up companions for her. Some little girls of fourteen might have tolerated Luna about, but not Selu, the younger of the cousins, whose fine mat was already three feet under way. In

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the next house, a stone's throw away, lived two little girls, Pimi and Vana, aged eight and ten. But they were not relatives and being chief baby-tenders to four younger children, they had no time for exploring. There were no common relatives to bring them together and so Luna lived a solitary life, except when an enterprising young aunt of eleven came home to her mother's house. This aunt, Siva, was a fascinating companion, a vivid and precocious child, whom Luna followed about in open-mouthed astonishment. But Siva had proved too much of a handful for her widowed mother, and the *matai*, her uncle, had taken her to live in his immediate household at the other end of the village, on the other side of the central Lumā gang. They formed far more attractive companions and Siva seldom got as far as her mother's house in her occasional moments of freedom. So unenterprising Luna cared for her little cousin, followed her aunt and grandmother about and most of the time presented a very forlorn appearance.

In strong contrast was the fate of Lusi, who was only seven, too young to be really eligible for the games of her ten- and eleven-year-old elders. Had she lived in an isolated spot, she would have been merely a neighbourhood baby. But her house was in a strategic position, next door to that of her cousins, Maliu and Pola, important members of the Lumā gang. Maliu, one of the oldest members of the group, had a tremendous feeling for all her young relatives, and Lusi was her

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first cousin. So tiny, immature Lusi had the full benefit of a group life denied to Luna.

At the extreme end of Siufaga lived Vina, a gentle, unassuming girl of fourteen. Her father's house stood all alone in the centre of a grove of palm trees, just out of sight and ear-shot of the nearest neighbour. Her only companions were her first cousin, a reserved capable eighteen-year-old and two cousins of seventeen and nineteen. There was one little cousin of twelve also in the neighbourhood, but five younger brothers and sisters kept her busy. Vina also had several brothers and sisters younger than herself, but they were old enough to fend for themselves and Vina was comparatively free to follow the older girls on fishing expeditions. So she never escaped from being the little girl, tagging after older ones, carrying their loads and running their errands. She was a flurried anxious child, overconcerned with pleasing others, docile in her chance encounters with contemporaries from long habit of docility. A free give-and-take relationship within her own age group had been denied to her and was now denied to her forever. For it was only to the eight-to twelve-year-old girl that this casual group association was possible. As puberty approached, and a girl gained physical strength and added skill, her household absorbed her again. She must make the oven, she must go to work on the plantation, she must fish. Her days were filled with long tasks and new responsibilities.

Such a child was Fitu. In September she was one

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of the dominant members of the gang, a little taller than the rest, a little lankier, more strident and executive, but very much a harum-scarum little girl among little girls, with a great baby always on her hip. But by April she had turned the baby over to a younger sister of nine; the still younger baby was entrusted to a little sister of five and Fitu worked with her mother on the plantations, or went on long expeditions after hibiscus bark, or for fish. She took the family washing to the sea and helped make the oven on cooking days. Occasionally in the evening she slipped away to play games on the green with her former companions but usually she was too tired from the heavy unaccustomed work, and also a slight strangeness had crept over her. She felt that her more adult activities set her off from the rest of the group with whom she had felt so much at home the fall before. She made only abortive attempts to associate with the older girls in the neighbourhood. Her mother sent her to sleep in the pastor's house next door, but she returned home after three days. Those girls were all too old, she said. "Laititi a'u" ("I am but young"). And yet she was spoiled for her old group. The three villages numbered fourteen such children, just approaching puberty, preoccupied by unaccustomed tasks and renewed and closer association with the adults of their families, not yet interested in boys, and so forming no new alliances in accordance with sex interests. Soberly they perform their household tasks, select a teacher from the older

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women of their family, learn to bear the suffix, meaning "little" dropped from the "little girl" which had formerly described them. But they never again amalgamate into such free and easy groups as the before-the-teens gang. As sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls, they will still rely upon relatives, and the picture is groupings of twos or of threes, never more. The neighbourhood feelings drop out and girls of seventeen will ignore a near neighbour who is an age mate and go the length of the village to visit a relative. Relationship and similar sex interests are now the deciding factor in friendships. Girls also followed passively the stronger allegiance of the boys. If a girl's sweetheart has a chum who is interested in a cousin of hers, the girls strike up a lively, but temporary, friendship. Occasionally such friendships even go outside of the relationship group.

Although girls may confide only in one or two girl relatives, their sex status is usually sensed by the other women of the village and alliances shift and change on this basis, from the shy adolescent who is suspicious of all older girls, to the girl whose first or second love affair still looms as very important, to the girls who are beginning to centre all their attention upon one boy and possibly matrimony. Finally the unmarried mother selects her friends, when possible, from those in like case with herself, or from women of ambiguous marital position, deserted or discredited young wives.

Very few friendships of younger for older girls cut



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across these groupings after puberty. The twelve-year-old may have a great affection and admiration for her sixteen-year-old cousin (although any of these enthusiasms for older girls are pallid matters compared to a typical school girl "crush" in our civilisation). But when she is fifteen and her cousin nineteen, the picture changes. All of the adult and near-adult world is hostile, spying upon her love affairs in its more circumspect sophistication, supremely not to be trusted. No one is to be trusted who is not immediately engaged in similarly hazardous adventures.

It may safely be said that without the artificial conditions produced by residence in the native pastor's household or in the large missionary boarding school, the girls do not go outside their relationship group to make friends. (In addition to the large girls' boarding school which served all of American Samoa, the native pastor of each community maintained a small informal boarding school for boys and girls. To these schools were sent the girls whose fathers wished to send them later to the large boarding school, and also girls whose parents wished them to have three or four years of the superior educational advantages and stricter supervision of the pastor's home.) Here unrelated girls live side by side sometimes for years. But as one of the two defining features of a household is common residence, the friendships formed between girls who have lived in the pastor's household are not very different psychologically from the friendship of cousins or girls

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connected only by affinity who live in the same family. The only friendships which really are different in kind from those formed by common residence or membership in the same relationship group, are the institutionalised relationships between the wives of chiefs and the wives of talking chiefs. But these friendships can only be understood in connection with the friendships among boys and men.

The little boys follow the same pattern as do the little girls, running in a gang based upon the double bonds of neighbourhood and relationship. The feeling for the ascendancy of age is always much stronger than in the case of girls because the older boys do not withdraw into their family groups as do the girls. The fifteen- and sixteen-year-old boys gang together with the same freedom as do the twelve-year-olds. The borderline between small boys and bigger boys is therefore a continually shifting one, the boys in an intermediate position now lording it over the younger boys, now tagging obsequiously in the wake of their elders. There are two institutionalised relationships between boys which are called by the same name and possibly were at one time one relationship. This is the *soa*, the companion at circumcision and the ambassador in love affairs. Boys are circumcised in pairs, making the arrangements themselves and seeking out an older man who has acquired a reputation for skilfulness. There seems to be here simply a logical inter-relationship of cause and effect; a boy chooses a friend (who is usu-

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ally also a relative) as his companion and the experience shared binds them closer together. There were several pairs of boys in the village who had been circumcised together and were still inseparable companions, often sleeping together in the house of one of them. Casual homosexual practices occurred in such relationships. However, when the friendships of grown boys of the village were analysed, no close correspondence with the adolescent allegiance was found and older boys were as often found in groups of three or four as in pairs.

When a boy is two or three years past puberty, his choice of a companion is influenced by the convention that a young man seldom speaks for himself in love and never in a proposal of marriage. He accordingly needs a friend of about his age whom he can trust to sing his praises and press his suit with requisite fervour and discretion. For this office, a relative, or, if the affair be desperate, several relatives are employed. A youth is influenced in his choice by his need of an ambassador who is not only trustworthy and devoted but plausible and insinuating as a procurer. This *soa* relationship is often, but not necessarily, reciprocal. The expert in love comes in time to dispense with the services of an intermediary, wishing to taste to the full the sweets of all the stages in courtship. At the same time his services are much in demand by others, if they entertain any hope at all of his dealing honourably by his principal.

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But the boys have also other matters besides love-making in which they must co-operate. Three are needed to man a bonito canoe; two usually go together to lasso eels on the reef; work on the communal taro plantations demands the labour of all the youths in the village. So that while a boy too chooses his best friends from among his relatives, his sense of social solidarity is always much stronger than that of a girl. The *Aualuma*, the organisation of young girls and wives of untitled men, is an exceedingly loose association gathered for very occasional communal work, and still more occasional festivities. In villages where the old intricacies of the social organisation are beginning to fall into disuse, it is the *Aualuma* which disappears first, while the *Aumaga*, the young men's organisation, has too important a place in the village economy to be thus ignored. The *Aumaga* is indeed the most enduring social factor in the village. The *matais* meet more formally and spend a great deal of time in their own households, but the young men work together during the day, feast before and after their labours, are present as a serving group at all meetings of the *matais*, and when the day's work is over, dance and go courting together in the evening. Many of the young men sleep in their friends' houses, a privilege but grudgingly accorded the more chaperoned girls.

Another factor which qualified men's relationships is the reciprocal relationship between chiefs and talking chiefs. The holders of these two classes of titles are

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not necessarily related, although this is often the case as it is considered an advantage to be related to both ranks. But the talking chiefs are major domos, assistants, ambassadors, henchmen, and councillors of their chiefs, and these relationships are often foreshadowed among the young men, the heirs-apparent or the heirs aspirant to the family titles.

Among women there are occasional close alliances between the *taupo* and the daughter of her father's principal talking chief. But these friendships always suffer from their temporary character; the *taupo* will inevitably marry into another village. And it is rather between the wife of the chief and the wife of a talking chief that the institutionalised and life-long friendship exists. The wife of the talking chief acts as assistant, advisor, and mouthpiece for the chief's wife and in turn counts upon the chief's wife for support and material help. It is a friendship based upon reciprocal obligations having their origins in the relationship between the women's husbands, and it is the only women's friendship which oversteps the limits of the relationship and affinity group. Such friendships based on an accident of marriage and enjoined by the social structure should hardly be classed as voluntary. And within the relationship group itself, friendship is so patterned as to be meaningless. I once asked a young married woman if a neighbour with whom she was always upon the most uncertain and irritated terms was a friend of hers. "Why, of course, her mother's father's

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father, and my father's mother's father were brothers." Friendship based on temperamental congeniality was a most tenuous bond, subject to shifts of interest and to shifts of residence, and a woman came to rely more and more on the associates to whose society and interest blood and marriage entitled her.

Association based upon age as a principle may be said to have ceased for the girls before puberty, due to the exceedingly individual nature of their tasks and the need for secrecy in their amatory adventures. In the case of the boys, greater freedom, a more compelling social structure, and continuous participation in co-operative tasks, brings about an age-group association which lasts through life. This grouping is influenced but not determined by relationship, and distorted by the influence of rank, prospective rank in the case of youth, equal rank but disproportionate age in the case of older men.



## VI

### THE GIRL IN THE COMMUNITY

THE community ignores both boys and girls from birth until they are fifteen or sixteen years of age. Children under this age have no social standing, no recognised group activities, no part in the social life except when they are conscripted for the informal dance floor. But at a year or two beyond puberty—the age varies from village to village so that boys of sixteen will in one place still be classed as small boys, in another as *taule'ale'as*, young men—both boys and girls are grouped into a rough approximation of the adult groupings, given a name for their organisation, and are invested with definite obligations and privileges in the community life.

The organisation of young men, the *Aumaga*, of young girls and the wives of untitled men and widows, the *Aualuma*, and of the wives of titled men, are all echoes of the central political structure of the village, the *Fono*, the organisation of *matai*s, men who have the titles of chiefs or of talking chiefs. The *Fono* is always conceived as a round house in which each title has a special position, must be addressed with certain ceremonial phrases, and given a fixed place in the order of precedence in the serving of the kava. This ideal house has certain fixed divisions, in the right sector sit the high chief and his special assistant chiefs; in the

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front of the house sit the talking chiefs whose business it is to make the speeches, welcome strangers, accept gifts, preside over the distribution of food and make all plans and arrangements for group activities. Against the posts at the back of the house sit the *matais* of low rank, and between the posts and at the centre sit those of so little importance that no place is reserved for them. This framework of titles continues from generation to generation and holds a fixed place in the larger ideal structure of the titles of the whole island, the whole archipelago, the whole of Samoa. With some of these titles, which are in the gift of certain families, go certain privileges, a right to a house name, a right to confer a *taupo* name, a princess title, upon some young girl relative and an heir-apparent title, the *manaia*, on some boy of the household. Besides these prerogatives of the high chiefs, each member of the two classes of *matais*, chiefs and talking chiefs, has certain ceremonial rights. A talking chief must be served his kava with a special gesture, must be addressed with a separate set of verbs and nouns suitable to his rank, must be rewarded by the chiefs in tapa or fine mats for his ceremonially rendered services. The chiefs must be addressed with still another set of nouns and verbs, must be served with a different and more honourable gesture in the kava ceremony, must be furnished with food by their talking chiefs, must be honoured and escorted by the talking chiefs on every important occasion. The name of the village, the ceremonial name of the public square in which great cere-

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monies are held, the name of the meeting house of the *Fono*, the names of the principal chiefs and talking chiefs, the names of *taupo* and *manaia*, of the *Aualuma* and the *Aumaga*, are contained in a set of ceremonial salutations called the *Fa'alupega*, or courtesy titles of a village or district. Visitors on formally entering a village must recite the *Fa'alupega* as their initial courtesy to their hosts.

The *Aumaga* mirrors this organisation of the older men. Here the young men learn to make speeches, to conduct themselves with gravity and decorum, to serve and drink the kava, to plan and execute group enterprises. When a boy is old enough to enter the *Aumaga*, the head of his household either sends a present of food to the group, announcing the addition of the boy to their number, or takes him to a house where they are meeting and lays down a great kava root as a present. Henceforth the boy is a member of a group which is almost constantly together. Upon them falls all the heavy work of the village and also the greater part of the social intercourse between villages which centres about the young unmarried people. When a visiting village comes, it is the *Aumaga* which calls in a body upon the visiting *taupo*, taking gifts, dancing and singing for her benefit.

The organisation of the *Aualuma* is a less formalised version of the *Aumaga*. When a girl is of age, two or three years past puberty, varying with the village practice, her *matai* will send an offering of food to the house of the chief *taupo* of the village, thus announc-

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ing that he wishes the daughter of his house to be henceforth counted as one of the group of young girls who form her court. But while the *Aumaga* is centred about the *Fono*, the young men meeting outside or in a separate house, but exactly mirroring the forms and ceremonies of their elders, the *Aualuma* is centred about the person of the *taupo*, forming a group of maids of honour. They have no organisation as have the *Aumaga*, and furthermore, they do hardly any work. Occasionally the young girls may be called upon to sew thatch or gather paper mulberry; more occasionally they plant and cultivate a paper mulberry crop, but their main function is to be ceremonial helpers for the meetings of the wives of *matais*, and village hostesses in inter-village life. In many parts of Samoa the *Aualuma* has fallen entirely to pieces and is only remembered in the greeting words that fall from the lips of a stranger. But if the *Aumaga* should disappear, Samoan village life would have to be entirely reorganised, for upon the ceremonial and actual work of the young and untitled men the whole life of the village depends.

Although the wives of *matais* have no organisation recognised in the *Fa'alupaga* (courtesy titles), their association is firmer and more important than that of the *Aualuma*. The wives of titled men hold their own formal meetings, taking their status from their husbands, sitting at their husbands' posts and drinking their husbands' kava. The wife of the highest chief receives highest honour, the wife of the principal talk-

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ing chief makes the most important speeches. The women are completely dependent upon their husbands for their status in this village group. Once a man has been given a title, he can never go back to the *Aumaga*. His title may be taken away from him when he is old, or if he is inefficient, but a lower title will be given him that he may sit and drink his kava with his former associates. But the widow or divorced wife of a *matai* must go back into the *Aualuma*, sit with the young girls outside the house, serve the food and run the errands, entering the women's *fono* only as a servant or an entertainer.

The women's *fonos* are of two sorts: *fonos* which precede or follow communal work, sewing the thatch for a guest house, bringing the coral rubble for its floor or weaving fine mats for the dowry of the *taupo*; and ceremonial *fonos* to welcome visitors from another village. Each of these meetings was designated by its purpose, as a *falelalaga*, a weaving bee, or an '*aiga fiafia tama'ita'i*, ladies' feast. The women are only recognised socially by the women of a visiting village but the *taupo* and her court are the centre of the recognition of both men and women in the *malaga*, the travelling party. And these wives of high chiefs have to treat their own *taupo* with great courtesy and respect, address her as "your highness," accompany her on journeys, use a separate set of nouns and verbs when speaking to her. Here then is a discrepancy in which the young girls who are kept in strict subjection within their households, outrank their aunts and mothers in

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the social life between villages. This ceremonial undercutting of the older women's authority might seriously jeopardise the discipline of the household, if it were not for two considerations. The first is the tenuousness of the girls' organisation, the fact that within the village their chief *raison d'être* is to dance attendance upon the older women, who have definite industrial tasks to perform for the village; the second is the emphasis upon the idea of service as the chief duty of the *taupo*. The village princess is also the village servant. It is she who waits upon strangers, spreads their beds and makes their kava, dances when they wish it, and rises from her sleep to serve either the visitors or her own chief. And she is compelled to serve the social needs of the women as well as the men. Do they decide to borrow thatch in another village, they dress their *taupo* in her best and take her along to decorate the *malaga*. Her marriage is a village matter, planned and carried through by the talking chiefs and their wives who are her counsellors and chaperons. So that the rank of the *taupo* is really a further daily inroad upon her freedom as an individual, while the incessant chaperonage to which she is subjected and the way in which she is married without regard to her own wishes are a complete denial of her personality. And similarly, the slighter prestige of her untitled sisters, whose chief group activity is waiting upon their elders, has even less real significance in the daily life of the village.

With the exception of the *taupo*, the assumption of



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whose title is the occasion of a great festival and enormous distribution of property by her chief to the talking chiefs who must hereafter support and confirm her rank, a Samoan girl of good family has two ways of making her début. The first, the formal entry into the *Aualuma* is often neglected and is more a formal fee to the community than a recognition of the girl herself. The second way is to go upon a *malaga*, a formal travelling party. She may go as a near relative of the *taupo* in which case she will be caught up in a whirl of entertainment with which the young men of the host village surround their guests; or she may travel as the only girl in a small travelling party in which case she will be treated as a *taupo*. (All social occasions demand the presence of a *taupo*, a *manaia*, and a talking chief; and if individuals actually holding these titles are not present, some one else has to play the rôle.) Thus it is in inter-village life, either as a member of the *Aualuma* who call upon and dance for the *manaia* of the visiting *malaga*, or as a visiting girl in a strange village, that the unmarried Samoan girl is honoured and recognised by her community.

But these are exceptional occasions. A *malaga* may come only once a year, especially in Manu'a which numbers only seven villages in the whole archipelago. And in the daily life of the village, at crises, births, deaths, marriages, the unmarried girls have no ceremonial part to play. They are simply included with the "women of the household" whose duty it is to prepare the layette for the new baby, or carry stones to

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strew on the new grave. It is almost as if the community by its excessive recognition of the girl as a *taupo* or member of the *Aualuma*, considered itself exonerated from paying any more attention to her.

This attitude is fostered by the scarcity of taboos. In many parts of Polynesia, all women, and especially menstruating women, are considered contaminating and dangerous. A continuous rigorous social supervision is necessary, for a society can no more afford to ignore its most dangerous members than it can afford to neglect its most valuable. But in Samoa a girl's power of doing harm is very limited. She cannot make *tafolo*, a bread-fruit pudding usually made by the young men in any case, nor make the kava while she is menstruating. But she need retire to no special house; she need not eat alone; there is no contamination in her touch or look. In common with the young men and the older women, a girl gives a wide berth to a place where chiefs are engaged in formal work, unless she has special business there. It is not the presence of a woman which is interdicted but the uncalled-for intrusion of any one of either sex. No woman can be officially present at a gathering of chiefs unless she is *taupo* making the kava, but any woman may bring her husband his pipe or come to deliver a message, so long as her presence need not be recognised. The only place where a woman's femininity is in itself a real source of danger is in the matter of fishing canoes and fishing tackle which she is forbidden to touch upon pain of spoiling the fishing. But the enforcement of this prohibition is in the hands of

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individual fishermen in whose houses the fishing equipment is kept.

Within the relationship group matters are entirely different. Here women are very specifically recognised. The oldest female progenitor of the line, that is, the sister of the last holder of the title, or his predecessor's sister, has special rights over the distribution of the dowry which comes into the household. She holds the veto in the selling of land and other important family matters. Her curse is the most dreadful a man can incur for she has the power to "cut the line" and make the name extinct. If a man falls ill, it is his sister who must first take the formal oath that she has wished him no harm, as anger in her heart is most potent for evil. When a man dies, it is his paternal aunt or his sister who prepares the body for burial, anointing it with turmeric and rubbing it with oil, and it is she who sits beside the body, fanning away the flies, and keeps the fan in her possession ever after. And in the more ordinary affairs of the household, in the economic arrangements between relatives, in disputes over property or in family feuds, the women play as active a part as the men.

The girl and woman repays the general social negligence which she receives with a corresponding insouciance. She treats the lore of the village, the genealogies of the titles, the origin myths and local tales, the intricacies of the social organisation with supreme indifference. It is an exceptional girl who can give her great-grandfather's name, the exceptional boy who can-

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not give his genealogy in traditional form for several generations. While the boy of sixteen or seventeen is eagerly trying to master the esoteric allusiveness of the talking chief whose style he most admires, the girl of the same age learns the minimum of etiquette. Yet this is in no wise due to lack of ability. The *taupo* must have a meticulous knowledge, not only of the social arrangements of her own village, but also of those of neighbouring villages. She must serve visitors in proper form and with no hesitation after the talking chief has chanted their titles and the names of their kava cups. Should she take the wrong post which is the prerogative of another *taupo* who outranks her, her hair will be soundly pulled by her rival's female attendants. She learns the intricacies of the social organisation as well as her brother does. Still more notable is the case of the wife of a talking chief. Whether she is chosen for her docility by a man who has already assumed his title, or whether, as is often the case, she marries some boy of her acquaintance who later is made a talking chief, the *tausi*, wife of a talking chief, is quite equal to the occasion. In the meetings of women she must be a master of etiquette and the native rules of order, she must interlard her speeches with a wealth of unintelligible traditional material and rich allusiveness, she must preserve the same even voice, the same lofty demeanour, as her husband. And ultimately, the wife of an important talking chief must qualify as a teacher as well as a performer, for it is her duty to train the *taupo*. But unless the community thus recognises her existence,

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and makes formal demand upon her time and ability, a woman gives to it a bare minimum of her attention.

In like manner, women are not dealt with in the primitive penal code. A man who commits adultery with a chief's wife was beaten and banished, sometimes even drowned by the outraged community, but the woman was only cast out by her husband. The *taupo* who was found not to be a virgin was simply beaten by her female relatives. To-day if evil befalls the village, and it is attributed to some unconfessed sin on the part of a member of the community, the *Fono* and the *Aumaga* are convened and confession is enjoined upon any one who may have evil upon his conscience, but no such demand is made upon the *Aualuma* or the wives of the *matais*. This is in striking contrast to the family confessional where the sister is called upon first.

In matters of work the village makes a few precise demands. It is the women's work to cultivate the sugar cane and sew the thatch for the roof of the guest house, to weave the palm leaf blinds, and bring the coral rubble for the floor. When the girls have a paper mulberry plantation, the *Aumaga* occasionally help them in the work, the girls in turn making a feast for the boys, turning the whole affair into an industrious picnic. But between men's formal work and women's formal work there is a rigid division. Women do not enter into house-building or boat-building activities, nor go out in fishing canoes, nor may men enter the formal weaving house or the house where women are making tapa in a group. If the women's work

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makes it necessary for them to cross the village, as is the case when rubble is brought up from the seashore to make the floor of the guest house, the men entirely disappear, either gathering in some remote house, or going away to the bush or to another village. But this avoidance is only for large formal occasions. If her husband is building the family a new cook-house, a woman may make tapa two feet away, while a chief may sit and placidly braid cinet while his wife weaves a fine mat at his elbow.

So, although unlike her husband and brothers a woman spends most of her time within the narrower circle of her household and her relationship group, when she does participate in community affairs she is treated with the punctilio which marks all phases of Samoan social life. The better part of her attention and interest is focused on a smaller group, cast in a more personal mode. For this reason, it is impossible to evaluate accurately the difference in innate social drive between men and women in Samoa. In those social spheres where women have been given an opportunity, they take their place with as much ability as the men. The wives of the talking chiefs in fact exhibit even greater adaptability than their husbands. The talking chiefs are especially chosen for their oratorical and intellectual abilities, whereas the women have a task thrust upon them at their marriage requiring great oratorical skill, a fertile imagination, tact, and a facile memory.



## VII

### FORMAL SEX RELATIONS

THE first attitude which a little girl learns towards boys is one of avoidance and antagonism. She learns to observe the brother and sister taboo towards the boys of her relationship group and household, and together with the other small girls of her age group she treats all other small boys as enemies elect. After a little girl is eight or nine years of age she has learned never to approach a group of older boys. This feeling of antagonism towards younger boys and shamed avoidance of older ones continues up to the age of thirteen or fourteen, to the group of girls who are just reaching puberty and the group of boys who have just been circumcised. These children are growing away from the age-group life and the age-group antagonisms. They are not yet actively sex-conscious. And it is at this time that relationships between the sexes are least emotionally charged. Not until she is an old married woman with several children will the Samoan girl again regard the opposite sex so quietly. When these adolescent children gather together there is a good-natured banter, a minimum of embarrassment, a great deal of random teasing which usually takes the form of accusing some little girl of a consuming passion for

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a decrepit old man of eighty, or some small boy of being the father of a buxom matron's eighth child. Occasionally the banter takes the form of attributing affection between two age mates and is gaily and indignantly repudiated by both. Children at this age meet at informal *siva* parties, on the outskirts of more formal occasions, at community reef fishings (when many yards of reef have been enclosed to make a great fish trap) and on torch-fishing excursions. Good-natured tussling and banter and co-operation in common activities are the keynotes of these occasions. But unfortunately these contacts are neither frequent nor sufficiently prolonged to teach the girls co-operation or to give either boys or girls any real appreciation of personality in members of the opposite sex.

Two or three years later this will all be changed. The fact that little girls no longer belong to age groups makes the individual's defection less noticeable. The boy who begins to take an active interest in girls is also seen less in a gang and spends more time with one close companion. Girls have lost all of their nonchalance. They giggle, blush, bridle, run away. Boys become shy, embarrassed, taciturn, and avoid the society of girls in the daytime and on the brilliant moonlit nights for which they accuse the girls of having an exhibitionistic preference. Friendships fall more strictly within the relationship group. The boy's need for a trusted confidante is stronger than that of the girl, for only the most adroit and hardened Don Juans do their own

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courting. There are occasions, of course, when two youngsters just past adolescence, fearful of ridicule, even from their nearest friends and relatives, will slip away alone into the bush. More frequently still an older man, a widower or a divorced man, will be a girl's first lover. And here there is no need for an ambassador. The older man is neither shy nor frightened, and furthermore there is no one whom he can trust as an intermediary; a younger man would betray him, an older man would not take his amours seriously. But the first spontaneous experiment of adolescent children and the amorous excursions of the older men among the young girls of the village are variants on the edge of the recognised types of relationships; so also is the first experience of a young boy with an older woman. But both of these are exceedingly frequent occurrences, so that the success of an amatory experience is seldom jeopardised by double ignorance. Nevertheless, all of these occasions are outside the recognised forms into which sex relations fall. The little boy and girl are branded by their companions as guilty of *tautala lai titi* (presuming above their ages) as is the boy who loves or aspires to love an older woman, while the idea of an older man pursuing a young girl appeals strongly to their sense of humour; or if the girl is very young and naïve, to their sense of unfitness. "She is too young, too young yet. He is too old," they will say, and the whole weight of vigorous disapproval fell upon a *matai* who was known to be

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the father of the child of Lotu, the sixteen-year-old feeble-minded girl on Olesega. Discrepancy in age or experience always strikes them as comic or pathetic according to the degree. The theoretical punishment which is meted out to a disobedient and runaway daughter is to marry her to a very old man, and I have heard a nine-year-old giggle contemptuously over her mother's preference for a seventeen-year-old boy. Worst among these unpatterned deviations is that of the man who makes love to some young and dependent woman of his household, his adopted child or his wife's younger sister. The cry of incest is raised against him and sometimes feeling runs so high that he has to leave the group.

Besides formal marriage there are only two types of sex relations which receive any formal recognition from the community—love affairs between unmarried young people (this includes the widowed) who are very nearly of the same age, whether leading to marriage or merely a passing diversion; and adultery.

Between the unmarried there are three forms of relationship: the clandestine encounter, "under the palm trees," the published elopement, *Avaga*, and the ceremonious courtship in which the boy "sits before the girl"; and on the edge of these, the curious form of surreptitious rape, called *moetotolo*, sleep crawling, resorted to by youths who find favour in no maiden's eyes.

In these three relationships, the boy requires a con-

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fidant and ambassador whom he calls a *soa*. Where boys are close companions, this relationship may extend over many love affairs, or it may be a temporary one, terminating with the particular love affair. The *soa* follows the pattern of the talking chief who makes material demands upon his chief in return for the immaterial services which he renders him. If marriage results from his ambassadorship, he receives a specially fine present from the bridegroom. The choice of a *soa* presents many difficulties. If the lover chooses a steady, reliable boy, some slightly younger relative devoted to his interests, a boy unambitious in affairs of the heart, very likely the ambassador will bungle the whole affair through inexperience and lack of tact. But if he chooses a handsome and expert wooer who knows just how "to speak softly and walk gently," then as likely as not the girl will prefer the second to the principal. This difficulty is occasionally anticipated by employing two or three *soas* and setting them to spy on each other. But such a lack of trust is likely to inspire a similar attitude in the agents, and as one over-cautious and disappointed lover told me ruefully, "I had five *soas*, one was true and four were false."

Among possible *soas* there are two preferences, a brother or a girl. A brother is by definition loyal, while a girl is far more skilful for "a boy can only approach a girl in the evening, or when no one is by, but a girl can go with her all day long, walk with her and lie on the mat by her, eat off the same platter, and

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whisper between mouthfuls the name of the boy, speaking ever of him, how good he is, how gentle and how true, how worthy of love. Yes, best of all is the *soafafine*, the woman ambassador." But the difficulties of obtaining a *soafafine* are great. A boy may not choose from his own female relatives. The taboo forbids him ever to mention such matters in their presence. It is only by good chance that his brother's sweetheart may be a relative of the girl upon whom he has set his heart; or some other piece of good fortune may throw him into contact with a girl or woman who will act in his interests. The most violent antagonisms in the young people's groups are not between ex-lovers, arise not from the venom of the deserted nor the smarting pride of the jilted, but occur between the boy and the *soa* who has betrayed him, or a lover and the friend of his beloved who has in any way blocked his suit.

In the strictly clandestine love affair the lover never presents himself at the house of his beloved. His *soa* may go there in a group or upon some trumped-up errand, or he also may avoid the house and find opportunities to speak to the girl while she is fishing or going to and from the plantation. It is his task to sing his friend's praise, counteract the girl's fears and objections, and finally appoint a rendezvous. These affairs are usually of short duration and both boy and girl may be carrying on several at once. One of the recognised causes of a quarrel is the resentment of the



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first lover against his successor of the same night, "for the boy who came later will mock him." These clandestine lovers make their rendezvous on the outskirts of the village. "Under the palm trees" is the conventionalised designation of this type of intrigue. Very often three or four couples will have a common rendezvous, when either the boys or the girls are relatives who are friends. Should the girl ever grow faint or dizzy, it is the boy's part to climb the nearest palm and fetch down a fresh cocoanut to pour on her face in lieu of *eau de cologne*. In native theory, barrenness is the punishment of promiscuity; and, *vice versa*, only persistent monogamy is rewarded by conception. When a pair of clandestine experimenters whose rank is so low that their marriages are not of any great economic importance become genuinely attached to each other and maintain the relationship over several months, marriage often follows. And native sophistication distinguishes between the adept lover whose adventures are many and of short duration and the less skilled man who can find no better proof of his virility than a long affair ending in conception.

Often the girl is afraid to venture out into the night, infested with ghosts and devils, ghosts that strangle one, ghosts from far-away villages who come in canoes to kidnap the girls of the village, ghosts who leap upon the back and may not be shaken off. Or she may feel that it is wiser to remain at home, and if necessary, attest her presence vocally. In this case the lover

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braves the house; taking off his *lavalava*, he greases his body thoroughly with cocoanut oil so that he can slip through the fingers of pursuers and leave no trace, and stealthily raises the blinds and slips into the house. The prevalence of this practice gives point to the familiar incident in Polynesian folk tales of the ill fortune that falls the luckless hero who "sleeps until morning, until the rising sun reveals his presence to the other inmates of the house." As perhaps a dozen or more people and several dogs are sleeping in the house, a due regard for silence is sufficient precaution. But it is this habit of domestic rendezvous which lends itself to the peculiar abuse of the *moetotolo*, or sleep crawler.

The *moetotolo* is the only sex activity which presents a definitely abnormal picture. Ever since the first contact with white civilisation, rape, in the form of violent assault, has occurred occasionally in Samoa. It is far less congenial, however, to the Samoan attitude than *moetotolo*, in which a man stealthily appropriates the favours which are meant for another. The need for guarding against discovery makes conversation impossible, and the sleep crawler relies upon the girl's expecting a lover or the chance that she will indiscriminately accept any comer. If the girl suspects and resents him, she raises a great outcry and the whole household gives chase. Catching a *moetotolo* is counted great sport, and the women, who feel their safety endangered, are even more active in pursuit than the

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men. One luckless youth in Luma neglected to remove his *lavalava*. The girl discovered him and her sister succeeded in biting a piece out of his *lavalava* before he escaped. This she proudly exhibited the next day. As the boy had been too dull to destroy his *lavalava*, the evidence against him was circumstantial and he was the laughing stock of the village; the children wrote a dance song about it and sang it after him wherever he went. The *moetotolo* problem is complicated by the possibility that a boy of the household may be the offender and may take refuge in the hue and cry following the discovery. It also provides the girl with an excellent alibi, since she has only to call out "*moetotolo*" in case her lover is discovered. "To the family and the village that may be a *moetotolo*, but it is not so in the hearts of the girl and the boy."

Two motives are given for this unsavoury activity, anger and failure in love. The Samoan girl who plays the coquette does so at her peril. "She will say, 'Yes, I will meet you to-night by that old cocoanut tree just beside the devilfish stone when the moon goes down.' And the boy will wait and wait and wait all night long. It will grow very dark; lizards will drop on his head; the ghost boats will come into the channel. He will be very much afraid. But he will wait there until dawn, until his hair is wet with dew and his heart is very angry and still she does not come. Then in revenge he will attempt a *moetotolo*. Especially will he do so if he hears that she has met another that night."

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The other set explanation is that a particular boy cannot win a sweetheart by any legitimate means, and there is no form of prostitution, except guest prostitution in Samoa. As some of the boys who were notorious *moetotolos* were among the most charming and good-looking youths of the village, this is a little hard to understand. Apparently, these youths, frowned upon in one or two tentative courtships, inflamed by the loudly proclaimed success of their fellows and the taunts against their own inexperience, cast established wooing procedure to the winds and attempt a *moetotolo*. And once caught, once branded, no girl will ever pay any attention to them again. They must wait until as older men, with position and title to offer, they can choose between some weary and bedraggled wanton or the unwilling young daughter of ambitious and selfish parents. But years will intervene before this is possible, and shut out from the amours in which his companions are engaging, a boy makes one attempt after another, sometimes successfully, sometimes only to be caught and beaten, mocked by the village, and always digging the pit deeper under his feet. Often partially satisfactory solutions are relationships with men. There was one such pair in the village, a notorious *moetotolo*, and a serious-minded youth who wished to keep his heart free for political intrigue. The *moetotolo* therefore complicates and adds zest to the surreptitious love-making which is conducted at home, while the danger of being missed, the undesirability of chance

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encounters abroad, rain and the fear of ghosts, complicate "love under the palm trees."

Between these strictly *sub rosa* affairs and a final offer of marriage there is an intermediate form of courtship in which the girl is called upon by the boy. As this is regarded as a tentative move towards matrimony, both relationship groups must be more or less favourably inclined towards the union. With his *soa* at his side and provided with a basket of fish, an octopus or so, or a chicken, the suitor presents himself at the girl's home before the late evening meal. If his gift is accepted, it is a sign that the family of the girl are willing for him to pay his addresses to her. He is formally welcomed by the *matai*, sits with reverently bowed head throughout the evening prayer, and then he and his *soa* stay for supper. But the suitor does not approach his beloved. They say: "If you wish to know who is really the lover, look then not at the boy who sits by her side, looks boldly into her eyes and twists the flowers in her necklace around his fingers or steals the hibiscus flower from her hair that he may wear it behind his ear. Do not think it is he who whispers softly in her ear, or says to her, 'Sweetheart, wait for me to-night. After the moon has set, I will come to you,' or who teases her by saying she has many lovers. Look instead at the boy who sits afar off, who sits with bent head and takes no part in the joking. And you will see that his eyes are always turned softly on the girl. Always he watches her and never does he miss a movement of her lips.

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Perhaps she will wink at him, perhaps she will raise her eyebrows, perhaps she will make a sign with her hand. He must always be wakeful and watching or he will miss it." The *soa* meanwhile pays the girl elaborate and ostentatious court and in undertones pleads the cause of his friend. After dinner, the centre of the house is accorded the young people to play cards, sing or merely sit about, exchanging a series of broad pleasantries. This type of courtship varies from occasional calls to daily attendance. The food gift need not accompany each visit, but is as essential at the initial call as is an introduction in the West. The way of such declared lovers is hard. The girl does not wish to marry, nor to curtail her amours in deference to a definite betrothal. Possibly she may also dislike her suitor, while he in turn may be the victim of family ambition. Now that the whole village knows him for her suitor, the girl gratifies her vanity by avoidance, by perverseness. He comes in the evening, she has gone to another house; he follows her there, she immediately returns home. When such courtship ripens into an accepted proposal of marriage, the boy often goes to sleep in the house of his intended bride and often the union is surreptitiously consummated. Ceremonial marriage is deferred until such time as the boy's family have planted or collected enough food and other property and the girl's family have gotten together a suitable dowry of tapa and mats.

In such manner are conducted the love affairs of the



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average young people of the same village, and of the plebeian young people of neighbouring villages. From this free and easy experimentation, the *taupo* is excepted. Virginity is a legal requirement for her. At her marriage, in front of all the people, in a house brilliantly lit, the talking chief of the bridegroom will take the tokens of her virginity.\* In former days should she prove not to be a virgin, her female relatives fell upon and beat her with stones, disfiguring and sometimes fatally injuring the girl who had shamed their house. The public ordeal sometimes prostrated the girl for as much as a week, although ordinarily a girl recovers from first intercourse in two or three hours, and women seldom lie abed more than a few hours after childbirth. Although this virginity-testing ceremony was theoretically observed at weddings of people of all ranks, it was simply ignored if the boy knew that it was an idle form, and "a wise girl who is not a virgin will tell the talking chief of her husband, so that she be not shamed before all the people."

The attitude towards virginity is a curious one. Christianity has, of course, introduced a moral premium on chastity. The Samoans regard this attitude with reverent but complete scepticism and the concept of celibacy is absolutely meaningless to them. But virginity definitely adds to a girl's attractiveness, the wooing of a virgin is considered far more of a feat than

\* This custom is now forbidden by law, but is only gradually dying out.

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the conquest of a more experienced heart, and a really successful Don Juan turns most of his attention to their seduction. One youth who at twenty-four married a girl who was still a virgin was the laughing stock of the village over his freely related trepidation which revealed the fact that at twenty-four, although he had had many love affairs, he had never before won the favours of a virgin.

The bridegroom, his relatives and the bride and her relatives all receive prestige if she proves to be a virgin, so that the girl of rank who might wish to forestall this painful public ceremony is thwarted not only by the anxious chaperonage of her relatives but by the boy's eagerness for prestige. One young Lothario eloped to his father's house with a girl of high rank from another village and refused to live with her because, said he, "I thought maybe I would marry that girl and there would be a big *malaga* and a big ceremony and I would wait and get the credit for marrying a virgin. But the next day her father came and said that she could not marry me, and she cried very much. So I said to her, 'Well, there is no use now to wait any longer. Now we will run away into the bush.' " It is conceivable that the girl would often trade the temporary prestige for an escape from the public ordeal, but in proportion as his ambitions were honourable. the boy would frustrate her efforts.

Just as the clandestine and casual "love under the palm trees" is the pattern irregularity for those of hum-

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ble birth, so the elopement has its archetype in the love affairs of the *taupo*, and the other chiefs' daughters. These girls of noble birth are carefully guarded; not for them are secret trysts at night or stolen meetings in the day time. Where parents of lower rank complacently ignore their daughters' experiments, the high chief guards his daughter's virginity as he guards the honour of his name, his precedence in the kava ceremony or any other prerogative of his high degree. Some old woman of the household is told off to be the girl's constant companion and duenna. The *taupo* may not visit in other houses in the village, or leave the house alone at night. When she sleeps, an older woman sleeps by her side. Never may she go to another village unchaperoned. In her own village she goes soberly about her tasks, bathing in the sea, working in the plantation, safe under the jealous guardianship of the women of her own village. She runs little risk from the *moetotolo*, for one who outraged the *taupo* of his village would formerly have been beaten to death, and now would have to flee from the village. The prestige of the village is inextricably bound up with the high repute of the *taupo* and few young men in the village would dare to be her lovers. Marriage to them is out of the question, and their companions would revile them as traitors rather than envy them such doubtful distinction. Occasionally a youth of very high rank in the same village will risk an elopement, but even this is a rare occurrence. For

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tradition says that the *taupo* must marry outside her village, marry a high chief or a *manaia* of another village. Such a marriage is an occasion for great festivities and solemn ceremony. The chief and all of his talking chiefs must come to propose for her hand, come in person bringing gifts for her talking chiefs. If the talking chiefs of the girl are satisfied that this is a lucrative and desirable match, and the family are satisfied with the rank and appearance of the suitor, the marriage is agreed upon. Little attention is paid to the opinion of the girl. So fixed is the idea that the marriage of the *taupo* is the affair of the talking chiefs that Europeanised natives on the main island, refuse to make their daughters *taupos* because the missionaries say a girl should make her own choice, and once she is a *taupo*, they regard the matter as inevitably taken out of their hands. After the betrothal is agreed upon the bridegroom returns to his village to collect food and property for the wedding. His village sets aside a piece of land which is called the "Place of the Lady" and is her property and the property of her children forever, and on this land they build a house for the bride. Meanwhile, the bridegroom has left behind him in the house of the bride, a talking chief, the counterpart of the humbler *soa*. This is one of the talking chief's best opportunities to acquire wealth. He stays as the emissary of his chief, to watch over his future bride. He works for the bride's family and each week the *matai* of the bride must reward him with a hand-

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some present. As an affianced wife of a chief, more and more circumspect conduct is enjoined upon the girl. Did she formerly joke with the boys of the village, she must joke no longer, or the talking chief, on the watch for any lapse from high decorum, will go home to his chief and report that his bride is unworthy of such honour. This custom is particularly susceptible to second thought on the part of either side. Does the bridegroom repent of the bargain, he bribes his talking chief (who is usually a young man, not one of the important talking chiefs who will benefit greatly by the marriage itself) to be oversensitive to the behaviour of the bride or the treatment he receives in the bride's family. And this is the time in which the bride will elope, if her affianced husband is too unacceptable. For while no boy of her own village will risk her dangerous favours, a boy from another village will enormously enhance his prestige if he elopes with the *taupo* of a rival community. Once she has eloped, the projected alliance is of course broken off, although her angry parents may refuse to sanction her marriage with her lover and marry her for punishment to some old man.

So great is the prestige won by the village, one of whose young men succeeds in eloping with a *taupo*, that often the whole effort of a *malaga* is concentrated upon abducting the *taupo*, whose virginity will be respected in direct ratio to the chances of her family and village consenting to ratify the marriage. As the abductor is

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often of high rank, the village often ruefully accepts the compromise.

This elopement pattern, given meaning by the restrictions under which the *taupo* lives and this inter-village rivalry, is carried down to the lower ranks where indeed it is practically meaningless. Seldom is the chaperonage exercised over the girl of average family severe enough to make elopement the only way of consummating a love affair. But the elopement is spectacular; the boy wishes to increase his reputation as a successful Don Juan, and the girl wishes to proclaim her conquest and also often hopes that the elopement will end in marriage. The eloping pair run away to the parents of the boy or to some of his relatives and wait for the girl's relatives to pursue her. As one boy related the tale of such an adventure: "We ran away in the rain, nine miles to Leone, in the pouring rain, to my father's house. The next day her family came to get her, and my father said to me, 'How is it, do you wish to marry this girl, shall I ask her father to leave her here?' And I said, 'Oh, no. I just eloped with her for public information.'" Elopements are much less frequent than the clandestine love affairs because the girl takes far more risk. She publicly renounces her often nominal claims to virginity; she embroils herself with her family, who in former times, and occasionally even to-day, would beat her soundly and shave off her hair. Nine times out of ten, her lover's only motive is vanity



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and display, for the boys say, "The girls hate a *moetoto*, but they all love an *avaga* (eloping) man."

The elopement also occurs as a practical measure when one family is opposed to a marriage upon which a pair of young people have determined. The young people take refuge with the friendly side of the family. But unless the recalcitrant family softens and consents to legalise the marriage by a formal exchange of property, the principals can do nothing to establish their status. A young couple may have had several children and still be classed as "elopers," and if the marriage is finally legalised after long delay, this stigma will always cling to them. It is far more serious a one than a mere accusation of sexual irregularity, for there is a definite feeling that the whole community procedure has been outraged by a pair of young upstarts.

Reciprocal gift-giving relations are maintained between the two families as long as the marriage lasts, and even afterwards if there are children. The birth of each child, the death of a member of either household, a visit of the wife to her family, or if he lives with her people, of the husband to his, is marked by the presentation of gifts.

In premarital relationships, a convention of love making is strictly adhered to. True, this is a convention of speech, rather than of action. A boy declares that he will die if a girl refuses him her favours, but the Samoans laugh at stories of romantic love, scoff at fidelity to a long absent wife or mistress, believe explicitly that

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one love will quickly cure another. The fidelity which is followed by pregnancy is taken as proof positive of a real attachment, although having many mistresses is never out of harmony with a declaration of affection for each. The composition of ardent love songs, the fashioning of long and flowery love letters, the invocation of the moon, the stars and the sea in verbal courtship, all serve to give Samoan love-making a close superficial resemblance to our own, yet the attitude is far closer to that of Schnitzler's hero in *The Affairs of Anatol*. Romantic love as it occurs in our civilisation, inextricably bound up with ideas of monogamy, exclusiveness, jealousy and undeviating fidelity does not occur in Samoa. Our attitude is a compound, the final result of many converging lines of development in Western civilisation, of the institution of monogamy, of the ideas of the age of chivalry, of the ethics of Christianity. Even a passionate attachment to one person which lasts for a long period and persists in the face of discouragement but does not bar out other relationships, is rare among the Samoans. Marriage, on the other hand, is regarded as a social and economic arrangement, in which relative wealth, rank, and skill of husband and wife, all must be taken into consideration. There are many marriages in which both individuals, especially if they are over thirty, are completely faithful. But this must be attributed to the ease of sexual adjustment on the one hand, and to the ascendancy of other interests, social organisation for the men, children

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for the women, over sex interests, rather than to a passionate fixation upon the partner in the marriage. As the Samoans lack the inhibitions and the intricate specialisation of sex feeling which make marriages of convenience unsatisfactory, it is possible to bulwark marital happiness with other props than temporary passionate devotion. Suitability and expediency become the deciding factors.

Adultery does not necessarily mean a broken marriage. A chief's wife who commits adultery is deemed to have dishonoured her high position, and is usually discarded, although the chief will openly resent her remarriage to any one of lower rank. If the lover is considered the more culpable, the village will take public vengeance upon him. In less conspicuous cases the amount of fuss which is made over adultery is dependent upon the relative rank of the offender and offended, or the personal jealousy which is only occasionally aroused. If either the injured husband or the injured wife is sufficiently incensed to threaten physical violence, the trespasser may have to resort to a public *ifoga*, the ceremonial humiliation before some one whose pardon is asked. He goes to the house of the man he has injured, accompanied by all the men of his household, each one wrapped in a fine mat, the currency of the country; the suppliants seat themselves outside the house, fine mats spread over their heads, hands folded on their breasts, heads bent in attitudes of the deepest dejection and humiliation. "And if the man is

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very angry he will say no word. All day he will go about his business; he will braid cinet with a quick hand, he will talk loudly to his wife, and call out greetings to those who pass in the roadway, but he will take no notice of those who sit on his own terrace, who dare not raise their eyes or make any movement to go away. In olden days, if his heart was not softened, he might take a club and together with his relatives go out and kill those who sit without. But now he only keeps them waiting, waiting all day long. The sun will beat down upon them; the rain will come and beat on their heads and still he will say no word. Then towards evening he will say at last: 'Come, it is enough. Enter the house and drink the kava. Eat the food which I will set before you and we will cast our trouble into the sea.' "

Then the fine mats are accepted as payment for the injury, the *ifoga* becomes a matter of village history and old gossips will say, "Oh, yes, Lua! no, she's not Iona's child. Her father is that chief over in the next village. He *ifod* to Iona before she was born." If the offender is of much lower rank than the injured husband, his chief, or his father (if he is only a young boy) will have to humiliate himself in his place. Where the offender is a woman, she and her female relatives will make similar amends. But they will run far greater danger of being roundly beaten and berated; the peaceful teachings of Christianity—perhaps because they were directed against actual killing, rather than the slightly less fatal encounters of women—have made far less

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change in the belligerent activities of the women than in those of the men.

If, on the other hand, a wife really tires of her husband, or a husband of his wife, divorce is a simple and informal matter, the non-resident simply going home to his or her family, and the relationship is said to have "passed away." It is a very brittle monogamy, often trespassed and more often broken entirely. But many adulteries occur—between a young marriage-shy bachelor and a married woman, or a temporary widower and some young girl—which hardly threaten the continuity of established relationships. The claim that a woman has on her family's land renders her as independent as her husband, and so there are no marriages of any duration in which either person is actively unhappy. A tiny flare-up and a woman goes home to her own people; if her husband does not care to conciliate her, each seeks another mate.

Within the family, the wife obeys and serves her husband, in theory, though of course, the hen-pecked husband is a frequent phenomenon. In families of high rank, her personal service to her husband is taken over by the *taupo* and the talking chief but the wife always retains the right to render a high chief sacred personal services, such as cutting his hair. A wife's rank can never exceed her husband's because it is always directly dependent upon it. Her family may be richer and more illustrious than his, and she may actually exercise more influence over the village affairs through her

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blood relatives than he, but within the life of the household and the village, she is a *tausí*, wife of a talking chief, or a *faletua*, wife of a chief. This sometimes results in conflict, as in the case of Pusa who was the sister of the last holder of the highest title on the island. This title was temporarily extinct. She was also the wife of the highest chief in the village. Should her brother, the heir, resume the higher title, her husband's rank and her rank as his wife would suffer. Helping her brother meant lowering the prestige of her husband. As she was the type of woman who cared a great deal more for wire pulling than for public recognition, she threw her influence in for her brother. Such conflicts are not uncommon, but they present a clear-cut choice, usually reinforced by considerations of residence. If a woman lives in her husband's household, and if, furthermore, that household is in another village, her interest is mainly enlisted in her husband's cause; but if she lives with her own family, in her own village, her allegiance is likely to cling to the blood relatives from whom she receives reflected glory and informal privilege, although no status.



## VIII

### THE RÔLE OF THE DANCE

DANCING is the only activity in which almost all ages and both sexes participate and it therefore offers a unique opportunity for an analysis of education.

In the dance there are virtuosos but no formal teachers. It is a highly individual activity set in a social framework. This framework varies from a small dancing party at which twelve to twenty people are present to the major festivities of a *malaga* (travelling party) or a wedding when the largest guest house in the village is crowded within and encircled by spectators without. With the size and importance of the festivity, the formality of the arrangements varies also. Usually the occasion of even a small *siva* (dance) is the presence of at least two or three strange young people from another village. The pattern entertainment is a division of the performers into visitors and hosts, the two sides taking turns in providing the music and dancing. This pattern is still followed even when the *malaga* numbers only two individuals, a number of hosts going over to swell the visitors' ranks.

It is at these small informal dances that the children learn to dance. In the front of the house sit the young people who are the centre and arbiters of the occasion.

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The *matai* and his wife and possibly a related *matai* and the other elders of the household sit at the back of the house, in direct reversal of the customary procedure according to which the place of the young people is in the background. Around the ends cluster women and children, and outside lurk the boys and girls who are not participating in the dancing, although at any moment they may be drawn into it. On such occasions the dancing is usually started by the small children, beginning possibly with seven- and eight-year-olds. The chief's wife or one of the young men will call out the names of the children and they are stood up in a group of three, sometimes all boys or girls, sometimes with a girl between two boys, which is the conventional adult grouping for the *taupo* and her two talking chiefs. The young men, sitting in a group near the centre of the house, provide the music, one of them standing and leading the singing to the accompaniment of an imported stringed instrument which has taken the place of the rude bamboo drum of earlier times. The leader sets the key and the whole company join in either in the song, or by clapping, or by beating on the floor with their knuckles. The dancers themselves are the final arbiters of the excellence of the music and it is not counted as petulance for a dancer to stop in the middle and demand better music as the price of continuing. The songs sung are few in number; the young people of one village seldom know more than a dozen airs; and perhaps twice as many sets of words which are sung now

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to one air, now to another. The verse pattern is simply based upon the number of syllables; a change in stress is permitted and rhyme is not demanded so that any new event is easily set in the old pattern, and names of villages and of individuals are inserted with great freedom. The content of the songs is likely to take on an extremely personal character containing many quips at the expense of individuals and their villages.

The form of the participation of the audience changes according to the age of the dancers. In the case of the smaller children, it consists of an endless stream of good-natured comment: "Faster!" "Down lower! Lower!" "Do it again!" "Fasten your *lavalava*." In the dancing of the more expert boys and girls the group takes part by a steady murmur of "Thank you, thank you, for your dancing!" "Beautiful! Engaging! Charming! Bravo!" which gives very much the effect of the irregular stream of "Amens" at an evangelistic revival. This articulate courtesy becomes almost lyric in quality when the dancer is a person of rank for whom dancing at all is a condescension.

The little children are put out upon these public floors with a minimum of preliminary instruction. As babies in their mothers' arms at just such a party as this, they learned to clap before they learned to walk, so that the beat is indelibly fixed in their minds. As two- and three-year-olds they have stood on a mat at home and clapped their hands in time to their elders' singing. Now they are called upon to perform before a group.

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Wide-eyed, terrified babies stand beside some slightly older child, clapping in desperation and trying to add new steps borrowed on the spur of the moment from their companions. Every improvement is greeted with loud applause. The child who performed best at the last party is hailed forward at the next, for the group is primarily interested in its own amusement rather than in distributing an equal amount of practice among the children. Hence some children rapidly outdistance the rest, through interest and increased opportunity as well as superior gift. This tendency to give the talented child another and another chance is offset somewhat by rivalry between relatives who wish to thrust their little ones forward.

While the children are dancing, the older boys and girls are refurbishing their costumes with flowers, shell necklaces, anklets and bracelets of leaves. One or two will probably slip off home and return dressed in elaborate bark skirts. A bottle of cocoanut oil is produced from the family chest and rubbed on the bodies of the older dancers. Should a person of rank be present and consent to dance, the hostess family bring out their finest mats and tapas as costume. Sometimes this impromptu dressing assumes such importance that an adjoining house is taken over as a dressing room; at others it is of so informal a nature that spectators, who have gathered outside arrayed only in sheets, have to borrow a dress or a *lavalava* from some other spectator before they can appear on the dance floor.

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The form of the dance itself is eminently individualistic. No figures are prescribed except the half dozen formal little claps which open the dance and the use of one of a few set endings. There are twenty-five or thirty figures, two or three set transitional positions, and at least three definite styles, the dance of the *taupo*, the dance of the boys, and the dance of the jesters. These three styles relate definitely to the kind of dance and not to the status of the dancer. The *taupo's* dance is grave, aloof, beautiful. She is required to preserve a set, dreamy, nonchalant expression of infinite hauteur and detachment. The only permissible alternative to this expression is a series of grimaces, impudent rather than comic in nature and deriving their principal appeal from the strong contrast which they present to the more customary gravity. The *manaia* also when he dances in his *manaia* rôle is required to follow this same decorous and dignified pattern. Most little girls and a few little boys pattern their dancing on this convention. Chiefs, on the rare occasions when they consent to dance, and older women of rank have the privilege of choosing between this style and the adoption of a comedian's rôle. The boys' dance is much jollier than the girls'. There is much greater freedom of movement and a great deal of emphasis on the noise made by giving rapid rhythmical slaps to the unclothed portions of the body which produce a crackling tattoo of sound. This style is neither salacious nor languorous although the *taupo's* dance is often both. It is athletic, slightly

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rowdy, exuberant, and owes much of its appeal to the feats of rapid and difficult co-ordination which the slapping involves. The jester's dance is peculiarly the dance of those who dance upon either side of the *taupo*, or the *manaia*, and honour them by mocking them. It is primarily the prerogative of talking chiefs and old men and old women in general. The original motive is contrast; the jester provides comic relief for the stately dance of the *taupo*, and the higher the rank of the *taupo*, the higher the rank of the men and women who will condescend to act as clownish foils to her ability. The dancing of these jesters is characterised by burlesque, horseplay, exaggeration of the stereotyped figures, a great deal of noise made by hammering on the open mouth with spread palm, and a large amount of leaping about and pounding on the floor. The clown is occasionally so proficient that he takes the centre of the floor on these ceremonious occasions.

The little girl who is learning to dance has these three styles from which to choose, she has twenty-five or thirty figures from which to compose her dance and most important of all she has the individual dancers to watch. My first interpretation of the skill of the younger children was that they each took an older boy or girl as a model and sedulously and slavishly copied the whole dance. But I was not able to find a single instance in which a child would admit or seemed in any way conscious of having copied another; nor did I find, after closer familiarity with the group, any



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younger child whose style of dancing could definitely be referred to the imitation of another dancer. The style of every dancer of any virtuosity is known to every one in the village and when it is copied, it is copied conspicuously so that Vaitogi, the little girl who places her forearms parallel with the top of her head, her palms flat on her head, and advances in a stooping position, uttering hissing sounds, will be said to be dancing *a la Sina*. There is no stigma upon such imitation; the author does not resent it nor particularly glory in it; the crowd does not upbraid it; but so strong is the feeling for individualisation that a dancer will seldom introduce more than one such feature into an evening's performance; and when the dancing of two girls is similar, it is similar in spite of the efforts of both, rather than because of any attempt at imitation. Naturally, the dancing of the young children is much more similar than the dancing of the young men and girls who had had time and opportunity really to perfect a style.

The attitude of the elders towards precocity in singing, leading the singing or dancing, is in striking contrast to their attitude towards every other form of precocity. On the dance floor the dreaded accusation, "You are presuming above your age," is never heard. Little boys who would be rebuked and possibly whipped for such behaviour on any other occasion are allowed to preen themselves, to swagger and bluster and take the limelight without a word of reproach. The relatives crow with delight over a precocity for which they

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would hide their heads in shame were it displayed in any other sphere.

It is on these semi-formal occasions that the dance really serves as an educational factor. The highly ceremonious dance of the *taupo* or *manaia* and their talking chiefs at a wedding or a *malaga*, with its elaborate costuming, compulsory distribution of gifts, and its vigilant attention to precedent and prerogative, offers no opportunities to the amateur or the child. They may only cluster outside the guest house and watch the proceedings. The existence of such a heavily stylized and elaborate archetype of course serves an additional function in giving zest as well as precedent to the informal occasions which partially ape its grandeur.

The significance of the dance in the education and socialisation of Samoan children is two-fold. In the first place it effectively offsets the rigorous subordination in which children are habitually kept. Here the admonitions of the elders change from "Sit down and keep still!" to "Stand up and dance!" The children are actually the centre of the group instead of its barely tolerated fringes. The parents and relatives distribute generous praise by way of emphasising their children's superiority over the children of their neighbours or their visitors. The ubiquitous ascendancy of age is somewhat relaxed in the interests of greater proficiency. Each child is a person with a definite contribution to make regardless of sex and age. This emphasis on individuality is carried to limits which seriously mar the

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dance as an æsthetic performance. The formal adult dance with its row of dancers, the *taupo* in the centre and an even number of dancers on each side focussed upon her with every movement directed towards accentuating her dancing, loses both symmetry and unity in the hands of the ambitious youngsters. Each dancer moves in a glorious individualistic oblivion of the others, there is no pretence of co-ordination or of subordinating the wings to the centre of the line. Often a dancer does not pay enough attention to her fellow dancers to avoid continually colliding with them. It is a genuine orgy of aggressive individualistic exhibitionism. This tendency, so blatantly displayed on these informal occasions, does not mar the perfection of the occasional formal dance when the solemnity of the occasion becomes a sufficient check upon the participants' aggressiveness. The formal dance is of personal significance only to people of rank or to the virtuoso to whom it presents a perfect occasion for display.

The second influence of the dance is its reduction of the threshold of shyness. There is as much difference between one Samoan child and another in the matter of shyness and self-consciousness as is apparent among our children, but where our shyest children avoid the limelight altogether, the Samoan child looks pained and anxious but dances just the same. The limelight is regarded as inevitable and the child makes at least a minimum of effort to meet its requirements by standing up and going through a certain number of motions. The

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beneficial effects of this early habituation to the public eye and the resulting control of the body are more noticeable in the case of boys than of girls. Fifteen- and sixteen-year-old boys dance with a charm and a complete lack of self-consciousness which is a joy to watch. The adolescent girl whose gawky, awkward gait and lack of co-ordination may be appalling, becomes a graceful, self-possessed person upon the dance floor. But this ease and poise does not seem to be carried over into everyday life with the same facility as it is in the case of young boys.

In one way this informal dance floor approximates more closely to our educational methods than does any other aspect of Samoan education. For here the precocious child is applauded, made much of, given more and more opportunities to show its proficiency while the stupid child is rebuked, neglected and pushed to the wall. This difference in permitted practice is reflected in increasing differences in the skill of the children as they grow older. Inferiority feeling in the classic picture which is so frequent in our society is rare in Samoa. Inferiority there seems to be derived from two sources, clumsiness in sex relations which affects the young men after they are grown and produces the *moetotolo*, and clumsiness upon the dance floor. I have already told the story of the little girl, shy beyond her fellows, whom prospective high rank had forced into the limelight and made miserably diffident and self-conscious.

And the most unhappy of the older girls was Masina,

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a girl about three years past puberty. Masina could not dance. Every one in the village knew that she could not dance. Her contemporaries deplored it; the younger children made fun of her. She had little charm, was deprecating in her manner, awkward, shy and ill at ease. All of her five lovers had been casual, all temporary, all unimportant. She associated with girls much younger than herself. She had no self-confidence. No one sought her hand in marriage and she would not marry until her family needed the kind of property which forms a bride price.

It is interesting to notice that the one aspect of life in which the elders actively discriminate against the less proficient children seems to be the most powerful determinant in giving the children a feeling of inferiority.

The strong emphasis upon dancing does not discriminate against the physically defective. Instead every defect is capitalised in the form of the dance or compensated for by the perfection of the dance. I saw one badly hunchbacked boy who had worked out a most ingenious imitation of a turtle and also a combination dance with another boy in which the other supported him on his back. Ipu, the little albino, danced with aggressive facility and with much applause, while mad Laki, who suffered from a delusion that he was the high chief of the island, was only too delighted to dance for any one who addressed him with the elaborate courtesy phrases suitable to his rank. The dumb brother of the high chief of one village utilised his

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deaf mute gutturals as a running accompaniment to his dance, while the brothers of a fourteen-year-old feeble-minded mad boy were accustomed to deck his head with branches which excited him to a frenzied rhythmical activity, suggesting a stag whose antlers had been caught in the bush. The most precocious girl dancer in Taū was almost blind. So every defect, every handicap was included in this universal, specialised exploitation of personality.

The dancing child is almost always a very different person from her everyday self. After long acquaintance it is sometimes possible to guess the type of dance which a particular girl will do. This is particularly easy in the case of obviously tom-boy girls, but one is continually fooled by the depths of sophistication in the dancing of some pensive, dull child, or the lazy grace of some noisy little hoodlum.

Formal dancing displays are a recognised social entertainment and the highest courtesy a chief can offer his guest is to have his *taupo* dance for him. So likewise the boys dance after they have been tattooed, the *manaia* dances when he goes to woo his bride, the bride dances at her wedding. In the midnight conviviality of a *malaga* the dance often becomes flagrantly obscene and definitely provocative in character, but both of these are special developments of less importance than the function of informal dancing in the development of individuality and the compensation for repression of personality in other spheres of life.



## IX

### THE ATTITUDE TOWARDS PERSONALITY

THE ease with which personality differences can be adjusted by a change of residence prevents the Samoans from pressing one another too hard. Their evaluations of personality are a curious mixture of caution and fatalism. There is one word *musu* which expresses unwillingness and intractability, whether in the mistress who refuses to welcome a hitherto welcome lover, the chief who refuses to lend his kava bowl, the baby who won't go to bed, or the talking chief who won't go on a *malaga*. The appearance of a *musu* attitude is treated with almost superstitious respect. Lovers will prescribe formulæ for the treatment of a mistress, "lest she become *musu*," and the behaviour of the suppliant is carefully orientated in respect to this mysterious undesirability. The feeling seems to be not that one is dealing with an individual in terms of his peculiar preoccupations in order to assure a successful outcome of a personal relationship, appealing now to vanity, now to fear, now to a desire for power, but rather that one is using one or another of a series of potent practices to prevent a mysterious and widespread psychological phenomenon from arising. Once this attitude has appeared, a Samoan habitually gives up the struggle without more

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detailed inquiry and with a minimum of complaint. This fatalistic acceptance of an inexplicable attitude makes for an odd incuriousness about motives. The Samoans are not in the least insensitive to differences between people. But their full appreciation of these differences is blurred by their conception of an obstinate disposition, a tendency to take umbrage, irascibility, contra-suggestibility, and particular biases as just so many roads to one attitude—*musu*.

This lack of curiosity about motivation is furthered by the conventional acceptance of a completely ambiguous answer to any personal question. The most characteristic reply to any question about one's motivation is *Ta ilo*, "search me," sometimes made more specific by the addition of "I don't know."\* This is considered to be an adequate and acceptable answer in ordinary conversation although its slight curtness bars it out from ceremonious occasions. So deep seated is the habit of using this disclaimer that I had to put a taboo upon its use by the children in order to get the simplest question answered directly. When this ambiguous rejoinder is combined with a statement that one is *musu*, the result is the final unrevealing statement, "Search me, why, I don't want to, that's all." Plans will be abandoned, children refuse to live at home, marriages broken off. Village gossip is interested in the fact but shrugs its shoulders before the motives.

There is one curious exception to this attitude. If

\* See Appendix I, page 253.

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an individual falls ill, the explanation is sought first in the attitudes of his relatives. Anger in the heart of a relative, especially in that of a sister, is most potent in producing evil and so the whole household is convened, a kava ceremony held and each relative solemnly enjoined to confess what anger there is in his heart against the sick person. Such injunctions are met either by solemn disclaimers or by detailed confessions: "Last week my brother came into the house and ate all the food, and I was angry all day"; or "My brother and I had a quarrel and my father took my brother's side and I was angry at my father for his favouritism towards my brother." But this special ceremony only serves to throw into strong relief the prevalent unspeculative attitude towards motivation. I once saw a girl leave a week-end fishing party immediately upon arrival at our destination and insist upon returning in the heat of the day the six miles to the village. But her companions ventured no hypothesis; she was simply *musu* to the party.

How great a protection for the individual such an attitude is will readily be seen when it is remembered how little privacy any one has. Chief or child, he dwells habitually in a house with at least half a dozen other people. His possessions are simply rolled in a mat, placed on the rafters or piled carelessly into a basket or a chest. A chief's personal property is likely to be respected, at least by the women of the household, but no one else can be sure from hour to hour of

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his nominal possessions. The tapa which a woman spent three weeks in making will be given away to a visitor during her temporary absence. The rings may be begged off her fingers at any moment. Privacy of possessions is virtually impossible. In the same way, all of an individual's acts are public property. An occasional love affair may slip through the fingers of gossip, and an occasional *moetotolo* go uncaught, but there is a very general cognisance on the part of the whole village of the activity of every single inhabitant. I shall never forget the outraged expression with which an informant told me that nobody, actually nobody at all, knew who was the father of Fa'amoana's baby. The oppressive atmosphere of the small town is all about them; in an hour children will have made a dancing song of their most secret acts. This glaring publicity is compensated for by a violent gloomy secretiveness. Where a Westerner would say, "Yes, I love him but you'll never know how far it went," a Samoan would say, "Yes, of course I lived with him, but you'll never know whether I love him or hate him."

The Samoan language has no regular comparative. There are several clumsy ways of expressing comparison by using contrast, "This is good and that is bad"; or by the locution, "And next to him there comes, etc." Comparisons are not habitual although in the rigid social structure of the community, relative rank is very keenly recognised. But relative goodness, relative beauty, relative wisdom are unfamiliar formalisations

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to them. I tried over and over again to get judgments as to who was the wisest or the best man of the community. An informant's first impulse was always to answer: "Oh, they are all good"; or, "There are so many wise ones." Curiously enough, there seemed to be less difficulty in distinguishing the vicious than the virtuous. This is probably due to the Missionary influence which if it has failed to give the native a conviction of Sin, has at least provided him with a list of sins. Although I often met with a preliminary response, "There are so many bad boys"; it was usually qualified spontaneously by "But so-and-so is the worst because he . . ." Ugliness and viciousness were more vivid and unusual attributes of personality; beauty, wisdom, and kindness were taken for granted.

In an account given of another person the sequence of traits mentioned followed a set and objective pattern: sex, age, rank, relationship, defects, activities. Spontaneous comment upon character or personality were unusual. So a girl describes her grandmother: "Lauuli? Oh, she is an old woman, very old, she's my father's mother. She's a widow with one eye. She is too old to go inland but sits in the house all day. She makes tapa."\* This completely unanalytical account is only modified in the case of exceptionally intelligent adults who are asked to make judgments.

In the native classification attitudes are qualified by four terms, good and bad, easy and difficult, paired. A

\* For additional character sketches see Appendix I, page 253.

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good child will be said to listen easily or to act well, a bad child to listen with difficulty or act badly. "Easy" and "with difficulty" are judgments of character; "good" and "bad" of behaviour. So that good or bad behaviour have become, explained in terms of ease or difficulty, to be regarded as an inherent capability of the individual. As we would say a person sang easily or swam without effort, the Samoan will say one obeys easily, acts respectfully, "easily," reserving the terms "good" or "well" for objective approbation. So a chief who was commenting on the bad behaviour of his brother's daughter remarked, "But Tui's children always did listen with difficulty," with as casual an acceptance of an irradicable defect as if he had said, "But John always did have poor eye sight."

Such an attitude towards conduct is paralleled by an equally unusual attitude towards the expression of emotion. The expressions of emotions are classified as "caused" and "uncaused." The emotional, easily upset, moody person is described as laughing without cause, crying without cause, showing anger or pugnaciousness without cause. The expression "to be very angry without cause" does not carry the implication of quick temper, which is expressed by the word "to anger easily," nor the connotation of a disproportionate response to a legitimate stimulus, but means literally to be angry without cause, or freely, an emotional state without any apparent stimulus whatsoever. Such judgments are the nearest that the Samoan approaches to



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evaluation of temperament as opposed to character. The well-integrated individual who approximates closely to the attitudes of his age and sex group is not accused of laughing, crying, or showing anger without cause. Without inquiry it is assumed that he has good typical reasons for a behaviour which would be scrutinised and scorned in the case of the temperamental deviant. And always excessive emotion, violent preferences, strong allegiances are disallowed. The Samoan preference is for a middle course, a moderate amount of feeling, a discreet expression of a reasonable and balanced attitude. Those who care greatly are always said to care without cause.

The one most disliked trait in a contemporary is expressed by the term *fiasili*, literally "desiring to be highest," more idiomatically, "stuck up." This is the comment of the age mate where an older person would use the disapproving *tautala laititi*, "presuming above one's age." It is essentially the resentful comment of those who are ignored, neglected, left behind upon those who excel them, scorn them, pass them by. As a term of reproach it is neither as dreaded nor as resented as the *tautala laititi* because envy is felt to play a part in the taunt.

In the casual conversations, the place of idle speculation about motivation is taken by explanations in terms of physical defect or objective misfortune, thus "Sila is crying over in that house. Well, Sila is deaf." "Tulipa is angry at her brother. Tulipa's mother went

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to Tutuila last week." Although these statements have the earmarks of attempted explanations they are really only conversational habits. The physical defect or recent incident, is not specifically invoked but merely mentioned with slightly greater and more deprecatory emphasis. The whole preoccupation is with the individual as an actor, and the motivations peculiar to his psychology are left an unplumbed mystery.

Judgments are always made in terms of age groups, from the standpoints of the group of the speaker and the age of the person judged. A young boy will not be regarded as an intelligent or stupid, attractive or unattractive, clumsy or skilful person. He is a bright little boy of nine who runs errands efficiently and is wise enough to hold his tongue when his elders are present, or a promising youth of eighteen who can make excellent speeches in the *Aumaga*, lead a fishing expedition with discretion and treat the chiefs with the respect which is due to them, or a wise *matai*, whose words are few and well chosen and who is good at weaving eel traps. The virtues of the child are not the virtues of the adult. And the judgment of the speaker is similarly influenced by age, so that the relative estimation of character varies also. Pre-adolescent boys and girls will vote that boy and girl worst who are most pugnacious, irascible, contentious, rowdy. Young people from sixteen to twenty shift their censure from the rowdy and bully to the licentious, the *moetotolo* among the boys, the notoriously promiscuous among the

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girls; while adults pay very little attention to sex offenders and stress instead the inept, the impudent and the disobedient among the young, and the lazy, the stupid, the quarrelsome and the unreliable as the least desirable characters among the adults. When an adult is speaking the standards of conduct are graded in this fashion: small children should keep quiet, wake up early, obey, work hard and cheerfully, play with children of their own sex; young people should work industriously and skilfully, not be presuming, marry discreetly, be loyal to their relatives, not carry tales, nor be trouble makers; while adults should be wise, peaceable, serene, generous, anxious for the good prestige of their village and conduct their lives with all good form and decorum. No prominence is given to the subtler facts of intelligence and temperament. Preference between the sexes is given not to the arrogant, the flippant, the courageous, but to the quiet, the demure boy or girl who "speaks softly and treads lightly."

## X

### THE EXPERIENCE AND INDIVIDUALITY OF THE AVERAGE GIRL \*

WITH a background of knowledge about Samoan custom, of the way in which a child is educated, of the claims which the community makes upon children and young people, of the attitude towards sex and personality, we come to the tale of the group of girls with whom I spent many months, the group of girls between ten and twenty years of age who lived in the three little villages on the lee side of the island of Taū. In their lives as a group, in their responses as individuals, lies the answer to the question: What is coming of age like in Samoa?

The reader will remember that the principal activity of the little girls was baby-tending. They could also do reef fishing, weave a ball and make a pin-wheel, climb a cocoanut tree, keep themselves afloat in a swimming hole which changed its level fifteen feet with every wave, grate off the skin of a breadfruit or taro, sweep the sanded yard of the house, carry water from the sea, do simple washing and dance a somewhat individualised *siva*. Their knowledge of the biology of

\* See Tables and Summaries in Appendix IV.

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life and death was overdeveloped in proportion to their knowledge of the organisation of their society or any of the niceties of conduct prescribed for their elders. They were in a position which would be paralleled in our culture if a child had seen birth and death before she was taught not to pass a knife blade first or how to make change for a quarter. None of these children could speak the courtesy language, even in its most elementary forms, their knowledge being confined to four or five words of invitation and acceptance. This ignorance effectually barred them from the conversations of their elders upon all ceremonial occasions. Spying upon a gathering of chiefs would have been an unrewarding experience. They knew nothing of the social organisation of the village beyond knowing which adults were heads of families and which adult men and women were married. They used the relationship terms loosely and without any real understanding, often substituting the term, "sibling of my own sex," where a sibling of opposite sex was meant, and when they applied the term "brother" to a young uncle, they did so without the clarity of their elders who, while using the term in an age-grouping sense, realised perfectly that the "brother" was really a mother's or father's brother. In their use of language their immaturity was chiefly evidenced by a lack of familiarity with the courtesy language, and by much confusion in the use of the dual and of the inclusive and exclusive pronouns. These present about the same difficulty in their lan-

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guage as the use of a nominative after the verb "to be" in English. They had also not acquired a mastery of the processes for manipulating the vocabulary by the use of very freely combining prefixes and suffixes. A child will use the term *fa'a Samoa*, "in Samoan fashion," or *fa'atama*, tomboy, but fail to use the convenient *fa'a* in making a new and less stereotyped comparison, using instead some less convenient linguistic circumlocution.\*

All of these children had seen birth and death. They had seen many dead bodies. They had watched miscarriage and peeked under the arms of the old women who were washing and commenting upon the undeveloped foetus. There was no convention of sending children of the family away at such times, although the hordes of neighbouring children were scattered with a shower of stones if any of the older women could take time from the more absorbing events to hurl them. But the feeling here was that children were noisy and troublesome; there was no desire to protect them from shock or to keep them in ignorance. About half of the children had seen a partly developed foetus, which the Samoans fear will otherwise be born as an avenging ghost, cut from a woman's dead body in the open grave. If shock is the result of early experiences with birth, death, or sex activities, it should surely be manifest here in this postmortem Cæsarian where grief for the dead, fear of death, a sense of horror and a dread of

\* See Appendix I, page 256.



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contamination from contact with the dead, the open, unconcealed operation and the sight of the distorted, repulsive foetus all combine to render the experience indelible. An only slightly less emotionally charged experience was the often witnessed operation of cutting open any dead body to search out the cause of death. These operations performed in the shallow open grave, beneath a glaring noon-day sun, with a frightened, excited crowd watching in horrified fascination, are hardly orderly or unemotional initiations into the details of biology and death, and yet they seem to leave no bad effects on the children's emotional make-up. Possibly the adult attitude that these are horrible but perfectly natural, non-unique occurrences, forming a legitimate part of the child's experience, may sufficiently account for the lack of bad results. Children take an intense interest in life and death, and are more proportionately obsessed by it than are their adults who divide their horror between the death of a young neighbour in child-bed and the fact that the high chief has been insulted by some breach of etiquette in the neighbouring village. The intricacies of the social life are a closed book to the child and a correspondingly fascinating field of exploration in later life, while the facts of life and death are shorn of all mystery at an early age.

In matters of sex the ten-year-olds are equally sophisticated, although they witness sex activities only surreptitiously, since all expressions of affection are rigorously barred in public. A couple whose wedding

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night may have been spent in a room with ten other people will never the less shrink in shame from even touching hands in public. Individuals between whom there have been sex relations are said to be "shy of each other," and manifest this shyness in different fashion but with almost the same intensity as in the brother and sister avoidance. Husbands and wives never walk side by side through the village, for the husband, particularly, would be "ashamed." So no Samoan child is accustomed to seeing father and mother exchange casual caresses. The customary salutation by rubbing noses is, of course, as highly conventionalised and impersonal as our handshake. The only sort of demonstration which ever occurs in public is of the horseplay variety between young people whose affections are not really involved. This romping is particularly prevalent in groups of women, often taking the form of playfully snatching at the sex organs.

But the lack of privacy within the houses where mosquito netting marks off purely formal walls about the married couples, and the custom of young lovers of using the palm groves for their rendezvous, makes it inevitable that children should see intercourse, often and between many different people. In many cases they have not seen first intercourse, which is usually accompanied by greater shyness and precaution. With the passing of the public ceremony, defloration forms one of the few mysteries in a young Samoan's knowledge of life. But scouring the village palm groves in

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search of lovers is one of the recognised forms of amusement for the ten-year-olds.

Samoean children have complete knowledge of the human body and its functions, owing to the custom of little children going unclothed, the scant clothing of adults, the habit of bathing in the sea, the use of the beach as a latrine and the lack of privacy in sexual life. They also have a vivid understanding of the nature of sex. Masturbation is an all but universal habit, beginning at the age of six or seven. There were only three little girls in my group who did not masturbate. Theoretically it is discontinued with the beginning of heterosexual activity and only resumed again in periods of enforced continence. Among grown boys and girls casual homosexual practices also supplant it to a certain extent. Boys masturbate in groups but among little girls it is a more individualistic, secretive practice. This habit seems never to be a matter of individual discovery, one child always learning from another. The adult ban only covers the unseemliness of open indulgence.

The adult attitude towards all the details of sex is characterised by this view that they are unseemly, not that they are wrong. Thus a youth would think nothing of shouting the length of the village, "Ho, maiden, wait for me in your bed to-night," but public comment upon the details of sex or of evacuation were considered to be in bad taste. All the words which are thus banished from polite conversation are cherished by the children who roll the salacious morsels under their

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tongues with great relish. The children of seven and eight get as much illicit satisfaction out of the other functions of the body as out of sex. This is interesting in view of the different attitude in Samoa towards the normal processes of evacuation. There is no privacy and no sense of shame. Nevertheless the brand of bad taste seems to be as effective in interesting the young children as is the brand of indecency among us. It is also curious that in theory and in fact boys and men take a more active interest in the salacious than do the women and girls.

It seems difficult to account for a salacious attitude among a people where so little is mysterious, so little forbidden. The precepts of the missionaries may have modified the native attitude more than the native practice. And the adult attitude towards children as non-participants may also be an important causal factor. For this seems to be the more correct view of any prohibitions which govern children. There is little evidence of a desire to preserve a child's innocence or to protect it from witnessing behaviour, the following of which would constitute the heinous offence, *tautala laititi* ("presuming above one's age"). For while a pair of lovers would never indulge in any demonstration before any one, child or adult, who was merely a spectator, three or four pairs of lovers who are relatives or friends often choose a common rendezvous. (This, of course, excludes relatives of opposite sex, included in the brother and sister avoidance, although married

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brothers and sisters might live in the same house after marriage.) From the night dances, now discontinued under missionary influence, which usually ended in a riot of open promiscuity, children and old people were excluded, as non-participants whose presence as uninvolved spectators would have been indecent. This attitude towards non-participants characterised all emotionally charged events, a women's weaving bee which was of a formal, ceremonial nature, a house-building, a candle-nut burning—these were activities at which the presence of a spectator would have been unseemly.

Yet, coupled with the sophistication of the children went no pre-adolescent heterosexual experimentation and very little homosexual activity which was regarded in native theory as imitative of and substitutive for heterosexual. The lack of precocious sex experimentation is probably due less to the parental ban on such precocity than to the strong institutionalised antagonism between younger boys and younger girls and the taboo against any amiable intercourse between them. This rigid sex dichotomy may also be operative in determining the lack of specialisation of sex feeling in adults. Since there is a heavily charged avoidance feeling towards brother and cousins, and a tendency to lump all other males together as the enemy who will some day be one's lovers, there are no males in a girl's age group whom she ever regards simply as individuals without relation to sex.

Such then was the experience of the twenty-eight

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little girls in the three villages. In temperament and character they varied enormously. There was Tita, who at nine acted like a child of seven, was still principally preoccupied with food, completely irresponsible as to messages and commissions, satisfied to point a proud fat finger at her father who was town crier. Only a year her senior was Pele, the precocious little sister of the loosest woman in the village. Pele spent most of her time caring for her sister's baby which, she delighted in telling you, was of disputed parentage. Her dancing in imitation of her sister's was daring and obscene. Yet, despite the burden of the heavy ailing baby which she carried always on her hip and the sordidness of her home where her fifty-year-old mother still took occasional lovers and her weak-kneed insignificant father lived a hen-pecked ignominious existence, Pele's attitude towards life was essentially gay and sane. Better than suggestive dancing she liked hunting for rare *samoana* shells along the beach or diving feet first into the swimming hole or hunting for land crabs in the moonlight. Fortunately for her, she lived in the centre of the Lumā gang. In a more isolated spot her unwholesome home and natural precocity might have developed very differently. As it was, she differed far less from the other children in her group than her family, the most notorious in the village, differed from the families of her companions. In a Samoan village the influence of the home environment is being continually offset in the next generation by



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group activities through which the normal group standards assert themselves. This was universally true for the boys for whom the many years' apprenticeship in the *Aumaga* formed an excellent school for disciplining individual peculiarities. In the case of the girls this function was formerly performed in part by the *Aualuma*, but, as I pointed out in the chapter on the girl and her age group, the little girl is much more dependent upon her neighbourhood than is the boy. As an adult she is also more dependent upon her relationship group.

Tuna, who lived next door to Pele, was in a different plight, the unwilling little victim of the great Samoan sin of *tautala laititi*. Her sister Lila had eloped at fifteen with a seventeen-year-old boy. A pair of hot-headed children, they had never thoroughly re-established themselves with the community, although their families had relented and solemnised the marriage with an appropriate exchange of property. Lila still smarted under the public disapproval of her precocity and lavished a disproportionate amount of affection upon her obstreperous baby whose incessant crying was the bane of the neighbourhood. After spoiling him beyond endurance, she would hand him over to Tuna. Tuna, a stocky little creature with a large head and enormous melting eyes, looked at life from a slightly oblique angle. She was a little more calculating than the other children, a little more watchful for returns, less given to gratuitous outlays of personal service.

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Her sister's overindulgence of the baby made Tuna's task much harder than those of her companions. But she reaped her reward in the slightly extra gentleness with which they treated their most burdened associate, and here again the group saved her from a pronounced temperamental response to the exigencies of her home life.

A little further away lived Fitu and Ula, Maliu and Pola, two pairs of sisters. Fitu and Maliu, girls of about thirteen, were just withdrawing from the gang, turning their younger brothers and sisters over to Ula and Pola, and beginning to take a more active part in the affairs of their households. Ula was alert, pretty, pampered. Her household might in all fairness be compared to ours; it consisted of her mother, her father, two sisters and two brothers. True, her uncle who lived next door was the *malai* of the household, but still this little biological family had a strong separate existence of its own and the children showed the results of it. Lalala, the mother, was an intelligent and still beautiful woman, even after bearing six children in close succession. She came from a family of high rank, and because she had had no brothers, her father had taught her much of the genealogical material usually taught to the favourite son. Her knowledge of the social structure of the community and of the minutiae of the ceremonies which had formerly surrounded the court of the king of Manu'a was as full as that of any middle-aged man in the community. She was skilled in the

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handicrafts and her brain was full of new designs and unusual applications of material. She knew several potent medical remedies and had many patients. Married at fifteen, while still a virgin, her marital life, which had begun with the cruel public defloration ceremony, had been her only sex experience. She adored her husband, whose poverty was due to his having come from another island and not to laziness or inability. Lalala made her choices in life with a full recognition of the facts of her existence. There was too much for her to do. She had no younger sisters to bear the brunt of baby-tending for her. There were no youths to help her husband in the plantations. Well and good, she would not wrestle with the inevitable. And so Lalala's house was badly kept. Her children were dirty and bedraggled. But her easy good nature did not fail her as she tried to weave a fine mat on some blazing afternoon, while the baby played with the brittle easily broken pandanus strands, and doubled her work. But all of this reacted upon Fitu, lanky, ill-favoured executive little creature that she was. Fitu combined a passionate devotion to her mother with an obsessive solicitude for her younger brothers and sisters. Towards Ula alone her attitude was mixed. Ula, fifteen months younger, was pretty, lithe, flexible and indolent. While Fitu was often teased by her mother and rebuked by her companions for being like a boy, Ula was excessively feminine. She worked as hard as any other

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child of her age, but Fitu felt that their mother and their home were unusual and demanded more than the average service and devotion. She and her mother were like a pair of comrades, and Fitu bossed and joked with her mother in a fashion shocking to all Samoan onlookers. If Fitu was away at night, her mother went herself to look for her, instead of sending another child. Fitu was the eldest daughter, with a precocity bred of responsibility and an efficiency which was the direct outcome of her mother's laissez-faire attitude. Ula showed equally clearly the effect of being the prettier younger sister, trading upon her superior attractiveness and more meagre sense of duty. These children, as did the children in all three of the biological families in the three villages, showed more character, more sharply defined personality, greater precocity and a more personal, more highly charged attitude towards their parents.

It would be easy to lay too much stress on the differences between children in large households and children in small ones. There were, of course, too few cases to draw any final conclusions. But the small family in Samoa *did* demand from the child the very qualities which were frowned upon in Samoan society, based upon the ideal of great households in which there were many youthful labourers who knew their place. And in these small families where responsibility and initiative were necessary, the children seemed to develop

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them much earlier than in the more usual home environment in which any display of such qualities was sternly frowned upon.

This was the case with Malui and Meta, Ipu and Vi, Mata, Tino and Lama, little girls just approaching puberty who lived in large heterogeneous households. They were giving over baby-tending for more productive work. They were reluctantly acquiring some of the rudiments of etiquette; they were slowly breaking their play affiliations with the younger children. But all of this was an enforced change of habits rather than any change in attitude. They were conscious of their new position as almost grown girls who could be trusted to go fishing or work on the plantations. Under their short dresses they again wore *lavalavas* which they had almost forgotten how to keep fastened. These dragged about their legs and cramped their movements and fell off if they broke into a sprint. Most of all they missed the gang life and eyed a little wistfully the activities of their younger relatives. Their large impersonal households provided them with no personal drives, invested them with no intriguing responsibilities. They were simply little girls who were robust enough to do heavy work and old enough to learn to do skilled work, and so had less time for play.

In general attitude, they differed not at all from Tolo, from Tulipa, from Lua, or Lata, whose first menstruation was a few months past. No ceremony had marked the difference between the two groups. No

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social attitude testified to a crisis past. They were told not to make kava while menstruating, but the participation in a restriction they'd known about all their lives was unimpressive. Some of them had made kava before puberty, others had not. It depended entirely upon whether there was an available girl or boy about when a chief wished to have some kava made. In more rigorous days a girl could not make kava nor marry until she menstruated. But the former restriction had yielded to the requirements of expediency. The menstruating girl experienced very little pain which might have served to stress for her her new maturity. All of the girls reported back or abdominal pains which, however, were so slight that they seldom interfered in any way with their usual activities. In the table I have counted it unusual pain whenever a girl was incapacitated for work, but these cases were in no sense comparable to severe cases of menstrual cramps in our civilisation. They were unaccompanied by dizziness, fainting spells, or pain sufficient to call forth groaning or writhing. The idea of such pain struck all Samoan women as bizarre and humorous when it was described to them. And no special solicitude for her health, mental or physical, was shown to the menstruating girl. From foreign medical advice they had learned that bathing during menstruation was bad, and a mother occasionally cautioned her daughter not to bathe. There was no sense of shame connected with puberty nor any need of concealment. Pre-adolescent children



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took the news that a girl had reached puberty, a woman had had a baby, a boat had come from Ofu, or a pig had been killed by a falling boulder with the same insouciance—all bits of diverting gossip; and any girl could give accurate testimony as to the development of any other girl in her neighbourhood or relationship groups. Nor was puberty the immediate forerunner of sex experience. Perhaps a year, two or even three years would pass before a girl's shyness would relax, or her figure appeal to the roving eye of some older boy. To be a virgin's first lover was considered the high point of pleasure and amorous virtuosity, so that a girl's first lover was usually not a boy of her own age, equally shy and inexperienced. The girls in this group were divided into little girls like Lua, and gawky overgrown Tolo, who said frankly that they did not want to go walking with boys, and girls like Pala, who while still virgins, were a little weary of their status and eager for amorous experience. That they remained in this passive untouched state so long was mainly due to the conventions of love-making, for while a youth liked to woo a virgin, he feared ridicule as a cradle-snatcher, while the girls also feared the dreaded accusation of *tautala laititi* ("presuming above one's age"). The forays of more seasoned middle-aged marauders among these very young girls were frowned upon, and so the adolescent girls were given a valuable interval in which to get accustomed to new work, greater isolation and an unfamiliar physical development.

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The next older girls were definitely divided as to whether or not they lived in the pastor's households. A glance at the table in the appendix will show that among the girls a couple of years past puberty, there is a definite inverse correlation between residence at home and chastity, with only one exception, Ela, who had been forgiven and taken back into the household of a pastor where workers were short. Ela's best friend was her cousin, Talo, the only girl in the group who had sex experience before menstruation had begun. But Talo was clearly a case of delayed menstruation; all the other signs of puberty were present. Her aunt shrugged her shoulders in the face of Talo's obvious sophistication and winning charm and made no attempt to control her. The friendship between these two girls was one of the really important friendships in the whole group. Both girls definitely proclaimed their preference, and their homosexual practices were undoubtedly instrumental in producing Talo's precocity and solacing Ela for the stricter régime of the pastor's household.

These casual homosexual relations between girls never assumed any long-time importance. On the part of growing girls or women who were working together they were regarded as a pleasant and natural diversion, just tinged with the salacious. Where heterosexual relationships were so casual, so shallowly channelled, there was no pattern into which homosexual relationships could fall. Native theory and vocabulary recog-

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nised the real pervert who was incapable of normal heterosexual response, and the very small population is probably sufficient explanation for the rarity of these types. I saw only one, Sasi, a boy of twenty who was studying for the ministry. He was slightly but not pronouncedly feminine in appearance, was skilled at women's work and his homosexual drive was strong enough to goad him into making continual advances to other boys. He spent more time casually in the company of girls, maintained a more easy-going friendship with them than any other boy on the island. Sasi had proposed marriage to a girl in a pastor's household in a distant village and been refused, but as there was a rule that divinity students must marry before ordination, this has little significance. I could find no evidence that he had ever had heterosexual relations and the girls' casual attitude towards him was significant. They regarded him as an amusing freak while the men to whom he had made advances looked upon him with mingled annoyance and contempt. There were no girls who presented such a clear picture although three of the deviants discussed in the next chapter were clearly mixed types, without, however, showing convincing evidence of genuine perversion.

The general preoccupation with sex, the attitude that minor sex activities, suggestive dancing, stimulating salacious conversation, salacious songs and definitely motivated tussling are all acceptable and attractive diversions, is mainly responsible for the native attitude

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towards homosexual practices. They are simply *play*, neither frowned upon nor given much consideration. As heterosexual relations are given significance not by love and a tremendous fixation upon one individual, the only forces which can make a homosexual relationship lasting and important, but by children and the place of marriage in the economic and social structure of the village, it is easy to understand why very prevalent homosexual practices have no more important or striking results. The recognition and use in heterosexual relations of all the secondary variations of sex activity which loom as primary in homosexual relations are instrumental also in minimising their importance. The effects of chance childhood perversions, the fixation of attention on unusual erogenous zones with consequent transfer of sensitivity from the more normal centres, the absence of a definite and accomplished specialisation of erogenous zones—all the accidents of emotional development which in a civilisation, recognising only one narrow form of sex activity, result in unsatisfactory marriages, casual homosexuality and prostitution, are here rendered harmless. The Samoan puts the burden of amatory success upon the man and believes that women need more initiating, more time for the maturing of sex feeling. A man who fails to satisfy a woman is looked upon as a clumsy, inept blunderer, a fit object for village ridicule and contempt. The women in turn are conscious that their lovers use a definite technique which they regard with a sort of

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fatalism as if all men had a set of slightly magical, wholly irresistible, tricks up their sleeves. But amatory lore is passed down from one man to another and is looked upon much more self-consciously and analytically by men than by women. Parents are shy of going beyond the bounds of casual conversation (naturally these are much wider than in our civilisation) in the discussion of sex with their children, so that definite instruction passes from the man of twenty-five to the boy of eighteen rather than from father to son. The girls learn from the boys and do very little confiding in each other. All of a man's associates will know every detail of some unusual sex experience while the girl involved will hardly have confided the bare outlines to any one. Her lack of any confidants except relatives towards whom there is always a slight barrier of reserve (I have seen a girl shudder away from acting as an ambassador to her sister) may partly account for this.

The fact that educating one sex in detail and merely fortifying the other sex with enough knowledge and familiarity with sex to prevent shock produces normal sex adjustments is due to the free experimentation which is permitted and the rarity with which both lovers are amateurs. I knew of only one such case, where two children, a sixteen-year-old boy and a fifteen-year-old girl, both in boarding schools on another island, ran away together. Through inexperience they bungled badly. They were both expelled

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from school, and the boy is now a man of twenty-four with high intelligence and real charm, but a notorious *moetotolo*, execrated by every girl in his village. Familiarity with sex, and the recognition of a need of a technique to deal with sex as an art, have produced a scheme of personal relations in which there are no neurotic pictures, no frigidity, no impotence, except as the temporary result of severe illness, and the capacity for intercourse only once in a night is counted as senility.

Of the twenty-five girls past puberty, eleven had had heterosexual experience. Fala, Tolu, and Namu were three cousins who were popular with the youths of their own village and also with visitors from distant Fitiuta. The women of Fala's family were of easy virtue; Tolu's father was dead and she lived with her blind mother in the home of Namu's parents, who, burdened with six children under twelve years of age, were not going to risk losing two efficient workers by too close supervision. The three girls made common rendezvous with their lovers and their liaisons were frequent and gay. Tolu, the eldest, was a little weary after three years of casual adventures and professed herself willing to marry. She later moved into the household of an important chief in order to improve her chances of meeting strange youths who might be interested in matrimony. Namu was genuinely taken with a boy from Fitiuta whom she met in secret while a boy of her own village whom her parents favoured courted her openly. Occasional assignations with other



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boys of her own village relieved the monotony of life between visits from her preferred lover. Fala, the youngest, was content to let matters drift. Her lovers were friends and relatives of the lovers of her cousins and she was still sufficiently childlike and uninvolved to get almost as much enjoyment out of her cousins' love affairs as out of her own. All three of these girls worked hard, doing the full quota of work for an adult. All day they fished, washed, worked on the plantation, wove mats and blinds. Tolu was exceptionally clever at weaving. They were valuable economic assets to their families; they would be valuable to the husbands whom their families were not over anxious to find for them.

In the next village lived Luna, a lazy good-natured girl, three years past puberty. Her mother was dead. Her father had married again, but the second wife had gone back to her own people. Luna lived for several years in the pastor's household and had gone home when her stepmother left her father. Her father was a very old chief, tremendously preoccupied with his prestige and reputation in the village. He held an important title; he was a master craftsman; he was the best versed man in the village in ancient lore and details of ceremonial procedure. His daughter was a devoted and efficient attendant. It was enough. Luna tired of the younger girls who had been her companions in the pastor's household and sought instead two young married women among her relatives. One of

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these, a girl who had deserted her husband and was living with a temporary successor came to live in Luna's household. She and Luna were constant companions, and Luna, quite easily and inevitably took one lover, then two, then a third—all casual affairs. She dressed younger than her years, emphasised that she was still a girl. Some day she would marry and be a church member, but now: *Laititi a'u* ("I am but young"). And who was she to give up dancing.

Her cousin Lotu was a church member, and had attended the missionary boarding school. She had had only one accepted lover, the illegitimate son of a chief who dared not jeopardise his very slender chance of succeeding to his father's title by marrying her. She was the eldest of nine children, living in the third strictly biological family in the village. She showed the effects of greater responsibility at home by a quiet maturity and decision of manner, of her school training in a greater neatness of person and regard for the nicety of detail. Although she was transgressing, the older church members charitably closed their eyes, sympathising with her lover's family dilemma. Her only other sex experience had been with a *moetotolo*, a relative. Should her long fidelity to her lover lead to pregnancy, she would probably bear the child. (When a Samoan woman does wish to avoid giving birth to a child, exceedingly violent massage and the chewing of kava is resorted to, but this is only in very exceptional cases, as even illegitimate children are enthusiastically

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welcomed.) Lotu's attitudes were more considered, more sophisticated than those of the other girls of her age. Had it not been for the precarious social status of her lover, she would probably have been married already. As it was, she laboured over the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and followed the routine of relationship duties incumbent upon a young girl in the largest family on the island. She reconciled her church membership and her deviation from chastity by the tranquil reflection that she would have married had it been possible, and her sin rested lightly upon her.

In the household of one high chief lived the Samoan version of our devoted maiden aunts. She was docile, efficient, responsible, entirely overshadowed by several more attractive girls. To her were entrusted the newborn babies and the most difficult diplomatic errands. Hard work which she never resented took up all her time and energy. When she was asked to dance, she did so negligently. Others dancing so much more brilliantly, why make the effort? Hers was the appreciative worshipping disposition which glowed over Tolu's beauty or Fala's conquests or Alofi's new baby. She played the ukulele for others to dance, sewed flower necklaces for others to wear, planned rendezvous for others to enjoy, without humiliation or a special air of martyrdom. She admitted that she had had but one lover. He had come from far away; she didn't even know from what village, and he had never come back.

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Yes, probably she would marry some day if her chief so willed it, and was that the baby crying? She was the stuff of whom devoted aunts are made, depended upon and loved by all about her. A *malaga* to another village might have changed her life, for Samoa boys sought strange girls merely because they were strangers. But she was always needed at home by some one and younger girls went journeying in her stead.

Perhaps the most dramatic story was that of Moana, the last of the group of girls who lived outside the pastors' households, a vain, sophisticated child, spoiled by years of trading upon her older half-sister's devotion. Her amours had begun at fifteen and by the time a year and a half had passed, her parents, fearing that her conduct was becoming so indiscreet as to seriously mar her chances of making a good marriage, asked her uncle to adopt her and attempt to curb her waywardness. This uncle, who was a widower and a sophisticated rake, when he realised the extent of his niece's experience, availed himself also of her complacency. This incident, not common in Samoa, because of the great lack of privacy and isolation, would have passed undetected in this case, if Moana's older sister, Sila, had not been in love with the uncle also. This was the only example of prolonged and intense passion which I found in the three villages. Samoans rate romantic fidelity in terms of days or weeks at most, and are inclined to scoff at tales of life-long devotion. (They greeted the story of Romeo and Juliet with incredulous

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contempt.) But Sila was devoted to Mutu, her stepfather's younger brother, to the point of frenzy. She had been his mistress and still lived in his household, but his dilettantism had veered away from her indecorous intensity. When she discovered that he had lived with her sister, her fury knew no bounds. Masked under a deep solicitude for the younger girl, whom she claimed was an innocent untouched child, she denounced Mutu the length of the three villages. Moana's parents fetched her home again in a great rage and a family feud resulted. Village feeling ran high, but opinion was divided as to whether Mutu was guilty, Moana lying to cover some other peccadillo or Sila gossiping from spite. The incident was in direct violation of the brother and sister taboo for Mutu was young enough for Moana to speak of him as *tuagane* (brother). But when two months later, another older sister died during pregnancy, it was necessary to find some one stout-hearted enough to perform the necessary Caesarian post-mortem operation. After a violent family debate, expediency triumphed and Mutu, most skilled of native surgeons, was summoned to operate on the dead body of the sister of the girl he had violated. When he later on announced his intention of marrying a girl from another island, Sila again displayed the most uncontrolled grief and despair, although she herself was carrying on a love affair at the time.

The lives of the girls who lived in the pastor's

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household differed from those of their less restricted sisters and cousins only in the fact that they had no love affairs and lived a more regular and ordered existence. For the excitement of moonlight trysts they substituted group activities, letting the pleasant friendliness of a group of girls fill their lesser leisure. Their interest in salacious material was slightly stronger than the interest of the girls who were free to experiment. They made real friends outside their relationship group, trusted other girls more, worked better in a group, were more at ease with one another but less conscious of their place in their own households than were the others.

With the exception of the few cases to be discussed in the next chapter, adolescence represented no period of crisis or stress, but was instead an orderly developing of a set of slowly maturing interests and activities. The girls' minds were perplexed by no conflicts, troubled by no philosophical queries, beset by no remote ambitions. To live as a girl with many lovers as long as possible and then to marry in one's own village, near one's own relatives and to have many children, these were uniform and satisfying ambitions.



## XI

### THE GIRL IN CONFLICT

WERE there no conflicts, no temperaments which deviated so markedly from the normal that clash was inevitable? Was the diffused affection and the diffused authority of the large families, the ease of moving from one family to another, the knowledge of sex and the freedom to experiment a sufficient guarantee to all Samoan girls of a perfect adjustment? In almost all cases, yes. But I have reserved for this chapter the tales of the few girls who deviated in temperament or in conduct, although in many cases these deviations were only charged with possibilities of conflict, and actually had no painful results.

The girl between fourteen and twenty stands at the centre of household pressure and can expend her irritation at her elders on those over whom she is in a position of authority. The possibility of escape seems to temper her restiveness under authority and the irritation of her elders also. When to the fear of a useful worker's running away is added also the fear of a daughter's indulging in a public elopement, and thus lowering her marriage value, any marked exercise of parental authority is considerably mitigated. Violent outbursts of wrath and summary chastisements do occur

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but consistent and prolonged disciplinary measures are absent, and a display of temper is likely to be speedily followed by conciliatory measures. This, of course, applies only to the relation between a girl and her elders. Often conflicts of personality between young people of the same age in a household are not so tempered, but the removal of one party to the conflict, the individual with the weakest claims upon the household, is here also the most frequent solution. The fact that the age-group gang breaks up before adolescence and is never resumed except in a highly formal manner, coupled with the decided preference for household rather than group solidarity, accounts for the scarcity of conflict here. The child who shuns her age mates is more available for household work and is never worried by questions as to why she doesn't run and play with the other children. On the other hand, the tolerance of the children in accepting physical defect or slight strangeness of temperament prevents any child's suffering from undeserved ostracism.

The child who is unfavourably located in the village is the only real exile. Should the age group last over eight or ten years of age, the exiles would certainly suffer or very possibly as they grew bolder, venture farther from home. But the breakdown of the gang just as the children are bold enough and free enough to go ten houses from home, prevents either of these two results from occurring.

The absence of any important institutionalised rela-

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tionship to the community is perhaps the strongest cause for lack of conflict here. The community makes no demands upon the young girls except for the occasional ceremonial service rendered at the meetings of older women. Were they delinquent in such duties it would be primarily the concern of their own households whose prestige would suffer thereby. A boy who refuses to attend the meetings of the *Aumaga*, or to join in the communal work, comes in for strong group disapproval and hostility, but a girl owes so small a debt to her community that it does not greatly concern itself to collect it.

The opportunity to experiment freely, the complete familiarity with sex and the absence of very violent preferences make her sex experiences less charged with possibilities of conflict than they are in a more rigid and self-conscious civilisation. Cases of passionate jealousy do occur but they are matters for extended comment and amazement. During nine months in the islands only four cases came to my attention, a girl who informed against a faithless lover accusing him of incest, a girl who bit off part of a rival's ear, a woman whose husband had deserted her and who fought and severely injured her successor, and a girl who falsely accused a rival of stealing. But jealousy is less expected and less sympathised with than among us, and consequently there is less of a pattern to which an individual may respond. Possibly conditions may also be simplified by the Samoan recognition and toleration

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of vindictive detraction and growling about a rival. There are no standards of good form which prescribe an insincere acceptance of defeat, no insistence on reticence and sportsmanship. So a great deal of slight irritation can be immediately dissipated. Friendships are of so casual and shifting a nature that they give rise to neither jealousy nor conflict. Resentment is expressed by subdued grumblings and any strong resentment results in the angry one's leaving the household or sometimes the village.

In the girl's religious life the attitude of the missionaries was the decisive one. The missionaries require chastity for church membership and discouraged church membership before marriage, except for the young people in the missionary boarding schools who could be continually supervised. This passive acceptance by the religious authorities themselves of pre-marital irregularities went a long way towards minimising the girls' sense of guilt. Continence became not a passport to heaven but a passport to the missionary schools which in turn were regarded as a social rather than a religious adventure. The girl who indulged in sex experiments was expelled from the local pastor's school, but it was notable that almost every older girl in the community, including the most notorious sex offenders, had been at one time resident in the pastors' households. The general result of the stricter supervision provided by these schools seemed to be to postpone the first sex experience two or three years. The seven girls

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in the household of one native pastor, the three in the household of the other, were all, although past puberty, living continent lives, in strong contrast to the habits of the rest of their age mates.

It might seem that there was fertile material for conflict between parents who wished their children to live in the pastor's house and children who did not wish to do so, and also between children who wished it and parents who did not.\* This conflict was chiefly reduced by the fact that residence in the pastor's house actually made very little difference in the child's status in her own home. She simply carried her roll of mats, her pillow and her mosquito net from her home to the pastor's, and the food which she would have eaten at home was added to the quota of the food which her family furnished to the pastor. She ate her evening meal and slept at the pastor's; one or two days a week she devoted to working for the pastor's family, washing, weaving, weeding and sweeping the premises. The rest of her time she spent at home performing the usual tasks of a girl of her age, so that it was seldom that a parent objected strongly to sending a child to the pastor's. It involved no additional expense and was likely to reduce the chances of his daughter's conduct becoming embarrassing, to improve her mastery of the few foreign techniques, sewing, ironing, embroidery, which she could learn from the more skilled and schooled pastor's wife and thus increase her economic value.

\* See Appendix, page 257.

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If, on the other hand, the parents wished their children to stay and the children were unwilling to do so, the remedy was simple. They had but to transgress seriously the rules of the pastor's household, and they would be expelled; if they feared to return to their parents, there were always other relatives.

So the attitude of the church in respect to chastity held only the germs of a conflict which was seldom realised, because of the flexibility with which it adapted itself to the nearly inevitable. Attendance at the girls' main boarding school was an attractive prospect. The fascination of living in a large group of young people where life was easier and more congenial than at home, was usually a sufficient bribe to good behaviour, or at least to discretion. Confession of sin was a rare phenomenon in Samoa. The missionaries had made a rule that a boy who transgressed the chastity rule would be held back in his progress through the preparatory school and seminary for two years after the time his offence was committed. It had been necessary to change this ruling to read *two years from the detection of the offence*, because very often the offence was not detected until after the student had been over two years in the seminary, and under the old ruling, he would not have been punished at all. Had the young people been inspired with a sense of responsibility to a heavenly rather than an earthly decree and the boy or girl been answerable to a recording angel, rather than a spying neighbour, religion would have provided a real



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setting for conflict. If such an attitude had been coupled with emphasis upon church membership for the young and an expectation of religious experience in the lives of the young, crises in the lives of the young people would very likely have occurred. As it is, the whole religious setting is one of formalism, of compromise, of acceptance of half measure. The great number of native pastors with their peculiar interpretations of Christian teaching have made it impossible to establish the rigour of western Protestantism with its inseparable association of sex offences and an individual consciousness of sin. And the girls upon whom the religious setting makes no demands, make no demands upon it. They are content to follow the advice of their elders to defer church membership until they are older. *Laititi a'u. Fia siva* ("For I am young and like to dance"). The church member is forbidden to dance or to witness a large night dance. One of the three villages boasted no girl church members. The second village had only one, who had, however, long since transgressed her vows. But as her lover was a youth whose equivocal position in his family made it impossible to marry, the neighbours did not tattle where their sympathies were aroused, so Lotu remained tacitly a church member. In the third village there were two unmarried girls who were church members, Lita and Ana.

Lita had lived for years in the pastor's household and with one other girl, showed most clearly the results of

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a slightly alien environment. She was clever and executive, preferred the society of girls to that of boys, had made the best of her opportunities to learn English, worked hard at school, and wished to go to Tutuila and become a nurse or a teacher. Her ideals were thus just such as might frequently be found from any random selection of girls in a freshman class in a girls' college in this country. She coupled this set of individual ambitions with a very unusual enthusiasm for a pious father, and complied easily with his expressed wish for her to become a church member. After she left the pastor's household, she continued to go to school and apply herself vigorously to her studies, and her one other interest in life was a friendship with an older cousin who spoke some English and had had superior educational advantages in another island. Although this friendship had most of the trappings of a "crush" and was accompanied by the casual homosexual practices which are the usual manifestations of most associations between young people of the same sex, Lita's motivation was more definitely ambition, a desire to master every accessible detail of this alien culture in which she wished to find a place.

Sona, who was two years younger than Lita and had also lived for several years in the pastor's household, presented a very similar picture. She was overbearing in manner, arbitrary and tyrannous towards younger people, impudently deferential towards her elders. Without exceptional intellectual capacity she had excep-

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tional persistence and had forced her way to the head of the school by steady dogged application. Lita, more intelligent and more sensitive, had left school for one year because the teacher beat her and Sona had passed above her, although she was definitely more stupid. Sona came from another island. Both her parents were dead and she lived in a large, heterogeneous household, at the beck and call of a whole series of relatives. Intent on her own ends, she was not enthusiastic about all this labour and was also unenthusiastic about most of her relatives. But one older cousin, the most beautiful girl in the village, had caught her imagination. This cousin, Manita, was twenty-seven and still unmarried. She had had many suitors and nearly as many lovers but she was of a haughty and aggressive nature and men whom she deemed worthy of her hand were wary of her sophisticated domineering manner. By unanimous vote she was the most beautiful girl in the village. Her lovely golden hair had contributed to half a dozen ceremonial headdresses. Her strategic position in her own family was heightened by the fact that her uncle, who had no hereditary right to make a *taupo*, had declared Manita to be his *taupo*. There was no other *taupo* in the village to dispute her claim. The murmurings were dying out; the younger children spoke of her as a *taupo* without suspicion; her beauty and ability as a dancer made it expedient to thus introduce her to visitors. Her family did not press her to marry, for the longer she remained unmarried, the stronger waxed the upstart legend.

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Her last lover had been a widower, a talking chief of intelligence and charm. He had loved Manita but he would not marry her. She lacked the docility which he demanded in a wife. Leaving Manita he searched in other villages for some very young girl whose manners were good but whose character was as yet unformed.

All this had a profound effect upon Sona, the ugly little stranger over whose lustreless eyes cataracts were already beginning to form. "Her sister" has no use for marriage; neither had she, Sona. Essentially unfeminine in outlook, dominated by ambition, she bolstered up her preference for the society of girls and a career by citing the example of her beautiful, wilful cousin. Without such a sanction she might have wavered in her ambitions, made so difficult by her already failing eyesight. As it was she went forward, blatantly proclaiming her pursuit of ends different from those approved by her fellows. Sona and Lita were not friends; the difference in their sanctions was too great; their proficiency at school and an intense rivalry divided them. Sona was not a church member. It would not have interfered with her behaviour in the least but it was part of her scheme of life to remain a school girl as long as possible and thus fend off responsibilities. So she, as often as the others, would answer, *Laititi a'u* ("I am but young"). While Lita attached herself to her cousin and attempted to learn from her every detail of another life, Sona identified herself passionately with the slightly more Europeanised family of the pastor, assert-

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ing always their greater relationship to the new civilisation, calling Ioane's wife, Mrs. Johns, building up a pitiable platform of *papalagi* (foreign) mannerisms as a springboard for future activities.

There was one other girl church member of Siufaga, Ana, a girl of nineteen. Her motives were entirely different. She was of a mild, quiescent nature, highly intelligent, very capable. She was the illegitimate child of a chief by a mother who had later married, run away, married again, been divorced, and finally gone off to another island. She formed no tie for Ana. Her father was a widower, living in a brother's house and Ana had been reared in the family of another brother. This family approximated to a biological one; there were two married daughters older than Ana, a son near her age, a daughter of fourteen and a crowd of little children. The father was a gentle, retiring man who had built his house outside the village, "to escape from the noise," he said. The two elder daughters married young and went away to live in their husbands' households. Ana and her boy cousin both lived in the pastor's household, while the next younger girl slept at home. The mother had a great distrust of men, especially of the young men of her own village. Ana should grow up to marry a pastor. She was not strong enough for the heavy work of the average Samoan wife. Her aunt's continuous harping on this strain, which was prompted mainly by a dislike of Ana's mother and a fear of the daughter's leaving home to follow in her

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mother's footsteps, had convinced Ana that she was a great deal too delicate for a normal existence. This theory received complete verification in the report of the doctor who examined the candidates for the nursing school and rejected her because of a heart murmur. Ana, influenced by her aunt's gloomy foreboding, was now convinced that she was too frail to bear children, or at least not more than one child at some very distant date. She became a church member, gave up dancing, clung closer to the group of younger girls in the pastor's school and to her foster home, the neurasthenic product of a physical defect, a small, isolated family group and the pastor's school.

These girls all represented the deviants from the pattern in one direction; they were those who demanded a different or improved environment, who rejected the traditional choices. At any time, they, like all deviants, might come into real conflict with the group. That they did not was an accident of environment. The younger girls in the pastor's group as yet showed fewer signs of being influenced by their slightly artificial environment. They were chaste where they would not otherwise have been chaste, they had friends outside their relationship group whom they would otherwise have viewed with suspicion, they paid more attention to their lessons. They still had not acquired a desire to substitute any other career for the traditional one of marriage. This was, of course, partly due to the fact that the pastor's school was simply one influence in their lives. The girls



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still spent the greater proportion of their waking time at home amid conventional surroundings. Unless a girl was given some additional stimulus, such as unusual home conditions, or possessed peculiarities of temperament, she was likely to pass through the school essentially unchanged in her fundamental view of life. She would acquire a greater respect for the church, a preference for slightly more fastidious living, greater confidence in other girls. At the same time the pastor's school offered a sufficient contrast to traditional Samoan life to furnish the background against which deviation could flourish. Girls who left the village and spent several years in the boarding school under the tutelage of white teachers were enormously influenced. Many of them became nurses; the majority married pastors, usually a deviation in attitude, involving as it did, acceptance of a different style of living.

So, while religion itself offered little field for conflict, the institutions promoted by religion might act as stimuli to new choices and when sufficiently reinforced by other conditions might produce a type of girl who deviated markedly from her companions. That the majority of Samoan girls are still unaffected by these influences and pursue uncritically the traditional mode of life is simply a testimony to the resistance of the native culture, which in its present slightly Europeanised state, is replete with easy solutions for all conflicts; and to the apparent fact that adolescent girls in

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Samoa do not generate their own conflicts, but require a vigorous stimulus to produce them.

These conflicts which have been discussed are conflicts of children who deviate upwards, who wish to exercise more choice than is traditionally permissible, and who, in making their choices, come to unconventional and bizarre solutions. The untraditional choices which are encouraged by the educational system inaugurated by the missionaries are education and the pursuit of a career and marriage outside of the local group (in the case of native pastors, teachers and nurses), preference for the society of one's own sex through prolonged and close association in school, a self-conscious evaluation of existence, and the consequent making of self-conscious choices. All of these make for increased specialisation, increased sophistication, greater emphasis upon individuality, where an individual makes a conscious choice between alternate or opposing lines of conduct. In the case of this group of girls, it is evident that the mere presentation of conflicting choices was not sufficient but that real conflict required the yeast of a need for choice and in addition a culturally favourable batter in which to work.

It will now be necessary to discuss another type of deviant, the deviant in a downward direction, or the delinquent. I am using the term delinquent to describe the individual who is maladjusted to the demands of her civilisation, and who comes definitely into conflict

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with her group, not because she adheres to a different standard, but because she violates the group standards which are also her own.\*

A Samoan family or a Samoan community might easily come to conceive the conduct and standards of Sona and Lita as anti-social and undesirable. Each was following a plan of life which would not lead to marriage and children. Such a choice on the part of the females of any human community is, of course, likely to be frowned upon. The girls who, responding to the same stimuli, follow Sona's and Lita's example in the future will also run this risk.

But were there really delinquent girls in this little primitive village, girls who were incapable of develop-

\* Such a distinction might well be made in the attitude towards delinquency in our own civilisation. Delinquency cannot be defined even within one culture in terms of acts alone, but attitudes should also be considered. Thus the child who rifles her mother's purse to get money to buy food for a party or clothes to wear to a dance hall, who believes stealing is wrong, but cannot or will not resist the temptation to steal, is a delinquent, if the additional legal definition is given to her conduct by bringing her before some judicial authority. The young Christian communist who gives away her own clothes and also those of her brothers and sisters may be a menace to her family and to a society based upon private property, but she is not delinquent in the same sense. She has simply chosen an alternative standard. The girl who commits sex offences with all attendant shame, guilt, and inability to defend herself from becoming continually more involved in a course of action which she is conscious is "wrong," until she becomes a social problem as an unmarried mother or a prostitute, is, of course, delinquent. The young advocate of free love who possesses a full quiver of ideals and sanctions for her conduct, may be undesirable, but from the standpoint of this discussion, she is not delinquent.

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ing new standards and incapable of adjusting themselves to the old ones? My group included two girls who might be so described, one girl who was just reaching puberty, the other a girl two years past puberty. Their delinquency was not a new phenomenon, but in both cases dated back several years. The members of their respective groups unhesitatingly pronounced them "bad girls," their age mates avoided them, and their relatives regretted them. As the Samoan village had no legal machinery for dealing with such cases, these are the nearest parallels which it is possible to draw with our "delinquent girl," substituting definite conflict with unorganised group disapproval for the conflict with the law which defines delinquency in our society.

Lola was seventeen, a tall, splendidly developed, intelligent hoyden. She had an unusual endowment in her capacity for strong feeling, for enthusiasms, for violent responses to individuals. Her father had died when she was a child and she had been reared in a headless house. Her father's brother who was the *matai* had several houses and he had scattered his large group of dependants in several different parts of the village. So Lola, two older sisters, two younger sisters, and a brother a year older, were brought up by their mother, a kindly but ineffective woman. The eldest sister married and left the village when Lola was eight. The next sister, Sami, five years older than Lola, was like her mother, mild and gentle, with a soft undercurrent of resentment towards life running through all her

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quiet words. She resented and disliked her younger sister but she was no match for her. Nito, her brother, was a high-spirited and intelligent youth who might have taught his sister a little wisdom had it not been for the brother and sister taboo which kept them always upon a formal footing. Aso, two years younger, was like Sami without Sami's sullen resentment. She adopted the plan of keeping out of Lola's way. The youngest, Siva, was like Lola, intelligent, passionate, easily aroused, but she was only eleven and merely profited by her sister's bad example. Lola was quarrelsome, insubordinate, impertinent. She contended every point, objected to every request, shirked her work, fought with her sisters, mocked her mother, went about the village with a chip upon her shoulder. When she was fourteen, she became so unmanageable at home that her uncle sent her to live in the pastor's household. She stayed there through a year of stormy scenes until she was finally expelled after a fight with Mala, the other delinquent. That she was not expelled sooner was out of deference to her rank as the niece of a leading chief. Her uncle realised the folly of sending her back to her mother. She was almost sixteen and well developed physically; and could be expected to add sex offences to the list of her troublesome activities at any moment. He took her to live in his own household under the supervision of his very strong-minded, executive wife, Pusa. Lola stayed there almost a year. It was a more interesting household than any in which she had lived.

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Her uncle's rank made constant calls upon her. She learned to make kava well, to dance with greater ease and mastery. A trip to Tutuila relieved the monotony of life; two cousins from another island came to visit, and there was much gaiety about the house. As consciousness of sex became more acute, she became slightly subdued and tentative in her manner. Pusa was a hard task master and for a while Lola seemed to enjoy the novelty of a strong will backed by real authority. But the novelty wore off. The cousins prolonged their visit month after month. They persisted in treating her as a child. She became bored, sullen, jealous. Finally she ran away to other relatives, a very high chief's family, in the next village. Here, temporarily, was another house group of women folk, as the head of the house was in Tutuila, and his wife, his mother and his two children were the only occupants of the great guest house. Lola's labour was welcomed, and she set herself to currying favour with the high chief of the family. At first this was quite easy, as she had run away from the household of a rival chief and he appreciated her public defection. There were only much younger or much older girls in his household. Lola received the attention which she craved. The little girls resented her, but secretly admired her dashing uncompromising manner. But she had only been established here about a month when another chief, with a young and beautiful *taupo* in his train, came to visit her new chief and the whole party was lodged in the



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very house where she slept. Now began an endless round of hospitable tasks, and worst of all she must wait upon the pretty stranger who was a year younger than herself, but whose rank as visiting *taupo* gave her precedence. Lola again became troublesome. She quarrelled with the younger girls, was impertinent to the older ones, shirked her work, talked spitefully against the stranger. Perhaps all of this might have been only temporary and had no more far-reaching results than a temporary lack of favour in her new household, had it not been for a still more unfortunate event. The Don Juan of the village was a sleek, discreet man of about forty, a widower, a *matai*, a man of circumspect manner and winning ways. He was looking for a second wife and turned his attention toward the visitor who was lodged in the guest house of the next village. But Fuativa was a cautious and calculating lover. He wished to look over his future bride carefully and so he visited her house casually, without any declaration of his intention. And he noticed that Lola had reached a robust girlhood and stopped to pluck this ready fruit by the way, while he was still undecided about the more serious business of matrimony.

With all her capacity for violence, Lola possessed also a strong capacity for affection. Fuativa was a skilled and considerate lover. Few girls were quite so fortunate in their first lovers, and so few felt such un-mixed regret when the first love affair was broken off. Fuativa won her easily and after three weeks which

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were casual to him, and very important to her, he proposed for the hand of the visitor. The proposal itself might not have so completely enraged Lola although her pride was sorely wounded. Still, plans to marry a bride from such a great distance might miscarry. But the affianced girl so obviously demurred from the marriage that the talking chiefs became frightened. Fua-tiva was a rich man and the marriage ceremony would bring many perquisites for the talking chief. If the girl was allowed to go home and plead with her parents, or given the opportunity to elope with some one else, there would be no wedding perhaps and no rewards. The public defloration ceremony is forbidden by law. That the bridegroom was a government employé would further complicate his position should he break the law. So the anxious talking chief and the anxious suitor made their plans and he was given access to his future bride. The rage of Lola was unbounded and she took an immediate revenge, publicly accusing her rival of being a thief and setting the whole village by the ears. The women of the host household drove her out with many imprecations and she fled home to her mother, thus completing the residence cycle begun four years ago. She was now in the position of the delinquent in our society. She had continuously violated the group standards and she had exhausted all the solutions open to her. No other family group would open its doors to a girl whose record branded her as a liar, a trouble maker, a fighter, and a thief, for her misdeeds included

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continual petty thievery. Had she quarrelled with a father or been outraged by a brother-in-law, a refuge would have been easy to find. But her personality was essentially unfortunate. In her mother's household she made her sisters miserable, but she did not lord it over them as she had done before. She was sullen, bitter, vituperative. The young people of the village branded her as the possessor of a *lotu le aga*, ("a bad heart") and she had no companions. Her young rival left the island to prepare for her wedding, or the next chapter might have been Lola's doing her actual physical violence. When I left, she was living, idle, sullen, and defiant in her long-suffering mother's house.

Mala's sins were slightly otherwise. Where Lola was violent, Mala was treacherous; where Lola was antagonistic, Mala was insinuating. Mala was younger, having just reached puberty in January, the middle of my stay on the island. She was a scrawny, ill-favoured little girl, always untidily dressed. Her parents were dead and she lived with her uncle, a sour, disgruntled man of small position. His wife came from another village and disliked her present home. The marriage was childless. The only other member of the house group was another niece who had divorced her husband. She also was childless. None showed Mala any affection, and they worked her unmercifully. The life of the only young girl or boy in a Samoan house, in the very rare cases when it occurs, is always very difficult. In this case it was doubly so. Ordinarily other relatives

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in the neighbourhood would have handed their babies over to her care, giving her a share in the activities of happier and more populous households. But from her early childhood she had been branded as a thief, a dangerous charge in a country where there are no doors or locks, and houses are left empty for a day at a time. Her first offence had been to steal a foreign toy which belonged to the chief's little son. The irate mother had soundly berated the child, on boat day, on the beach where all the people were gathered. When her name was mentioned, the information that she was a thief and a liar was tacked on as casually as was the remark that another was cross-eyed or deaf. Other children avoided her. Next door lived Tino, a dull good child, a few months younger than Mala. Ordinarily these two would have been companions and Mala always insisted that Tino was her friend, but Tino indignantly disclaimed all association with her. And as if her reputation for thievery were not sufficient, she added a further misdemeanour. She played with boys, preferred boys' games, tied her *lavalava* like a boy. This behaviour was displayed to the whole village who were vociferous in their condemnation. "She really was a very bad girl. She stole; she lied; and she played with boys." As in other parts of the world, the whole odium fell on the girl, so the boys did not fight shy of her. They teased her, bullied her, used her as general errand boy and fag. Some of the more precocious boys of her own age were already beginning to look to her

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for possibilities of other forms of amusement. Probably she will end by giving her favours to whoever asks for them, and sink lower and lower in the village esteem and especially in the opinion of her own sex from whom she so passionately desires recognition and affection.

Lola and Mala both seemed to be the victims of lack of affection. They both had unusual capacity for devotion and were abnormally liable to become jealous. Both responded with pathetic swiftness to any manifestations of affection. At one end of the scale in their need for affection, they were unfortunately placed at the other end in their chance of receiving it. Lola had a double handicap in her unfortunate temperament and the greater amiability of her three sisters. Her temperamental defects were further aggravated by the absence of any strong authority in her immediate household. Sami, the docile sister, had been saddled with the care of the younger children; Lola, harder to control, was given no such saving responsibility. These conditions were all as unusual as her demand and capacity for affection. And, similarly, seldom were children as desolate as Mala, marooned in a household of unsympathetic adults. So it would appear that their delinquency was produced by the combination of two sets of casual factors, unusual emotional needs and unusual home conditions. Less affectionate children in the same environments, or the same children in more favourable surroundings, probably would never have become as definitely outcast as these.

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Only one other girl in the three villages calls for consideration under this conception of delinquency and she received far less general condemnation than either of the others. This was Sala, who lived in the third village. She lived in a household of seven, consisting of her widowed mother, her younger brother of ten, her grandmother, her uncle and his wife, and their two-year-old son. This presented a fairly well-balanced family group and there were in addition many other relatives close by. Sala had been sent to live in the pastor's house but had speedily got involved in sex offences and been expelled. Her attitude towards this pastor was still one of unveiled hostility. She was stupid, underhanded, deceitful and she possessed no aptitude for the simplest mechanical tasks. Her ineptness was the laughing stock of the village and her lovers were many and casual, the fathers of illegitimate children, men whose wives were temporarily absent, witless boys bent on a frolic. It was a saying among the girls of the village that Sala was apt at only one art, sex, and that she, who couldn't even sew thatch or weave blinds, would never get a husband. The social attitude towards her was one of contempt, rather than of antagonism, and she had experienced it keenly enough to have sunk very low in her own eyes. She had a sullen furtive manner, lied extravagantly in her assertions of skill and knowledge, and was ever on the alert for slights and possible innuendoes. She came into no serious conflict with her community. Her father



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beat her occasionally in a half-hearted manner, but her stupidity was her salvation for the Samoan possesses more charity towards weakness than towards mis-directed strength. Sooner or later Sala's random sex experiences will probably lead to pregnancy, resulting in a temporary restriction of her activities and a much greater dependency upon her family. This economic dependence which in her case will be reinforced by her lack of manual skill will be strong enough to give her family a whip hand over her and force her to at least moderate her experimentation. She may not marry for many years and possibly will always be rated too inefficient for such responsibility.

The only delinquent in the making, that is a child who showed marked possibilities of increasing misbehaviour, was Siva, Lola's eleven-year-old little sister. She had the same obstreperous nature and was always engaging in fist fights with the other children, or hurling deadly insults after fleeing backs. She had the same violent craving for affection. But her uncle, profiting by her sister's unfortunate development, had taken her at the age of ten into his immediate family and so she was spending her pre-adolescent years under a much firmer régime than had her sister. And she differed from her sister in one respect, which was likely to prove her salvation. Where Lola had no sense of humour and no lightness of touch, Siva had both. She was a gifted mimic, an excruciatingly funny dancer, a born comedian. People forgave her her violence and

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her quarrelsomeness for sheer mirth over her propitiatory antics. If this facility continues to endear her to her aunts and cousins, who already put up with any number of pranks and fits of temper from her, she will probably not follow in her sister's steps. One affectionate word makes her shift her attention, and she has a real gift for affection. Once at a dancing party I had especially requested the children to be good and not waste time in endless bickerings and jealousies. I selected three little girls, the traditional number, to dance, and one of them, Meta, claimed that she had a sore foot. I turned hastily to Siva and asked her to fill out the figure. She was preparing to do so, with none too good grace at being second choice, when Meta, who had merely been holding back for more urging, leaped to her feet, and took the empty place. Siva was doubling up her fists ready to fly at Meta's throat when she caught my eye. She swallowed furiously, and then jerked the flower wreath from around her own neck and flung it over Meta's head. With better luck than her sister, she will not come into lasting conflict with her society.

And here ends the tale of serious conflict or serious deviation from group standards. The other girls varied as to whether they were subjected to the superior supervision of the pastor's household or not, as to whether they came from households of rank or families of small prestige, and most of all as to whether they lived in a biological family or a large heterogeneous household.

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But with differences in temperament equal to those found among us, though with a possibly narrower range of intellectual ability, they showed a surprising uniformity of knowledge, skill and attitude, and presented a picture of orderly, regular development in a flexible, but strictly delimited, environment.

## XII

### MATURITY AND OLD AGE

BECAUSE the community makes no distinction between unmarried girls and the wives of untitled men in the demands which it makes upon them, and because there is seldom any difference in sex experience between the two groups, the dividing line falls not between married and unmarried but between grown women and growing girls in industrial activity and between the wives of *matais* and their less important sisters in ceremonial affairs. The girl of twenty-two or twenty-three who is still unmarried loses her *laissez faire* attitude. Family pressure is an effective cause in bringing about this change. She is an adult, as able as her married sisters and her brothers' young wives; she is expected to contribute as heavily as they to household undertakings. She lives among a group of contemporaries upon whom the responsibilities of marriage are making increased demands. Rivalry and emulation enter in. And also she may be becoming a little anxious about her own marital chances. The first preoccupation with sex experimentation has worn itself out and she settles down to increase her value as a wife. In native theory a girl knows how to sew thatch, but doesn't really make thatch until she is married. In actual practice the adult

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unmarried girls perform household and agricultural tasks identical with those performed by their married sisters, except that whereas pregnancy and nursing children tie the young married women to the house, the unmarried girls are free to go off on long fishing expeditions, or far inland in search of weaving materials.

A married couple may live either in the household of the girl or of the boy, choice being made on the basis of rank, or the industrial needs of the two households. The change of residence makes much less difference to the girl than to the boy. A married woman's life is lived in such a narrow sphere that her only associates are the women of her household. Residence in her husband's village instead of her own does not narrow her life, for her participation in village affairs will remain slight and unimportant until her husband assumes a title which confers status upon her also. If her husband's household is in her own village, her responsibilities will be increased somewhat because she will be subject to continual demands from her own near relatives as well as from those of her husband.

There is no expectation of conflict between daughter-in-law and mother-in-law. The mother-in-law must be respected because she is an elder of the household and an insolent daughter-in-law is no more tolerated than an insubordinate daughter or niece. But tales of the traditional lack of harmony which exists in our civilisation were treated by the Samoans with con-

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temptuous amusement. Where the emotional ties between parents and children are so weak, it was impossible to make them see it as an issue between a man's mother and man's wife, in which jealousy played a part. They saw it simply as failure on the part of the young and unimportant person to pay proper respect to the old, granting of course that there were always irascible old people from whom it was expedient to move away. The same thing holds true for the young man, if he goes to live in his father-in-law's house. If the father-in-law is the *matai*, he has complete authority over his daughter's husband; if he is only an untitled old man, he must still be treated with respect.

But change of village for the young man makes a great difference, because he must take his place in a new *Aumaga*, and work with strangers instead of with the boys with whom he has worked and played since childhood. Very often he never becomes as thoroughly assimilated to the new group as he was to the old. He stands more upon his dignity. He works with his new companions but does not play with them. The social life of the *Aumaga* centres about the group courtesies which they pay to visiting girls. In his own village a man will accompany the younger boys on these occasions for many years after he is married. But in his wife's village, such behaviour becomes suddenly less appropriate. Random amatory adventures are also more hazardous when he is living as a member of his wife's household. And although his transition from



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the status of a young man to the status of a *matai* is easier, he ages more quickly; although he may earn great respect in his adopted village, he commands less of its affection.

In most marriages there is no sense of setting up a new and separate establishment. The change is felt in the change of residence for either husband or wife and in the reciprocal relations which spring up between the two families. But the young couple live in the main household, simply receiving a bamboo pillow, a mosquito net and a pile of mats for their bed. Only for the chief or the chief's son is a new house built. The wife works with all the women of the household and waits upon all the men. The husband shares the enterprises of the other men and boys. Neither in personal service given or received are the two marked off as a unit. Nor does marriage of either brother or sister slacken the avoidance rules; it merely adds another individual, the new sister or brother-in-law, to whom the whole series of avoidances must be applied. In the sexual relation alone are the two treated as one. For even in the care of the young children and in the decisions as to their future, the uncles and aunts and grandparents participate as fully as the parents. It is only when a man is *matai* as well as father, that he has control over his own children; and when this is so, the relationship is blurred in opposite fashion, for he has the same control over many other young people who are less closely related to him.

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The pregnant young wife is surrounded by a multitude of taboos, most of which are prohibitions against solitary activities. She must not walk alone, sit alone, dance alone, gather food alone, eat alone, or when only her husband is present. All of these taboos are explained by the amiable doctrine that only things which are wrong are done in solitude and that any wrong deed committed by the expectant mother will injure the child. It seems simpler to prohibit solitary acts than wrong ones. There are also ghosts which are particularly likely to injure the pregnant woman, and she is warned against walking in ghost-ridden places. She is warned against doing too heavy work and against getting chilled or overheated. While pregnancy is not treated with anything like the consideration which is often given it here, her first pregnancy gives a woman a certain amount of social prominence. This prominence is in direct proportion to her rank, and the young wife whose child is the presumptive heir to some high title is watched over with great solicitude. Relatives gather from great distances for the confinement and birth feast, which is described as the mother's feast, rather than the feast in honour of either child or father.

After the birth of the first child, the other children arrive frequently and with small remark. Old gossips count them and comment on the number living, dead or miscarried in previous births. A pig is roasted for the birth feast to which only the near relatives are invited. The mother of many children is rather taken for

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granted than praised. The barren woman is mildly execrated and her misfortune attributed to loose living. There were three barren older women on Taū; all three were midwives and reputed to be very wise. Now well past the child-bearing age, they were reaping the reward of the greater application to the intricacies of their calling with which they had compensated for their barrenness.

The young married women of twenty to thirty are a busy, cheerful group. They become church members and wear hats to church. When they have not a baby at the breast, they are doing heavy work on the plantations, fishing or making tapa. No other important event will ever happen to them again. If their husbands die, they will probably take new husbands, and those of lower rank. If their husbands become *matais*, they will also acquire a place in the *fono* of the women. But it is only the woman with a flair for political wire-pulling and the luck to have either important relatives or an important husband who gets any real satisfaction out of the social organisation of the village.

The young men do not settle as early into a groove. What her first child is to a woman his title is to a man, and while each new child is less of an event in her life, a new title is always a higher one and a greater event in his. A man rarely attains his first title before he is thirty, often not before he is forty. All the years between his entrance into the *Aumaga* and his entrance into the *Fono* are years of striving. He cannot acquire

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a reputation and then rest upon it or another claimant to the same title will take advantage of his indolence and pass him in the race. One good catch of fish does not make him a fisherman nor one housebeam neatly adzed, a carpenter; the whole emphasis is upon a steady demonstration of increasing skill which will be earnest of the necessary superiority over his fellows. Only the lazy, the shiftless, the ambitionless fail to respond to this competition. The one exception to this is in the case of the son or heir of the high chief who may be made the *manaia* at twenty. But here his high rank has already subjected him to more rigorous discipline and careful training than the other youths, and as *manaia*, he is the titular head of the *Aumaga*, and must lead it well or lose his prestige.

Once having acquired a *matai* name and entered the *Fono*, differences in temperament prevail. The *matai* name he receives may be a very small one, carrying with it no right to a post in the council house, or other prerogatives. It may be so small that *matai* though he is, he does not try to command a household, but lives instead in the shadow of some more important relative. But he will be a member of the *Fono*, classed with the elders of the village, and removed forever from the hearty group activities of the young men. Should he become a widower and wish to court a new wife, he can only do so by laying aside his *matai* name and entering her house under the fiction that he is still a youth. His main preoccupation is the affairs of the village; his

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main diversion, hours spent in ceremonious argument in some meeting. He always carries his bundle of beaten cocoanut fibre and as he talks, he rolls the fibres together on his bare thigh.

The less ambitious rest upon this achievement. The more ambitious continue the game, for higher titles, for greater prestige as craftsmen or orators, for the control of more strings in the political game. At last the preference for the most able, the very preference which, in defiance of laws of primogeniture or direct descent, may have given a man his title, takes it away from him. For should he live beyond his prime, fifty-five or sixty, his name is taken from him and given to another, and he is given a "little *matai* name," so that he may still sit with the other *matais* and drink his kava. These old men stay at home, guard the house while the others go inland to the plantations, superintend the children, braid cinet and give advice, or in a final perverse assertion of authority, fail to give it. One young chief who had been given his father's name during his father's lifetime, complained to me: "I had no old man to help me. My father was angry that his title was given to me and he would tell me nothing. My mother was wise but she came from another island and did not know well the ancient ways of our village. There was no old one in the house to sit with me in the evening and fill my ears with the things from the olden time. A young *matai* should always have an old man beside him, who,

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even though he is deaf and cannot always hear his questions, can still tell him many things."

The women's lives pursue a more even tenor. The wives of chiefs and talking chiefs have to give some time to the mastery of ceremonial. The old women who become midwives or doctors pursue their professions but seldom and in a furtive, private fashion. The menopause is marked by some slight temperamental instability, irritability, finickiness about food, a tendency to sudden whims and inexplicable fancies. Once past the menopause and relieved of child-bearing, a woman turns her attention again to the heavy work of the plantations. The hardest work of the village is done by women between forty-five and fifty-five. Then, as age approaches, she settles down to performing the skilled tasks in the household, to weaving and tapa making.

Where a man is disqualified from active work by rheumatism, elephantiasis, or general feebleness, his rôle as a teacher is diminished. He can teach the aspirant young fisherman the lore of fishing but not the technique. The old woman on the other hand is mistress of housebound crafts and to her must go the girl who is ambitious to become a skilled weaver. Another can gather the herbs which she needs for her medicines, while she keeps the secret of compounding them. The ceremonial burning of the candle-nut to obtain black dye is in the hands of very old women. And also these



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old women are usually more of a power within the household than the old men. The men rule partly by the authority conferred by their titles, but their wives and sisters rule by force of personality and knowledge of human nature. A life-long preoccupation within the smaller group makes them omniscient and tyrannical. They suffer no diminution of prestige except such as is inherent in the complete loss of their faculties.

The feeling for generation is retained until death, and the very old people sit in the sun and talk softly without regard for taboo or sex.

### XIII

#### OUR EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF SAMOAN CONTRASTS

FOR many chapters we have followed the lives of Samoan girls, watched them change from babies to baby-tenders, learn to make the oven and weave fine mats, forsake the life of the gang to become more active members of the household, defer marriage through as many years of casual love-making as possible, finally marry and settle down to rearing children who will repeat the same cycle. As far as our material permitted, an experiment has been conducted to discover what the process of development was like in a society very different from our own. Because the length of human life and the complexity of our society did not permit us to make our experiment here, to choose a group of baby girls and bring them to maturity under conditions created for the experiment, it was necessary to go instead to another country where history had set the stage for us. There we found girl children passing through the same process of physical development through which our girls go, cutting their first teeth and losing them, cutting their second teeth, growing tall and ungainly, reaching puberty with their first menstruation, gradually reaching physical maturity, and becoming

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ready to produce the next generation. It was possible to say: Here are the proper conditions for an experiment; the developing girl is a constant factor in America and in Samoa; the civilisation of America and the civilisation of Samoa are different. In the course of development, the process of growth by which the girl baby becomes a grown woman, are the sudden and conspicuous bodily changes which take place at puberty accompanied by a development which is spasmodic, emotionally charged, and accompanied by an awakened religious sense, a flowering of idealism, a great desire for assertion of self against authority—or not? Is adolescence a period of mental and emotional distress for the growing girl as inevitably as teething is a period of misery for the small baby? Can we think of adolescence as a time in the life history of every girl child which carries with it symptoms of conflict and stress as surely as it implies a change in the girl's body?

Following the Samoan girls through every aspect of their lives we have tried to answer this question, and we found throughout that we had to answer it in the negative. The adolescent girl in Samoa differed from her sister who had not reached puberty in one chief respect, that in the older girl certain bodily changes were present which were absent in the younger girl. There were no other great differences to set off the group passing through adolescence from the group which would become adolescent in two years or the group which had become adolescent two years before.

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And if one girl past puberty is undersized while her cousin is tall and able to do heavier work, there will be a difference between them, due to their different physical endowment, which will be far greater than that which is due to puberty. The tall, husky girl will be isolated from her companions, forced to do longer, more adult tasks, rendered shy by a change of clothing, while her cousin, slower to attain her growth, will still be treated as a child and will have to solve only the slightly fewer problems of childhood. The precedent of educators here who recommend special tactics in the treatment of adolescent girls translated into Samoan terms would read: Tall girls are different from short girls of the same age, we must adopt a different method of educating them.

But when we have answered the question we set out to answer we have not finished with the problem. A further question presents itself. If it is proved that adolescence is not necessarily a specially difficult period in a girl's life—and proved it is if we can find any society in which that is so—then what accounts for the presence of storm and stress in American adolescents? First, we may say quite simply, that there must be something in the two civilisations to account for the difference. If the same process takes a different form in two different environments, we cannot make any explanations in terms of the process, for that is the same in both cases. But the social environment is very different and it is to it that we must look for an explana-

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tion. What is there in Samoa which is absent in America, what is there in America which is absent in Samoa, which will account for this difference?

Such a question has enormous implications and any attempt to answer it will be subject to many possibilities of error. But if we narrow our question to the way in which aspects of Samoan life which irremediably affect the life of the adolescent girl differ from the forces which influence our growing girls, it is possible to try to answer it.

The background of these differences is a broad one, with two important components; one is due to characteristics which are Samoan, the other to characteristics which are primitive.

The Samoan background which makes growing up so easy, so simple a matter, is the general casualness of the whole society. For Samoa is a place where no one plays for very high stakes, no one pays very heavy prices, no one suffers for his convictions or fights to the death for special ends. Disagreements between parent and child are settled by the child's moving across the street, between a man and his village by the man's removal to the next village, between a husband and his wife's seducer by a few fine mats. Neither poverty nor great disasters threaten the people to make them hold their lives dearly and tremble for continued existence. No implacable gods, swift to anger and strong to punish, disturb the even tenor of their days. Wars and cannibalism are long since passed away and now the greatest cause for

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tears, short of death itself, is a journey of a relative to another island. No one is hurried along in life or punished harshly for slowness of development. Instead the gifted, the precocious, are held back, until the slowest among them have caught the pace. And in personal relations, caring is as slight. Love and hate, jealousy and revenge, sorrow and bereavement, are all matters of weeks. From the first months of its life, when the child is handed carelessly from one woman's hands to another's, the lesson is learned of not caring for one person greatly, not setting high hopes on any one relationship.

And just as we may feel that the Occident penalises those unfortunates who are born into Western civilisation with a taste for meditation and a complete distaste for activity, so we may say that Samoa is kind to those who have learned the lesson of not caring, and hard upon those few individuals who have failed to learn it. Lola and Mala and little Siva, Lola's sister, all were girls with a capacity for emotion greater than their fellows. And Lola and Mala, passionately desiring affection and too violently venting upon the community their disappointment over their lack of it, were both delinquent, unhappy misfits in a society which gave all the rewards to those who took defeat lightly and turned to some other goal with a smile.

In this casual attitude towards life, in this avoidance of conflict, of poignant situations, Samoa contrasts strongly not only with America but also with most prim-



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itive civilisations. And however much we may deplore such an attitude and feel that important personalities and great art are not born in so shallow a society, we must recognise that here is a strong factor in the painless development from childhood to womanhood. For where no one feels very strongly, the adolescent will not be tortured by poignant situations. There are no such disastrous choices as those which confronted young people who felt that the service of God demanded forswearing the world forever, as in the Middle Ages, or cutting off one's finger as a religious offering, as among the Plains Indians. So, high up in our list of explanations we must place the lack of deep feeling which the Samoans have conventionalised until it is the very framework of all their attitudes toward life.

And next there is the most striking way in which all isolated primitive civilisation and many modern ones differ from our own, in the number of choices which are permitted to each individual. Our children grow up to find a world of choices dazzling their unaccustomed eyes. In religion they may be Catholics, Protestants, Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, Agnostics, Atheists, or even pay no attention at all to religion. This is an unthinkable situation in any primitive society not exposed to foreign influence. There is one set of gods, one accepted religious practice, and if a man does not believe, his only recourse is to believe less than his fellows; he may scoff but there is no new faith to which he may turn. Present-day Manu'a approximates this

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condition; all are Christians of the same sect. There is no conflict in matters of belief although there is a difference in practice between Church-members and non-Church-members. And it was remarked that in the case of several of the growing girls the need for choice between these two practices may some day produce a conflict. But at present the Church makes too slight a bid for young unmarried members to force the adolescent to make any decision.

Similarly, our children are faced with half a dozen standards of morality: a double sex standard for men and women, a single standard for men and women, and groups which advocate that the single standard should be freedom while others argue that the single standard should be absolute monogamy. Trial marriage, companionate marriage, contract marriage—all these possible solutions of a social impasse are paraded before the growing children while the actual conditions in their own communities and the moving pictures and magazines inform them of mass violations of every code, violations which march under no banners of social reform.

The Samoan child faces no such dilemma. Sex is a natural, pleasurable thing; the freedom with which it may be indulged in is limited by just one consideration, social status. Chiefs' daughters and chiefs' wives should indulge in no extra-marital experiments. Responsible adults, heads of households and mothers of families should have too many important matters on

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hand to leave them much time for casual amorous adventures. Every one in the community agrees about the matter, the only dissenters are the missionaries who dissent so vainly that their protests are unimportant. But as soon as a sufficient sentiment gathers about the missionary attitude with its European standard of sex behaviour, the need for choice, the forerunner of conflict, will enter into Samoan society.

Our young people are faced by a series of different groups which believe different things and advocate different practices, and to each of which some trusted friend or relative may belong. So a girl's father may be a Presbyterian, an imperialist, a vegetarian, a teetotaler, with a strong literary preference for Edmund Burke, a believer in the open shop and a high tariff, who believes that woman's place is in the home, that young girls should wear corsets, not roll their stockings, not smoke, nor go riding with young men in the evening. But her mother's father may be a Low Episcopalian, a believer in high living, a strong advocate of States' Rights and the Monroe Doctrine, who reads Rabelais, likes to go to musical shows and horse races. Her aunt is an agnostic, an ardent advocate of woman's rights, an internationalist who rests all her hopes on Esperanto, is devoted to Bernard Shaw, and spends her spare time in campaigns of anti-vivisection. Her elder brother, whom she admires exceedingly, has just spent two years at Oxford. He is an Anglo-Catholic, an enthusiast concerning all things mediæval, writes mystical poetry,

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reads Chesterton, and means to devote his life to seeking for the lost secret of mediæval stained glass. Her mother's younger brother is an engineer, a strict materialist, who never recovered from reading Haeckel in his youth; he scorns art, believes that science will save the world, scoffs at everything that was said and thought before the nineteenth century, and ruins his health by experiments in the scientific elimination of sleep. Her mother is of a quietistic frame of mind, very much interested in Indian philosophy, a pacifist, a strict non-participator in life, who in spite of her daughter's devotion to her will not make any move to enlist her enthusiasms. And this may be within the girl's own household. Add to it the groups represented, defended, advocated by her friends, her teachers, and the books which she reads by accident, and the list of possible enthusiasms, of suggested allegiances, incompatible with one another, becomes appalling.

The Samoan girl's choices are far otherwise. Her father is a member of the Church and so is her uncle. Her father lives in a village where there is good fishing, her uncle in a village where there are plenty of cocoanut crabs. Her father is a good fisherman and in his house there is plenty to eat; her uncle is a talking chief and his frequent presents of bark cloth provide excellent dance dresses. Her paternal grandmother, who lives with her uncle, can teach her many secrets of healing; her maternal grandmother, who lives with her mother, is an expert weaver of fans. The boys in her uncle's

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village are admitted younger into the *Aumaga* and are not much fun when they come to call; but there are three boys in her own village whom she likes very much. And her great dilemma is whether to live with her father or her uncle, a frank, straightforward problem which introduces no ethical perplexities, no question of impersonal logic. Nor will her choice be taken as a personal matter, as the American girl's allegiance to the views of one relative might be interpreted by her other relatives. The Samoans will be sure she chose one residence rather than the other for perfectly good reasons, the food was better, she had a lover in one village, or she had quarrelled with a lover in the other village. In each case she was making concrete choices within one recognised pattern of behaviour. She was never called upon to make choices involving an actual rejection of the standards of her social group, such as the daughter of Puritan parents, who permits indiscriminate caresses, must make in our society.

And not only are our developing children faced by a series of groups advocating different and mutually exclusive standards, but a more perplexing problem presents itself to them. Because our civilisation is woven of so many diverse strands, the ideas which any one group accepts will be found to contain numerous contradictions. So if the girl has given her allegiance whole-heartedly to some one group and has accepted in good faith their asseverations that they alone are right and all other philosophies of life are Antichrist and

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anathema, her troubles are still not over. While the less thoughtful receives her worst blows in the discovery that what father thinks is good, grandfather thinks is bad, and that things which are permitted at home are banned at school, the more thoughtful child has subtler difficulties in store for her. If she has philosophically accepted the fact that there are several standards among which she must choose, she may still preserve a child-like faith in the coherence of her chosen philosophy. Beyond the immediate choice which was so puzzling and hard to make, which perhaps involved hurting her parents or alienating her friends, she expects peace. But she has not reckoned with the fact that each of the philosophies with which she is confronted is itself but the half-ripened fruit of compromise. If she accept Christianity, she is immediately confused between the Gospel teachings concerning peace and the value of human life and the Church's whole-hearted acceptance of war. The compromise made seventeen centuries ago between the Roman philosophy of war and domination, and the early Church doctrine of peace and humility, is still present to confuse the modern child. If she accepts the philosophic premises upon which the Declaration of Independence of the United States was founded, she finds herself faced with the necessity of reconciling the belief in the equality of man and our institutional pledges of equality of opportunity with our treatment of the Negro and the Oriental. The diversity of standards in present-day society is so strik-



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ing that the dullest, the most incurious, cannot fail to notice it. And this diversity is so old, so embodied in semi-solutions, in those compromises between different philosophies which we call Christianity, or democracy, or humanitarianism, that it baffles the most intelligent, the most curious, the most analytical.

So for the explanation of the lack of poignancy in the choices of growing girls in Samoa, we must look to the temperament of the Samoan civilisation which discounts strong feeling. But for the explanation of the lack of conflict we must look principally to the difference between a simple, homogenous primitive civilisation, a civilisation which changes so slowly that to each generation it appears static, and a motley, diverse, heterogeneous modern civilisation.

And in making the comparison there is a third consideration, the lack of neuroses among the Samoans, the great number of neuroses among ourselves. We must examine the factors in the early education of the Samoan children which have fitted them for a normal, un-neurotic development. The findings of the behaviourists and of the psychoanalysts alike lay great emphasis upon the enormous rôle which is played by the environment of the first few years. Children who have been given a bad start are often found to function badly later on when they are faced with important choices. And we know that the more severe the choice, the more conflict; the more poignancy is attached to the demands made upon the individual, the more neuroses will re-

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sult. History, in the form of the last war, provided a stupendous illustration of the great number of maimed and handicapped individuals whose defects showed only under very special and terrible stress. Without the war, there is no reason to believe that many of these shell-shocked individuals might not have gone through life unremarked; the bad start, the fears, the complexes, the bad conditionings of early childhood, would never have borne positive enough fruit to attract the attention of society.

The implications of this observation are double. Samoa's lack of difficult situations, of conflicting choice, of situations in which fear or pain or anxiety are sharpened to a knife edge will probably account for a large part of the absence of psychological maladjustment. Just as a low-grade moron would not be hopelessly handicapped in Samoa, although he would be a public charge in a large American city, so individuals with slight nervous instability have a much more favourable chance in Samoa than in America. Furthermore the amount of individualisation, the range of variation, is much smaller in Samoa. Within our wider limits of deviation there are inevitably found weak and non-resistant temperaments. And just as our society shows a greater development of personality, so also it shows a larger proportion of individuals who have succumbed before the complicated exactions of modern life.

Nevertheless, it is possible that there are factors in the early environment of the Samoan child which are

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particularly favourable to the establishment of nervous stability. Just as a child from a better home environment in our civilisation may be presumed to have a better chance under all circumstances it is conceivable that the Samoan child is not only handled more gently by its culture but that it is also better equipped for those difficulties which it does meet.

Such an assumption is given force by the fact that little Samoan children pass apparently unharmed through experiences which often have grave effects on individual development in our civilisation. Our life histories are filled with the later difficulties which can be traced back to some early, highly charged experience with sex or with birth or death. And yet Samoan children are familiarised at an early age and without disaster, with all three. It is very possible that there are aspects of the life of the young child in Samoa which equip it particularly well for passing through life without nervous instability.

With this hypothesis in mind it is worth while to consider in more detail which parts of the young child's social environment are most strikingly different from ours. Most of these centre about the family situation, the environment which impinges earliest and most intensely upon the child's consciousness. The organisation of a Samoan household eliminates at one stroke, in almost all cases, many of the special situations which are believed to be productive of undesirable emotional sets. The youngest, the oldest, and the only child,

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hardly ever occur because of the large number of children in a household, all of whom receive the same treatment. Few children are weighted down with responsibility, or rendered domineering and overbearing as eldest children so often are, or isolated, condemned to the society of adults and robbed of the socialising effect of contact with other children, as only children so often are. No child is petted and spoiled until its view of its own deserts is hopelessly distorted, as is so often the fate of the youngest child. But in the few cases where Samoan family life does approximate ours, the special attitudes incident to order of birth and to close affectional ties with the parent tend to develop.

The close relationship between parent and child, which has such a decisive influence upon so many in our civilisation, that submission to the parent or defiance of the parent may become the dominating pattern of a lifetime, is not found in Samoa. Children reared in households where there are a half dozen adult women to care for them and dry their tears, and a half dozen adult males, all of whom represent constituted authority, do not distinguish their parents as sharply as our children do. The image of the fostering, loving mother, or the admirable father, which may serve to determine affectional choices later in life, is a composite affair, composed of several aunts, cousins, older sisters and grandmothers; of chief, father, uncles, brothers and cousins. Instead of learning as its first lesson that here is a kind mother whose special and principal care is for its

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welfare, and a father whose authority is to be deferred to, the Samoan baby learns that its world is composed of a hierarchy of male and female adults, all of whom can be depended upon and must be deferred to.

The lack of specialised feeling which results from this diffusion of affection in the household is further reinforced by the segregation of the boys from the girls, so that a child regards the children of the opposite sex as taboo relatives, regardless of individuality, or as present enemies and future lovers, again regardless of individuality. And the substitution of relationship for preference in forming friendships completes the work. By the time she reaches puberty the Samoan girl has learned to subordinate choice in the selection of friends or lovers to an observance of certain categories. Friends must be relatives of one's own sex; lovers, non-relatives. All claim of personal attraction or congeniality between relatives of opposite sex must be flouted. All of this means that casual sex relations carry no onus of strong attachment, that the marriage of convenience dictated by economic and social considerations is easily born and casually broken without strong emotion.

Nothing could present a sharper contrast to the average American home, with its small number of children, the close, theoretically permanent tie between the parents, the drama of the entrance of each new child upon the scene and the deposition of the last baby. Here the growing girl learns to depend upon a few individuals, to expect the rewards of life from cer-

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tain kinds of personalities. With this first set towards preference in personal relations she grows up playing with boys as well as with girls, learning to know well brothers and cousins and schoolmates. She does not think of boys as a class but as individuals, nice ones like the brother of whom she is fond, or disagreeable, domineering ones, like a brother with whom she is always on bad terms. Preference in physical make-up, in temperament, in character, develops and forms the foundations for a very different adult attitude in which choice plays a vivid rôle. The Samoan girl never tastes the rewards of romantic love as we know it, nor does she suffer as an old maid who has appealed to no lover or found no lover appealing to her, or as the frustrated wife in a marriage which has not fulfilled her high demands.

Having learned a little of the art of disciplining sex feeling into special channels approved by the whole personality, we will be inclined to account our solution better than the Samoans. To attain what we consider a more dignified standard of personal relations we are willing to pay the penalty of frigidity in marriage and a huge toll of barren, unmarried women who move in unsatisfied procession across the American and English stage. But while granting the desirability of this development of sensitive, discriminating response to personality, as a better basis for dignified human lives than an automatic, undifferentiated response to sex attraction, we may still, in the light of Samoan solutions, count our methods exceedingly expensive.



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The strict segregation of related boys and girls, the institutionalised hostility between pre-adolescent children of opposite sexes in Samoa are cultural features with which we are completely out of sympathy. For the vestiges of such attitudes, expressed in our one-sex schools, we are trying to substitute coeducation, to habituate one sex to another sufficiently so that difference of sex will be lost sight of in the more important and more striking differences in personality. There are no recognisable gains in the Samoan system of taboo and segregation, of response to a group rather than response to an individual. But when we contrast the other factor of difference the conclusion is not so sure. What are the rewards of the tiny, ingrown, biological family opposing its closed circle of affection to a forbidding world, of the strong ties between parents and children, ties which imply an active personal relation from birth until death? Specialisation of affection, it is true, but at the price of many individuals' preserving through life the attitudes of dependent children, of ties between parents and children which successfully defeat the children's attempts to make other adjustments, of necessary choices made unnecessarily poignant because they become issues in an intense emotional relationship. Perhaps these are too heavy prices to pay for a specialisation of emotion which might be brought about in other ways, notably through coeducation. And with such a question in our minds it is interesting to note that a larger family community, in which there

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are several adult men and women, seems to ensure the child against the development of the crippling attitudes which have been labelled Œdipus complexes, Electra complexes, and so on.

The Samoan picture shows that it is not necessary to channel so deeply the affection of a child for its parents and suggests that while we would reject that part of the Samoan scheme which holds no rewards for us, the segregation of the sexes before puberty, we may learn from a picture in which the home does not dominate and distort the life of the child.

The presence of many strongly held and contradictory points of view and the enormous influence of individuals in the lives of their children in our country play into each other's hands in producing situations fraught with emotion and pain. In Samoa the fact that one girl's father is a domineering, dogmatic person, her cousin's father a gentle, reasonable person, and another cousin's father a vivid, brilliant, eccentric person, will influence the three girls in only one respect, choice of residence if any one of the three fathers is the head of a household. But the attitudes of the three girls towards sex, and towards religion, will not be affected by the different temperaments of their three fathers, for the fathers play too slight a rôle in their lives. They are schooled not by an individual but by an army of relatives into a general conformity upon which the personality of their parents has a very slight effect. And through an endless chain of cause and effect, individual

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differences of standard are not perpetuated through the children's adherence to the parents' position, nor are children thrown into bizarre, untypical attitudes which might form the basis for departure and change. It is possible that where our own culture is so charged with choice, it would be desirable to mitigate, at least in some slight measure, the strong rôle which parents play in children's lives, and so eliminate one of the most powerful accidental factors in the choices of any individual life.

The Samoan parent would reject as unseemly and odious an ethical plea made to a child in terms of personal affection. "Be good to please mother." "Go to church for father's sake." "Don't be so disagreeable to your sister, it makes father so unhappy." Where there is one standard of conduct and only one, such undignified confusion of ethics and affection is blessedly eliminated. But where there are many standards and all adults are striving desperately to bind their own children to the particular courses which they themselves have chosen, recourse is had to devious and non-reputable means. Beliefs, practices, courses of action, are pressed upon the child in the name of filial loyalty. In our ideal picture of the freedom of the individual and the dignity of human relations it is not pleasant to realise that we have developed a form of family organisation which often cripples the emotional life, and warps and confuses the growth of many individuals' power to consciously live their own lives.

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The third element in the Samoan pattern of lack of personal relationships and lack of specialised affection, is the case of friendship. Here, most of all, individuals are placed in categories and the response is to the category, "relative," or "wife of my husband's talking chief," or "son of my father's talking chief," or "daughter of my father's talking chief." Consideration of congeniality, of like-mindedness, are all ironed out in favour of regimented associations. Such attitudes we would of course reject completely.

Drawing the threads of this particular discussion together, we may say that one striking difference between Samoan society and our own is the lack of the specialisation of feeling, and particularly of sex feeling, among the Samoans. To this difference is undoubtedly due a part of the lack of difficulty of marital adjustments in a marriage of convenience, and the lack of frigidity or psychic impotence. This lack of specialisation of feeling must be attributed to the large heterogeneous household, the segregation of the sexes before adolescence, and the regimentation of friendship—chiefly along relationship lines. And yet, although we deplore the prices in maladjusted and frustrated lives, which we must pay for the greater specialisation of sex feeling in our own society, we nevertheless vote the development of specialised response as a gain which we would not relinquish. But an examination of these three causal factors suggests that we might accomplish our desired end, the development of a consciousness of

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personality, through coeducation and free and unregimented friendships, and possibly do away with the evils inherent in the too intimate family organisation, thus eliminating a part of our penalty of maladjustment without sacrificing any of our dearly bought gains.

The next great difference between Samoa and our own culture which may be credited with a lower production of maladjusted individuals is the difference in the attitude towards sex and the education of the children in matters pertaining to birth and death. None of the facts of sex or of birth are regarded as unfit for children, no child has to conceal its knowledge for fear of punishment or ponder painfully over little-understood occurrences. Secrecy, ignorance, guilty knowledge, faulty speculations resulting in grotesque conceptions which may have far-reaching results, a knowledge of the bare physical facts of sex without a knowledge of the accompanying excitement, of the fact of birth without the pains of labour, of the fact of death without the fact of corruption—all the chief flaws in our fatal philosophy of sparing children a knowledge of the dreadful truth—are absent in Samoa. Furthermore, the Samoan child who participates intimately in the lives of a host of relatives has many and varied experiences upon which to base its emotional attitudes. Our children, confined within one family circle (and such confinement is becoming more and more frequent with the growth of cities and the substitution of apartment houses with a transitory population for a neighbourhood of house-

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holders), often owe their only experience with birth or death to the birth of a younger brother or sister or the death of a parent or grandparent. Their knowledge of sex, aside from children's gossip, comes from an accidental glimpse of parental activity. This has several very obvious disadvantages. In the first place, the child is dependent for its knowledge upon birth and death entering its own home; the youngest child in a family where there are no deaths may grow to adult life without ever having had any close knowledge of pregnancy, experience with young children, or contact with death.

A host of ill-digested fragmentary conceptions of life and death will fester in the ignorant, inexperienced mind and provide a fertile field for the later growth of unfortunate attitudes. Second, such children draw their experiences from too emotionally toned a field; one birth may be the only one with which they come in close contact for the first twenty years of their lives. And upon the accidental aspects of this particular birth their whole attitude is dependent. If the birth is that of a younger child who usurps the elder's place, if the mother dies in child bed, or if the child which is born is deformed, birth may seem a horrible thing, fraught with only unwelcome consequences. If the only death bed at which one has ever watched is the death bed of one's mother, the bare fact of death may carry all the emotion which that bereavement aroused, carry forever an effect out of all proportion to the particular deaths encountered later in life. And inter-



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course seen only once or twice, between relatives towards whom the child has complicated emotional attitudes, may produce any number of false assumptions. Our records of maladjusted children are full of cases where children have misunderstood the nature of the sexual act, have interpreted it as struggle accompanied by anger, or as chastisement, have recoiled in terror from one highly charged experience. So our children are dependent upon accident for their experience of life and death; and those experiences which they are vouchsafed, lie within the intimate family circle and so are the worst possible way of learning general facts about which it is important to acquire no special, distorted attitudes. One death, two births, one sex experience, is a generous total for the child brought up under living conditions which we consider consonant with an American standard of living. And considering the number of illustrations which we consider it necessary to give of how to calculate the number of square feet of paper necessary to paper a room eight feet by twelve feet by fourteen feet, or how to parse an English sentence, this is a low standard of illustration. It might be argued that these are experiences of such high emotional tone that repetition is unnecessary. It might also be argued if a child were severely beaten before being given its first lesson in calculating how to paper a room, and as a sequel to the lesson, saw its father hit its mother with the poker, it would always remember that arithmetic lesson. But what it would

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know about the real nature of the calculations involved in room-papering is doubtful. In one or two experiences, the child is given no perspective, no chance to relegate the grotesque and unfamiliar physical details of the life process to their proper place. False impressions, part impressions, repulsion, nausea, horror, grow up about some fact experienced only once under intense emotional stress and in an atmosphere unfavourable to the child's attaining any real understanding.

A standard of reticence which forbids the child any sort of comment upon its experiences makes for the continuance of such false impressions, such hampering emotional attitudes, questions such as, "Why were grandma's lips so blue?" are promptly hushed. In Samoa, where decomposition sets in almost at once, a frank, naïve repugnance to the odours of corruption on the part of all the participants at a funeral robs the physical aspect of death of any special significance. So, in our arrangements, the child is not allowed to repeat his experiences, and he is not permitted to discuss those which he has had and correct his mistakes.

With the Samoan child it is profoundly different. Intercourse, pregnancy, child birth, death, are all familiar occurrences. And the Samoan child experiences them in no such ordered fashion as we, were we to decide for widening the child's experimental field, would regard as essential. In a civilisation which suspects privacy, children of neighbours will be accidental and unemotional spectators in a house where the head

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of the household is dying or the wife is delivered of a miscarriage. The pathology of the life processes is known to them, as well as the normal. One impression corrects an earlier one until they are able, as adolescents, to think about life and death and emotion without undue preoccupation with the purely physical details.

It must not be supposed, however, that the mere exposure of children to scenes of birth and death would be a sufficient guarantee against the growth of undesirable attitudes. Probably even more influential than the facts which are so copiously presented to them, is the attitude of mind with which their elders regard the matter. To them, birth and sex and death are the natural, inevitable structure of existence, of an existence in which they expect their youngest children to share. Our so often repeated comment that "it's not natural" for children to be permitted to encounter death would seem as incongruous to them as if we were to say it was not natural for children to see other people eat or sleep. And this calm, matter-of-fact acceptance of their children's presence envelops the children in a protective atmosphere, saves them from shock and binds them closer to the common emotion which is so dignifiedly permitted them.

As in every case, it is here impossible to separate attitude from practice and say which is primary. The distinction is made only for our use in another civilisation. The individual American parents, who believe in a practice like the Samoan, and permit their children

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to see adult human bodies and gain a wider experience of the functioning of the human body than is commonly permitted in our civilisation, are building upon sand. For the child, as soon as it leaves the protecting circle of its home, is blasted by an attitude which regards such experience in children as ugly and unnatural. As likely as not, the attempt of the individual parents will have done the child more harm than good, for the necessary supporting social attitude is lacking. This is just a further example of the possibilities of maladjustment inherent in a society where each home differs from each other home; for it is in the fact of difference that the strain lies rather than in the nature of the difference.

Upon this quiet acceptance of the physical facts of life, the Samoans build, as they grow older, an acceptance of sex. Here again it is necessary to sort out which parts of their practice seem to produce results which we certainly deprecate, and which produce results which we desire. It is possible to analyse Samoan sex practice from the standpoint of development of personal relationships on the one hand, and of the obviation of specific difficulties upon the other.

We have seen that the Samoans have a low level of appreciation of personality differences, and a poverty of conception of personal relations. To such an attitude the acceptance of promiscuity undoubtedly contributes. The contemporaneousness of several experiences, their short duration, the definite avoidance of forming any affectional ties, the blithe acceptance of the

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dictates of a favourable occasion, as in the expectation of infidelity in any wife whose husband is long from home, all serve to make sex an end rather than a means, something which is valued in itself, and deprecated inasmuch as it tends to bind one individual to another. Whether such a disregard of personal relations is completely contingent upon the sex habits of the people is doubtful. It probably is also a reflection of a more general cultural attitude in which personality is consistently disregarded. But there is one respect in which these very practices make possible a recognition of personality which is often denied to many in our civilisation, because, from the Samoans' complete knowledge of sex, its possibilities and its rewards, they are able to count it at its true value. And if they have no preference for reserving sex activity for important relationships, neither do they regard relationships as important because they are productive of sex satisfaction. The Samoan girl who shrugs her shoulder over the excellent technique of some young Lothario is nearer to the recognition of sex as an impersonal force without any intrinsic validity, than is the sheltered American girl who falls in love with the first man who kisses her. From their familiarity with the reverberations which accompany sex excitement comes this recognition of the essential impersonality of sex attraction which we may well envy them; from the too slight, too casual practice comes the disregard of personality which seems to us unlovely.

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The fashion in which their sex practice reduces the possibility of neuroses has already been discussed. By discounting our category of perversion, as applied to practice, and reserving it for the occasional psychic pervert, they legislate a whole field of neurotic possibility out of existence. Onanism, homosexuality, statistically unusual forms of heterosexual activity, are neither banned nor institutionalised. The wider range which these practices give prevents the development of obsessions of guilt which are so frequent a cause of maladjustment among us. The more varied practices permitted heterosexually preserve any individual from being penalised for special conditioning. This acceptance of a wider range as "normal" provides a cultural atmosphere in which frigidity and psychic impotence do not occur and in which a satisfactory sex adjustment in marriage can always be established. The acceptance of such an attitude without in any way accepting promiscuity would go a long way towards solving many marital impasses and emptying our park benches and our houses of prostitution.

Among the factors in the Samoan scheme of life which are influential in producing stable, well-adjusted, robust individuals, the organisation of the family and the attitude towards sex are undoubtedly the most important. But it is necessary to note also the general educational concept which disapproves of precocity and coddles the slow, the laggard, the inept. In a society where the tempo of life was faster, the rewards greater,



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the amount of energy expended larger, the bright children might develop symptoms of boredom. But the slower pace dictated by the climate, the complacent, peaceful society, and the compensation of the dance, in its blatant precocious display of individuality which drains off some of the discontent which the bright child feels, prevent any child from becoming too bored. And the dullard is not goaded and dragged along faster than he is able until, sick with making an impossible effort, he gives up entirely. This educational policy also tends to blur individual differences and so to minimise jealousy, rivalry, emulation, those social attitudes which arise out of discrepancies of endowment and are so far-reaching in their effects upon the adult personality.

It is one way of solving the problem of differences between individuals and a method of solution exceedingly congenial to a strict adult world. The longer the child is kept in a subject, non-initiating state, the more of the general cultural attitude it will absorb, the less of a disturbing element it will become. Furthermore, if time is given them, the dullards can learn enough to provide a stout body of conservatives upon whose shoulders the burden of the civilisation can safely rest. Giving titles to young men would put a premium upon the exceptional; giving titles to men of forty, who have at last acquired sufficient training to hold them, assures the continuation of the usual. It also discourages the brilliant so that their social contribution is slighter than it might otherwise have been.

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We are slowly feeling our way towards a solution of this problem, at least in the case of formal education. Until very recently our educational system offered only two very partial solutions of the difficulties inherent in a great discrepancy between children of different endowment and different rates of development. One solution was to allow a sufficiently long time to each educational step so that all but the mentally defective could succeed, a method similar to the Samoan one and without its compensatory dance floor. The bright child, held back, at intolerably boring tasks, unless he was fortunate enough to find some other outlet for his unused energy, was likely to expend it upon truancy and general delinquency. Our only alternative to this was "skipping" a child from one grade to another, relying upon the child's superior intelligence to bridge the gaps. This was a method congenial to American enthusiasm for meteoric careers from canal boat and log cabin to the White House. Its disadvantages in giving the child a sketchy, discontinuous background, in removing it from its age group, have been enumerated too often to need repetition here. But it is worthy of note that with a very different valuation of individual ability than that entertained by Samoan society we used for years one solution, similar and less satisfactory than theirs, in our formal educational attempts.

The methods which experimental educators are substituting for these unsatisfactory solutions, schemes like the Dalton Plan, or the rapidly moving classes in

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which a group of children can move ahead at a high, even rate of speed without hurt to themselves or to their duller fellows, is a striking example of the results of applying reason to the institutions of our society. The old red school-house was almost as haphazard and accidental a phenomenon as the Samoan dance floor. It was an institution which had grown up in response to a vaguely felt, unanalysed need. Its methods were analogous to the methods used by primitive peoples, non-rationalised solutions of pressing problems. But the institutionalisation of different methods of education for children of different capacities and different rates of development is not like anything which we find in Samoa or in any other primitive society. It is the conscious, intelligent directing of human institutions in response to observed human needs.

Still another factor in Samoan education which results in different attitudes is the place of work and play in the children's lives. Samoan children do not learn to work through learning to play, as the children of many primitive peoples do. Nor are they permitted a period of lack of responsibility such as our children are allowed. From the time they are four or five years old they perform definite tasks, graded to their strength and intelligence, but still tasks which have a meaning in the structure of the whole society. This does not mean that they have less time for play than American children who are shut up in schools from

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nine to three o'clock every day. Before the introduction of schools to complicate the ordered routine of their lives, the time spent by the Samoan child in running errands, sweeping the house, carrying water, and taking actual care of the baby, was possibly less than that which the American school child devotes to her studies.

The difference lies not in the proportion of time in which their activities are directed and the proportion in which they are free, but rather in the difference of attitude. With the professionalisation of education and the specialisation of industrial tasks which has stripped the individual home of its former variety of activities, our children are not made to feel that the time they do devote to supervised activity is functionally related to the world of adult activity. Although this lack of connection is more apparent than real, it is still sufficiently vivid to be a powerful determinant in the child's attitude. The Samoan girl who tends babies, carries water, sweeps the floor; or the little boy who digs for bait, or collects cocoanuts, has no such difficulty. The necessary nature of their tasks is obvious. And the practice of giving a child a task which he can do well and never permitting a childish, inefficient tinkering with adult apparatus, such as we permit to our children, who bang aimlessly and destructively on their fathers' typewriters, results in a different attitude towards work. American children spend hours in schools learning tasks whose visible relation to their mothers'

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and fathers' activities is often quite impossible to recognise. Their participation in adults' activities is either in terms of toys, tea-sets and dolls and toy automobiles, or else a meaningless and harmful tampering with the electric light system. (It must be understood that here, as always, when I say American, I do not mean those Americans recently arrived from Europe, who still present a different tradition of education. Such a group would be the Southern Italians, who still expect productive work from their children.)

So our children make a false set of categories, work, play, and school; work for adults, play for children's pleasure, and schools as an inexplicable nuisance with some compensations. These false distinctions are likely to produce all sorts of strange attitudes, an apathetic treatment of a school which bears no known relation to life, a false dichotomy between work and play, which may result either in a dread of work as implying irksome responsibility or in a later contempt for play as childish.

The Samoan child's dichotomy is different. Work consists of those necessary tasks which keep the social life going: planting and harvesting and preparation of food, fishing, house-building, mat-making, care of children, collecting of property to validate marriages and births and succession to titles and to entertain strangers, these are the necessary activities of life, activities in which every member of the community, down to the smallest child, has a part. Work is not a way of ac-

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quiring leisure; where every household produces its own food and clothes and furniture, where there is no large amount of fixed capital and households of high rank are simply characterised by greater industry in the discharge of greater obligations, our whole picture of saving, of investment, of deferred enjoyment, is completely absent. (There is even a lack of clearly defined seasons of harvest, which would result in special abundance of food and consequent feasting. Food is always abundant, except in some particular village where a few weeks of scarcity may follow a period of lavish entertaining.) Rather, work is something which goes on all the time for every one; no one is exempt; few are overworked. There is social reward for the industrious, social toleration for the man who does barely enough. And there is always leisure—leisure, be it noted, which is not the result of hard work or accumulated capital at all, but is merely the result of a kindly climate, a small population, a well-integrated social system, and no social demands for spectacular expenditure. And play is what one does with the time left over from working, a way of filling in the wide spaces in a structure of unirksome work.

Play includes dancing, singing, games, weaving necklaces of flowers, flirting, repartee, all forms of sex activity. And there are social institutions like the ceremonial inter-village visit which partake of both work and play. But the distinctions between work as something one has to do but dislikes, and play as something



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one wants to do; of work as the main business of adults, play as the main concern of children, are conspicuously absent. Children's play is like adults' play in kind, interest, and in its proportion to work. And the Samoan child has no desire to turn adult activities into play, to translate one sphere into the other. I had a box of white clay pipes for blowing soap bubbles sent me. The children were familiar with soap bubbles, but their native method of blowing them was very inferior to the use of clay pipes. But after a few minutes' delight in the unusual size and beauty of the soap bubbles, one little girl after another asked me if she might please take her pipe home to her mother, for pipes were meant to smoke, not to play with. Foreign dolls did not interest them, and they have no dolls of their own, although children of other islands weave dolls from the palm leaves from which Samoan children weave balls. They never make toy houses, nor play house, nor sail toy boats. Little boys would climb into a real outrigger canoe and practise paddling it within the safety of the lagoon. This whole attitude gave a greater coherence to the children's lives than we often afford our children.

The intelligibility of a child's life among us is measured only in terms of the behaviour of other children. If all the other children go to school the child who does not feels incongruous in their midst. If the little girl next door is taking music lessons, why can't Mary; or why must Mary take music lessons, if the other lit-

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the girl doesn't take them. But so sharp is our sense of difference between the concerns of children and of adults that the child does not learn to judge its own behaviour in relationship to adult life. So children often learn to regard play as something inherently undignified, and as adults mangle pitifully their few moments of leisure. But the Samoan child measures her every act of work or play in terms of her whole community; each item of conduct is dignified in terms of its realised relationship to the only standard she knows, the life of a Samoan village. So complex and stratified a society as ours cannot hope to develop spontaneously any such simple scheme of education. Again we will be hard put to it to devise ways of participation for children, and means of articulating their school life with the rest of life which will give them the same dignity which Samoa affords her children.

Last among the cultural differences which may influence the emotional stability of the child is the lack of pressure to make important choices. Children are urged to learn, urged to behave, urged to work, but they are not urged to hasten in the choices which they make themselves. The first point at which this attitude makes itself felt is in the matter of the brother and sister taboo, a cardinal point of modesty and decency. Yet the exact stage at which the taboo should be observed is always left to the younger child. When it reaches a point of discretion, of understanding, it will of itself feel "ashamed" and establish the formal

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barrier which will last until old age. Likewise, sex activity is never urged upon the young people, nor marriage forced upon them at a tender age. Where the possibilities of deviation from the accepted standard are so slight, a few years leeway holds no threat for the society. The child who comes later to a realisation of the brother and sister taboo really endangers nothing.

This *laissez faire* attitude has been carried over into the Samoan Christian Church. The Samoan saw no reason why young unmarried people should be pressed to make momentous decisions which would spoil part of their fun in life. Time enough for such serious matters after they were married or later still, when they were quite sure of what steps they were taking and were in less danger of falling from grace every month or so. The missionary authorities, realising the virtues of going slowly and sorely vexed to reconcile Samoan sex ethics with a Western European code, saw the great disadvantages of unmarried Church members who were not locked up in Church schools. Consequently, far from urging the adolescent to think upon her soul the native pastor advises her to wait until she is older, which she is only too glad to do.

But, especially in the case of our Protestant churches, there is a strong preference among us for the appeal to youth. The Reformation, with its emphasis upon individual choice, was unwilling to accept the tacit habitual Church membership which was the Catholic

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pattern, a membership marked by additional sacramental gifts but demanding no sudden conversion, no renewal of religious feeling. But the Protestant solution is to defer the choice only so far as necessary, and the moment the child reaches an age which may be called "years of discretion" it makes a strong, dramatic appeal. This appeal is reinforced by parental and social pressure; the child is bidden to choose now and wisely. While such a position in the churches which stem from the Reformation and its strong emphasis on individual choice was historically inevitable, it is regrettable that the convention has lasted so long. It has even been taken over by non-sectarian reform groups, all of whom regard the adolescent child as the most legitimate field of activity.

In all of these comparisons between Samoan and American culture, many points are useful only in throwing a spotlight upon our own solutions, while in others it is possible to find suggestions for change. Whether or not we envy other peoples one of their solutions, our attitude towards our own solutions must be greatly broadened and deepened by a consideration of the way in which other peoples have met the same problems. Realising that our own ways are not humanly inevitable nor God-ordained, but are the fruit of a long and turbulent history, we may well examine in turn all of our institutions, thrown into strong relief against the history of other civilisations, and weighing them in the balance, be not afraid to find them wanting.

## XIV

### EDUCATION FOR CHOICE

WE have been comparing point for point, our civilisation and the simpler civilisation of Samoa, in order to illuminate our own methods of education. If now we turn from the Samoan picture and take away only the main lesson which we learned there, that adolescence is not necessarily a time of stress and strain, but that cultural conditions make it so, can we draw any conclusions which might bear fruit in the training of our adolescents?

At first blush the answer seems simple enough. If adolescents are only plunged into difficulties and distress because of conditions in their social environment, then by all means let us so modify that environment as to reduce this stress and eliminate this strain and anguish of adjustment. But, unfortunately, the conditions which vex our adolescents are the flesh and bone of our society, no more subject to straightforward manipulation upon our part than is the language which we speak. We can alter a syllable here, a construction there; but the great and far-reaching changes in linguistic structure (as in all parts of culture) are the work of time, a work in which each individual plays an unconscious and inconsiderable part. The principal

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causes of our adolescents' difficulty are the presence of conflicting standards and the belief that every individual should make his or her own choices, coupled with a feeling that choice is an important matter. Given these cultural attitudes, adolescence, regarded now not as a period of physiological change, for we know that physiological puberty need not produce conflict, but as the beginning of mental and emotional maturity, is bound to be filled with conflicts and difficulties. A society which is clamouring for choice, which is filled with many articulate groups, each urging its own brand of salvation, its own variety of economic philosophy, will give each new generation no peace until all have chosen or gone under, unable to bear the conditions of choice. The stress is in our civilisation, not in the physical changes through which our children pass, but it is none the less real nor the less inevitable in twentieth-century America.

And if we look at the particular forms which this need for choice takes, the difficulty of the adolescent's position is only documented further. Because the discussion is principally concerned with girls, I shall discuss the problem from the girls' point of view, but in many respects the plight of the adolescent boy is very similar. Between fourteen and eighteen, the average American boy and girl finish school. They are now ready to go to work and must choose what type of work they wish to do. It might be argued that they often have remarkably little choice. Their education,



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the part of the country in which they live, their skill with their hands, will combine to dictate choice perhaps between the job of cash girl in a department store or of telephone operator, or of clerk or miner. But small as is the number of choices open to them in actuality, the significance of this narrow field of opportunity is blurred by our American theory of endless possibilities. Moving picture, magazine, newspaper, all reiterate the Cinderella story in one form or another, and often the interest lies as much in the way cash girl 456 becomes head buyer as in her subsequent nuptials with the owner of the store. Our occupational classes are not fixed. So many children are better educated and hold more skilled positions than their parents that even the ever-present discrepancy between opportunities open to men and opportunities open to women, although present in a girl's competition with her brother, is often absent as between her unskilled father and herself. It is needless to argue that these attitudes are products of conditions which no longer exist, particularly the presence of a frontier and a large amount of free land which provided a perpetual alternative of occupational choice. A set which was given to our thinking in pioneer days is preserved in other terms. As long as we have immigrants from non-English-speaking countries, the gap in opportunities between non-English-speaking parents and English-speaking children will be vivid and dramatic. Until our standard of education becomes far more stable than it is at present, the continual raising

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of the age and grade until which schooling is compulsory ensures a wide educational gap between many parents and their children. And occupational shifts like the present movements of farmers and farm workers into urban occupations, give the same picture. When the agricultural worker pictures urban work as a step up in the social scale, and the introduction of scientific farming is so radically reducing the numbers needed in agriculture, the movement of young people born on the farm to city jobs is bound to dazzle the imagination of our farming states during the next generation at least. The substitution of machines for unskilled workers and the absorption of many of the workers and their children into positions where they manipulate machines affords another instance of the kind of historical change which keeps our myth of endless opportunity alive. Add to these special features, like the effect upon the prospects of Negro children of the tremendous exodus from the southern corn fields, or upon the children of New England mill-hands who are deprived of an opportunity to follow dully in their parents' footsteps and must at least seek new fields if not better ones.

Careful students of the facts may tell us that class lines are becoming fixed; that while the children of immigrants make advances beyond their parents, they move up in step; that there are fewer spectacular successes among them than there used to be; that it is much more possible to predict the future status of the

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child from the present status of the parent. But this measured comment of the statistician has not filtered into our literature, nor our moving pictures, nor in any way served to minimise the vividness of the improvement in the children's condition as compared with the condition of their parents. Especially in cities, there is no such obvious demonstration of the fact that improvement is the rule for the children of a given class or district, and not merely a case of John Riley's making twenty dollars a week as a crossing man while Mary, his daughter, who has gone to business school, makes twenty-five dollars a week, working shorter hours. The lure of correspondence school advertising, the efflorescence of a doctrine of short-cuts to fame, all contrive to make an American boy or girl's choice of a job different from that of English children, born into a society where stratification is so old, so institutionalised, that the dullest cannot doubt it. So economic conditions force them to go to work and everything combines to make that choice a difficult one, whether in terms of abandoning a care-free existence for a confining, uncongenial one, or in terms of bitter rebellion against the choice which they must make in contrast to the opportunities which they are told are open to all Americans.

And taking a job introduces other factors of difficulty into the adolescent girl's home situation. Her dependence has always been demonstrated in terms of limits and curbs set upon her spontaneous activity in every

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field from spending money to standards of dress and behaviour. Because of the essentially pecuniary nature of our society, the relationship of limitation in terms of allowance to limitation of behaviour are more far-reaching than in earlier times. Parental disapproval of extreme styles of clothing would formerly have expressed itself in a mother's making her daughter's dresses high in the neck and long in the sleeve. Now it expresses itself in control through money. If Mary doesn't stop purchasing chiffon stockings, Mary shall have no money to buy stockings. Similarly, a taste for cigarettes and liquor can only be gratified through money; going to the movies, buying books and magazines of which her parents disapprove, are all dependent upon a girl's having the money, as well as upon her eluding more direct forms of control. And the importance of a supply of money in gratifying all of a girl's desires for clothes and for amusement makes money the easiest channel through which to exert parental authority. So easy is it, that the threat of cutting off an allowance, taking away the money for the one movie a week or the coveted hat, has taken the place of the whippings and bread-and-water exiles which were favourite disciplinary methods in the last century. The parents come to rely upon this method of control. The daughters come to see all censoring of their behaviour, moral, religious or social, the ethical code and the slightest sumptuary provisions in terms of an economic threat. And then at sixteen or

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seventeen the daughter gets a job. No matter how conscientiously she may contribute her share to the expenses of the household, it is probably only in homes where a European tradition still lingers that the wage-earning daughter gives all of her earning to her parents. (This, of course, excludes the cases where the daughter supports her parents, where the vesting of the economic responsibility in her hands changes the picture of parental control in another fashion.) For the first time in her life, she has an income of her own, with no strings of morals or of manners attached to its use. Her parents' chief instrument of discipline is shattered at one blow, but not their desire to direct their daughters' lives. They have not pictured their exercise of control as the right of those who provide, to control those for whom they provide. They have pictured it in far more traditional terms, the right of parents to control their children, an attitude reinforced by years of practising such control.

But the daughter is in the position of one who has yielded unwillingly to some one who held a whip in his hand, and now sees the whip broken. Her unwillingness to obey, her chafing under special parental restrictions which children accept as inevitable in simpler cultures, is again a feature of our conglomerate civilisation. When all the children in the community go to bed at curfew, one child is not as likely to rail against her parents for enforcing the rule. But when the little girl next door is allowed to stay up until eleven o'clock,

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why must Mary go to bed at eight? If all of her companions at school are allowed to smoke, why can't she? And conversely, for it is a question of the absence of a common standard far more than of the nature of the standards, if all the other little girls are given lovely fussy dresses and hats with flowers and ribbons, why must she be dressed in sensible, straight linen dresses and simple round hats? Barring an excessive and passionate devotion of the children to their parents, a devotion of a type which brings other more serious difficulties in its wake, children in a heterogeneous civilisation will not accept unquestioningly their parents' judgment, and the most obedient will temper present compliance with the hope of future emancipation.

In a primitive, homogenous community, disciplinary measures of parents are expended upon securing small concessions from children, in correcting the slight deviations which occur within one pattern of behaviour. But in our society, home discipline is used to establish one set of standards as over against other sets of standards, each family group is fighting some kind of battle, bearing the onus of those who follow a middle course, stoutly defending a cause already lost in the community at large, or valiantly attempting to plant a new standard far in advance of their neighbours. This propagandist aspect greatly increases the importance of home discipline in the development of a girl's personality. So we have the picture of parents, shorn of their economic authority, trying to coerce the girl who still



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lives beneath their roof into an acceptance of standards against which she is rebelling. In this attempt they often find themselves powerless and as a result the control of the home breaks down suddenly, and breaks down just at the point where the girl, faced with other important choices, needs a steadying home environment.

It is at about this time that sex begins to play a rôle in the girl's life, and here also conflicting choices are presented to her. If she chooses the freer standards of her own generation, she comes in conflict with her parents, and perhaps more importantly with the ideals which her parents have instilled. The present problem of the sex experimentation of young people would be greatly simplified if it were conceived of as experimentation instead of as rebellion, if no Puritan self-accusations vexed their consciences. The introduction of an experimentation so much wider and more dangerous presents sufficient problems in our lack of social canons for such behaviour. For a new departure in the field of personal relations is always accompanied by the failure of those who are not strong enough to face an unpatterned situation. Canons of honour, of personal obligation, of the limits of responsibilities, grow up only slowly. And, of first experimenters, many perish in uncharted seas. But when there is added to the pitfalls of experiment, the suspicion that the experiment is wrong and the need for secrecy, lying, fear, the strain is so great that frequent downfall is inevitable.

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And if the girl chooses the other course, decides to remain true to the tradition of the last generation, she wins the sympathy and support of her parents at the expense of the comradeship of her contemporaries. Whichever way the die falls, the choice is attended by mental anguish. Only occasional children escape by various sorts of luck, a large enough group who have the same standards so that they are supported either against their parents or against the majority of their age mates, or by absorption in some other interest. But, with the exception of students for whom the problem of personal relations is sometimes mercifully deferred for a later settlement, those who find some other interest so satisfying that they take no interest in the other sex, often find themselves old maids without any opportunity to recoup their positions. The fear of spinsterhood is a fear which shadows the life of no primitive woman; it is another item of maladjustment which our civilisation has produced.

To the problem of present conduct are added all the perplexities introduced by varying concepts of marriage, the conflict between deferring marriage until a competence is assured, or marrying and sharing the expenses of the home with a struggling young husband. The knowledge of birth control, while greatly dignifying human life by introducing the element of choice at the point where human beings have before been most abjectly subject to nature, introduces further perplexities. It complicates the issue from a straight

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marriage-home-and-children plan of life versus independent spinsterhood by permitting marriages without children, earlier marriages, marriages and careers, sex relations without marriage and the responsibility of a home. And because the majority of girls still wish to marry and regard their occupations as stop-gaps, these problems not only influence their attitude towards men, but also their attitude towards their work, and prevent them from having a sustained interest in the work which they are forced to do.

Then we must add to the difficulties inherent in a new economic status and the necessity of adopting some standard of sex relations, ethical and religious issues to be solved. Here again the home is a powerful factor; the parents use every ounce of emotional pressure to enlist their children in one of the dozen armies of salvation. The stress of the revival meeting, the pressure of pastor and parent gives them no peace. And the basic difficulties of reconciling the teachings of authority with the practices of society and the findings of science, all trouble and perplex children already harassed beyond endurance.

Granting that society presents too many problems to her adolescents, demands too many momentous decisions on a few months' notice, what is to be done about it? One panacea suggested would be to postpone at least some of the decisions, keep the child economically dependent, or segregate her from all contact with the other sex, present her with only one set of religious

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ideas until she is older, more poised, better able to deal critically with the problems which will confront her. In a less articulate fashion, such an idea is back of various schemes for the prolongation of youth, through raising the working age, raising the school age, shielding school children from a knowledge of controversies like evolution versus fundamentalism, or any knowledge of sex hygiene or birth control. Even if such measures, specially initiated and legislatively enforced, could accomplish the end which they seek and postpone the period of choice, it is doubtful whether such a development would be desirable. It is unfair that very young children should be the battleground for conflicting standards, that their development should be hampered by propagandist attempts to enlist and condition them too young. It is probably equally unfair to culturally defer the decisions too late. Loss of one's fundamental religious faith is more of a wrench at thirty than at fifteen simply in terms of the number of years of acceptance which have accompanied the belief. A sudden knowledge of hitherto unsuspected aspects of sex, or a shattering of all the old conventions concerning sex behaviour, is more difficult just in terms of the strength of the old attitudes. Furthermore, in practical terms, such schemes would be as they are now, merely local, one state legislating against evolution, another against birth control, or one religious group segregating its unmarried girls. And these special local movements would simply unfit groups of young

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people for competing happily with children who had been permitted to make their choices earlier. Such an educational scheme, in addition to being almost impossible of execution, would be a step backward and would only beg the question.

Instead, we must turn all of our educational efforts to training our children for the choices which will confront them. Education, in the home even more than at school, instead of being a special pleading for one régime, a desperate attempt to form one particular habit of mind which will withstand all outside influences, must be a preparation for those very influences. Such an education must give far more attention to mental and physical hygiene than it has given hitherto. The child who is to choose wisely must be healthy in mind and body, handicapped in no preventable fashion. And even more importantly, this child of the future must have an open mind. The home must cease to plead an ethical cause or a religious belief with smiles or frowns, caresses or threats. The children must be taught how to think, not what to think. And because old errors die slowly, they must be taught tolerance, just as to-day they are taught intolerance. They must be taught that many ways are open to them, no one sanctioned above its alternative, and that upon them and upon them alone lies the burden of choice. Unhampered by prejudices, unvexed by too early conditioning to any one standard, they must come clear-eyed to the choices which lie before them.

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For it must be realised by any student of civilisation that we pay heavily for our heterogeneous, rapidly changing civilisation; we pay in high proportions of crime and delinquency, we pay in the conflicts of youth, we pay in an ever-increasing number of neuroses, we pay in the lack of a coherent tradition without which the development of art is sadly handicapped. In such a list of prices, we must count our gains carefully, not to be discouraged. And chief among our gains must be reckoned this possibility of choice, the recognition of many possible ways of life, where other civilisations have recognised only one. Where other civilisations give a satisfactory outlet to only one temperamental type, be he mystic or soldier, business man or artist, a civilisation in which there are many standards offers a possibility of satisfactory adjustment to individuals of many different temperamental types, of diverse gifts and varying interests.

At the present time we live in a period of transition. We have many standards but we still believe that only one standard can be the right one. We present to our children the picture of a battle-field where each group is fully armoured in a conviction of the righteousness of its cause. And each of these groups make forays among the next generation. But it is unthinkable that a final recognition of the great number of ways in which man, during the course of history and at the present time, is solving the problems of life, should not bring with it in turn the downfall of our belief in



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a single standard. And when no one group claims ethical sanction for its customs, and each group welcomes to its midst only those who are temperamentally fitted for membership, then we shall have realised the high point of individual choice and universal toleration which a heterogeneous culture and a heterogeneous culture alone can attain. Samoa knows but one way of life and teaches it to her children. Will we, who have the knowledge of many ways, leave our children free to choose among them?

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### NOTES TO CHAPTERS

#### CHAPTER IV

Pages 43 to 45.

In the Samoan classification of relatives two principles, sex and age, are of the most primary importance. Relationship terms are never used as terms of address, a name or nickname being used even to father or mother. Relatives of the same age or within a year or two younger to five or ten years older are classified as of the speaker's generation, and of the same sex or of the opposite sex. Thus a girl will call her sister, her aunt, her niece, and her female cousin who are nearly of the same age, *uso*, and a boy will do the same for his brother, uncle, nephew, or male cousin. For relationships between siblings of opposite sex there are two terms, *tuaafine* and *tuagane*, female relative of the same age group of a male, and male relative of the same age group of a female. (The term *uso* has no such subdivisions.)

The next most important term is applied to younger relatives of either sex, the word *tei*. Whether a child is so classified by an older relative depends not so much on how many years younger the child may be, but rather on the amount of care that the elder has taken of it. So a girl will call a cousin two years younger than herself her *tei*, if she has lived near by, but an equally youthful cousin who has grown up in a distant village until both are grown will be called *uso*. It is notable that there is no term for elder relative. The terms *uso*, *tuaafine* and *tuagane* all carry the feeling of contemporaneousness,

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and if it is necessary to specify seniority, a qualifying adjective must be used.

*Tamā*, the term for father, is applied also to the *matai* of a household, to an uncle or older cousin with whose authority a younger person comes into frequent contact and also to a much older brother who in feeling is classed with the parent generation. *Tinā* is used only a little less loosely for the mother, aunts resident in the household, the wife of the *matai* and only very occasionally for an older sister.

A distinction is also made in terminology between men's terms and women's terms for the children. A woman will say *tama* (modified by the addition of the suffixes *tane* and *fafine*, male and female) and a man will say *atalii*, son and *afafine*, daughter. Thus a woman will say, "Losa is my *tama*," specifying her sex only when necessary. But Losa's father will speak of Losa as his *afafine*. The same usage is followed in speaking to a man or to a woman of a child. All of these terms are further modified by the addition of the word, *moni*, real, when a blood sister or blood father or mother is meant. The elders of the household are called roughly *matua*, and a grandparent is usually referred to as the *toa'ina*, the "old man" or *olamatua*, "old woman," adding an explanatory clause if necessary. All other relatives are described by the use of relative clauses, "the sister of the husband of the sister of my mother," "the brother of the wife of my brother," etc. There are no special terms for the in-law group.

### CHAPTER V

#### NEIGHBOURHOOD MAPS

Pages 60 to 65.

For the sake of convenience the households were numbered in sequence from one end of each village to the other. The

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houses did not stretch in a straight line along the beach, but were located so unevenly that occasionally one house was directly behind another. A schematic linear representation will, however, be sufficient to show the effect of location in the formation of neighbourhood groups.

## VILLAGE I

### *Lumā*

(The name of the girl will be placed under the number of the household. Adolescent girls' names in capitals, girls' just reaching puberty in lower case and the pre-adolescent children in italics.)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	<i>Vala</i>		LITA	Maliu.	<i>Lusi</i>	Fitu	<i>Lia</i>	<i>Fiva</i>
				<i>Pola</i>		<i>Ula</i>		LUNA
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
				LOTA	PALA		<i>Tuna</i>	
					Vi			
					<i>Pele</i>			
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
		LOSA			TULIPA	MASINA	<i>Mina</i>	<i>Tina</i>
							SONA	
28	29	30	31	32	33			
TITA	ASO	Selu						
<i>Sina</i>	<i>Suna</i>	Tolo						
<i>Elisa</i>								

## VILLAGE II

### *Siufaga*

(Household 38 in Siufaga is adjacent to household 1 in Lumā. The two villages are geographically continuous but socially they are separate units.)

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[illegible]

## VILLAGE III

*Faleasao*

(Faleasao was separated from Lumā by a high cliff which jutted out into the sea and made it necessary to take an inland trail to get from one seaside village to the other. This was about a twenty-minute walk from Taū. Faleasao children were looked upon with much greater hostility and suspicion than that which the children of Lumā and Siufaga showed to each other. The pre-adolescent children from this village are not discussed by name and will be indicated by an *x*.)

[illegible]

\* Girls to whom a change of residence made important differences, see Chap. XI, "The Girl in Conflict."

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
x					x			x

## CHAPTER IX

Pages 123 to 125.

The first person singular of the verb "to know," used in the negative, has two forms:

Ta ilo	(Contraction of	Ta	te	lē	iloa)
		I	euphonic	neg.	know
			particle		

and

Ua	le	iloa	a'u
Pres.	neg.	know	I
Part.			

The former of these expressions has a very different meaning from the latter although linguistically they represent optional syntactic forms, the second being literally, "I do not know," while the first can best be rendered by the slang phrase, "Search me." This "Search me" carries no implication of lack of actual knowledge or information about the subject in question but is merely an indication either of lack of interest or unwillingness to explain. That the Samoans feel this distinction very clearly is shown by the frequent use of both forms in the same sentence: *Ta ilo ua lē iloa a'u*. "Search me, I don't know."

Page 126.

## SAMPLE CHARACTER SKETCHES GIVEN OF MEMBERS OF THEIR HOUSEHOLDS BY ADOLESCENT GIRLS

(Literal translations from dictated texts)

### I

He is an untitled man. He works hard on the plantation. He is tall, thin and dark-skinned. He is not easily angered.



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He goes to work and comes again at night. He is a policeman. He does work for the government. He is not filled with unwillingness. He is attractive looking. He is not married.

### II

She is an old woman. She is very old. She is weak. She is not able to work. She can only remain in the house. Her hair is black. She is fat. She has elephantiasis in one leg. She has no teeth. She is not irritable. She does not hate. She is clever at weaving mats, fishing baskets and food trays.

### III

She is strong and able to work. She goes inland. She weeds and makes the oven and picks breadfruit and gathers paper mulberry bark. She is kind. She is of good conduct. She is clever at weaving baskets and mats and fine mats and food trays, and painting tapa cloth and scraping and pounding and pasting paper mulberry bark. She is short, black-haired and dark-skinned. She is fat. She is good. If any one passes by she is kindly disposed towards them and calls out, "Po'o fea 'e te maliu i ai?" (a most courteous way of asking, "Where are you going?")

### IV

She is fat. She has long hair. She is dark-skinned. She is blind in one eye. She is of good behaviour. She is clever at weeding taro and weaving floor mats and fine mats. She is short. She has borne children. There is a baby. She remains in the house on some days and on other days she goes inland. She also knows how to weave baskets.

### V

He is a boy. His skin is dark. So is his hair. He goes to the bush to work. He works on the taro plantation. He

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likes every one. He is clever at weaving baskets. He sings in the choir of the young men on Sunday. He likes very much to consort with the girls. He was expelled from the pastor's house.

### VI

#### Portrait of herself

I am a girl. I am short. I have long hair. I love my sisters and all the people. I know how to weave baskets and fishing baskets and how to prepare paper mulberry bark. I live in the house of the pastor.

### VII

He is a man. He is strong. He goes inland and works upon the plantation of his relatives. He goes fishing. He goes to gather cocoanuts and breadfruit and cooking leaves and makes the oven. He is tall. He is dark-skinned. He is rather fat. His hair is short. He is clever at weaving baskets. He braids the palm leaf thatching mats for the house.\* He is also clever at house-building. He is of good conduct and has a loving countenance.

### VIII

She is a woman. She can't work hard enough (to suit herself). She is also clever at weaving baskets and fine mats and at bark cloth making. She also makes the ovens and clears away the rubbish around the house. She keeps her house in fine condition. She makes the fire. She smokes. She goes fishing and gets octopuses and *tu'itu'i* (sea eggs) and comes back and eats them raw. She is kind-hearted and of loving countenance. She is never angry. She also loves her children.

\* Women's work.

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### IX

She is a woman. She has a son, ——— is his name. She is lazy. She is tall. She is thin. Her hair is long. She is clever at weaving baskets, making bark cloth and weaving fine mats. Her husband is dead. She does not laugh often. She stays in the house some days and other days she goes inland. She keeps everything clean. She lives well upon bananas. She has a loving face. She is not easily out of temper. She makes the oven.

### X

She is the daughter of ———. She is a little girl about my age. She is also clever at weaving baskets and mats and fine mats and blinds and floor mats. She is good in school. She also goes to get leaves and breadfruit. She also goes fishing when the tide is out. She gets crabs and jelly fish. She is very loving. She does not eat up all her food if others ask her for it. She shows a loving face to all who come to her house. She also spreads food for all visitors.

### XI

#### Portrait of herself

I am clever at weaving mats and fine mats and baskets and blinds and floor mats. I go and carry water for all of my household to drink and for others also. I go and gather bananas and breadfruit and leaves and make the oven with my sisters. Then we (herself and her sisters) go fishing together and then it is night.

### CHAPTER X

Pages 132 to 133.

The children of this age already show a very curious example of a phonetic self-consciousness in which they are almost

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as acute and discriminating as their elders. When the missionaries reduced the language to writing, there was no *k* in the language, the *k* positions in other Polynesian dialects being filled in Samoan either with a *t* or a glottal stop. Soon after the printing of the Bible, and the standardisation of Samoan spelling, greater contact with Tonga introduced the *k* into the spoken language of Savai'i and Upolu, displacing the *t*, but not replacing the glottal stop. Slowly this intrusive usage spread eastward over Samoa, the missionaries who controlled the schools and the printing press fighting a dogged and losing battle with the less musical *k*. To-day the *t* is the sound used in the speech of the educated and in the church, still conventionally retained in all spelling and used in speeches and on occasions demanding formality. The Manu'a children who had never been to the missionary boarding schools, used the *k* entirely. But they had heard the *t* in church and at school and were sufficiently conscious of the difference to rebuke me immediately if I slipped into the colloquial *k*, which was their only speech habit, uttering the *t* sound for perhaps the first time in their lives to illustrate the correct pronunciation from which I, who was ostensibly learning to speak correctly, must not deviate. Such an ability to disassociate the sound used from the sound heard is remarkable in such very young children and indeed remarkable in any person who is not linguistically sophisticated.

### CHAPTER XI

Pages 161 to 163.

During six months I saw six girls leave the pastor's establishment for several reasons: Tasi, because her mother was ill and she, that rare phenomenon, the eldest in a biological household, was needed at home; Tua, because she had come out lowest in the missionaries' annual examination which her

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mother attributed to favouritism on the part of the pastor; Luna, because her stepmother, whom she disliked, left her father and thus made her home more attractive and because under the influence of a promiscuous older cousin she began to tire of the society of younger girls and take an interest in love affairs; Lita, because her father ordered her home, because with the permission of the pastor, but without consulting her family, she went off for a three weeks' visit in another island. Going home for Lita involved residence in the far end of the other village, necessitating a complete change of friends. The novelty of the new group and new interests kept her from in any way chafing at the change. Sala, a stupid idle girl, had eloped from the household of the pastor.

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### METHODOLOGY OF THIS STUDY

It is impossible to present a single and unified picture of the adolescent girl in Samoa and at the same time to answer most satisfactorily the various kinds of questions which such a study will be expected to answer. For the ethnologist in search of data upon the usages and rites connected with adolescence it is necessary to include descriptions of customs which have fallen into partial decay under the impact of western propaganda and foreign example. Traditional observances and attitudes are also important in the study of the adolescent girl in present-day Samoa because they still form a large part of the thought pattern of her parents, even if they are no longer given concrete expression in the girl's cultural life. But this double necessity of describing not only the present environment and the girl's reaction to it, but also of interpolating occasionally some description of the more rigid cultural milieu of her mother's girlhood, mars to some extent the unity of the study.

The detailed observations were all made upon a group of girls living in three practically contiguous villages on one coast of the island of Taū. The data upon the ceremonial usages surrounding birth, adolescence and marriage were gathered from all of the seven villages in the Manu'a Archipelago.

The method of approach is based upon the assumption that a detailed intensive investigation will be of more value than a more diffused and general study based upon a less accurate knowledge of a greater number of individuals. Dr. Van Waters' study of *The Adolescent Girl Among Primitive*



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*Peoples* has exhausted the possibilities of an investigation based upon the merely external observations of the ethnologist who is giving a standardised description of a primitive culture. We have a huge mass of general descriptive material without the detailed observations and the individual cases in the light of which it would be possible to interpret it.

The writer therefore chose to work in one small locality, in a group numbering only six hundred people, and spend six months accumulating an intimate and detailed knowledge of all the adolescent girls in this community. As there were only sixty-eight girls between the ages of nine and twenty, quantitative statements are practically valueless for obvious reasons: the probable error of the group is too large; the age classes are too small, etc. The only point at which quantitative statements can have any relevance is in regard to the variability within the group, as the smaller the variability within the sample, the greater the general validity of the results.

Furthermore, the type of data which we needed is not of the sort which lends itself readily to quantitative treatment. The reaction of the girl to her stepmother, to relatives acting as foster parents, to her younger sister, or to her older brother, —these are incommensurable in quantitative terms. As the physician and the psychiatrist have found it necessary to describe each case separately and to use their cases as illumination of a thesis rather than as irrefutable proof such as it is possible to adduce in the physical sciences, so the student of the more intangible and psychological aspects of human behaviour is forced to illuminate rather than demonstrate a thesis. The composition of the background against which the girl acts can be described in accurate and general terms, but her reactions are a function of her own personality and cannot be described without reference to it. The generalisations are based upon a careful and detailed observation of a small group of sub-

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jects. These results will be illuminated and illustrated by case histories.

The conclusions are also all subject to the limitation of the personal equation. They are the judgments of one individual upon a mass of data, many of the most significant aspects of which can, by their very nature, be known only to herself. This was inevitable and it can only be claimed in extenuation that as the personal equation was held absolutely constant, the different parts of the data are strictly commensurable. The judgment on the reaction of Lola to her uncle and of Sona to her cousin are made on exactly the same basis.

Another methodological device which possibly needs explanation is the substitution of a cross sectional study for a linear one. Twenty-eight children who as yet showed no signs of puberty, fourteen children who would probably mature within the next year or year and a half, and twenty-five girls who had passed puberty within the last four years but were not yet classed by the community as adults, were studied in detail. Less intensive observations were also made upon the very little children and the young married women. This method of taking cross sections, samples of individuals at different periods of physical development, and arguing that a group in an earlier stage will later show the characteristics which appear in another group at a later stage, is, of course, inferior to a linear study in which the same group is under observation for a number of years. A very large number of cases has usually been the only acceptable defence of such a procedure. The number of cases included in this investigation, while very small in comparison with the numbers mustered by any student of American children, is nevertheless a fair-sized sample in terms of the very small population of Samoa (a rough eight thousand in all four islands of American Samoa) and because the only selection was geographical. It may further be argued that the almost drastic character of the conclusions, the exceed-

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ingly few exceptions which need to be made, further validate the size of the sample. The adoption of the cross section method was, of course, a matter of expediency, but the results when carefully derived from a fair sample, may be fairly compared with the results obtained by using the linear method, when the same subjects are under observation over a period of years. This is true when the conclusions to be drawn are general and not individual. For the purposes of psychological theory, it is sufficient to know that children in a certain society walk, on the average, at twelve months, and talk, on the average, at fifteen months. For the purposes of the diagnostician, it is necessary to know that John walked at eighteen months and did not talk until twenty months. So, for general theoretical purposes, it is enough to state that little girls just past puberty develop a shyness and lack of self-possession in the presence of boys, but if we are to understand the delinquency of Mala, it is necessary to know that she prefers the company of boys to that of girls and has done so for several years.

### PARTICULAR METHODS USED

The description of the cultural background was obtained in orthodox fashion, first through interviews with carefully chosen informants, followed by checking up their statements with other informants and by the use of many examples and test cases. With a few unimportant exceptions this material was obtained in the Samoan language and not through the medium of interpreters. All of the work with individuals was done in the native language, as there were no young people on the island who spoke English.

Although a knowledge of the entire culture was essential for the accurate evaluation of any particular individual's behaviour, a detailed description will be given only of those aspects of the culture which are immediately relevant to the

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problem of the adolescent girl. For example, if I observe Pele refuse point blank to carry a message to the house of a relative, it is important to know whether she is actuated by stubbornness, dislike of the relative, fear of the dark, or fear of the ghost which lives near by and has a habit of jumping on people's backs. But to the reader a detailed exposition of the names and habits of all the local ghost population would be of little assistance in the appreciation of the main problem. So all descriptions of the culture which are not immediately relevant are omitted from the discussion but were not omitted from the original investigation. Their irrelevancy has, therefore, been definitely ascertained.

The knowledge of the general cultural pattern was supplemented by a detailed study of the social structure of the three villages under consideration. Each household was analysed from the standpoint of rank, wealth, location, contiguity to other households, relationship to other households, and the age, sex, relationship, marital status, number of children, former residence, etc., of each individual in the household. This material furnished a general descriptive basis for a further and more careful analysis of the households of the subjects, and also provided a check on the origin of feuds or alliances between individuals, the use of relationship terms, etc. Each child was thus studied against a background which was known in detail.

A further mass of detailed information was obtained about the subjects: approximate age (actual age can never be determined in Samoa), order of birth, numbers of brothers and sisters, who were older and younger than the subject, number of marriages of each parent, patrilocal and matrilocal residence, years spent in the pastor's school and in the government school and achievement there, whether the child had ever been out of the village or off the island, sex experience, etc. The children were also given a makeshift intelligence test, colour-

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naming, rote memory, opposites, substitution, ball and field, and picture interpretation. These tests were all given in Samoan; standardisation was, of course, impossible and ages were known only relatively; they were mainly useful in assisting me in placing the child within her group, and have no value for comparative purposes. The results of the tests did indicate, however, a very low variability within the group. The tests were supplemented by a questionnaire which was not administered formally but filled in by random questioning from time to time. This questionnaire gave a measure of their industrial knowledge, the extent to which they participated in the lore of the community, of the degree to which they had absorbed European teaching in matters like telling time, reading the calendar, and also of the extent to which they had participated in or witnessed scenes of death, birth, miscarriage, etc.

But this quantitative data represents the barest skeleton of the material which was gathered through months of observation of the individuals and of groups, alone, in their households, and at play. From these observations, the bulk of the conclusions are drawn concerning the attitudes of the children towards their families and towards each other, their religious interests or the lack of them, and the details of their sex lives. This information cannot be reduced to tables or to statistical statements. Naturally in many cases it was not as full as in others. In some cases it was necessary to pursue a more extensive enquiry in order to understand some baffling aspect of the child's behaviour. In all cases the investigation was pursued until I felt that I understood the girl's motivation and the degree to which her family group and affiliation in her age group explained her attitudes.

The existence of the pastor's boarding-school for girls past puberty provided me with a rough control group. These girls were so severely watched that heterosexual activities were im-

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possible; they were grouped together with other girls of the same age regardless of relationship; they lived a more ordered and regular life than the girls who remained in their households. The ways in which they differed from other girls of the same age and more resembled European girls of the same age follow with surprising accuracy the lines suggested by the specific differences in environment. However, as they lived part of the time at home, the environmental break was not complete and their value as a control group is strictly limited.



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### SAMOAN CIVILISATION AS IT IS TO-DAY

The scene of this study was the little island of Taū. Along one coast of the island, which rises precipitately to a mountain peak in the centre, cluster three little villages, Lumā and Siufaga, side by side, and Faleasao, half a mile away. On the other end of the island is the isolated village of Fitiuta, separated from the other three villages by a long and arduous trail. Many of the people from the other villages have never been to Fitiuta, eight miles away. Twelve miles across the open sea are the two islands of Ofu and Olesega, which with Taū, make up the Manu'a Archipelago, the most primitive part of Samoa. Journeys in slender outrigger canoes from one of these three little islands to another are frequent, and the inhabitants of Manu'a think of themselves as a unit as over against the inhabitants of Tutuila, the large island where the Naval Station is situated. The three islands have a population of a little over two thousand people, with constant visiting, inter-marrying, adoption going on between the seven villages of the Archipelago.

The natives still live in their beehive-shaped houses with floors of coral rubble, no walls except perishable woven blinds which are lowered in bad weather, and a roof of sugar-cane thatch over which it is necessary to bind palm branches in every storm. They have substituted cotton cloth for their laboriously manufactured bark cloth for use as everyday clothing, native costume being reserved for ceremonial occasions. But the men content themselves with a wide cotton loin cloth, the *lavalava*, fastened at the waist with a dexterous

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twist of the material. This costume permits a little of the tattooing which covers their bodies from knee to the small of the back, to appear above and below the folds of the *lavalava*. Tattooing has been taboo on Manu'a for two generations, so only a part of the population have made the necessary journey to another island in search of a tattooer. Women wear a longer *lavalava* and a short cotton dress falling to their knees. Both sexes go barefoot and hats are worn only to Church, on which occasions the men don white shirts and white coats, ingeniously tailored by the native women in imitation of Palm Beach coats which have fallen into their hands. The women's tattooing is much sparser than the men's, a mere matter of dots and crosses on arms, hands, and thighs. Garlands of flowers, flowers in the hair, and flowers twisted about the ankles, serve to relieve the drabness of the faded cotton clothing, and on gala days, beautifully patterned bark cloth, fine mats, gaily bordered with red parrot feathers, headdresses of human hair decorated with plumes and feathers, recall the more picturesque attire of pre-Christian days.

Sewing-machines have been in use for many years, although the natives are still dependent upon some deft-handed sailor for repairs. Scissors have also been added to the household equipment, but wherever possible a Samoan woman still uses her teeth or a piece of bamboo. At the Missionary boarding-schools a few of the women have learned to crochet and embroider, using their skill particularly to ornament the plump, hard pillows which are rapidly displacing the little bamboo head rests. Sheets of white cotton have taken the place of sheets of firmly woven mats or of bark cloth. Mosquito nets of cotton netting make a native house much more endurable than must have been the case when bark cloth tents were the only defence against insects. The netting is suspended at night from stout cords hung across the house, and the edges weighted down with stones, so that prowling dogs,

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pigs, and chickens wander through the house at will without disturbing the sleepers.

Agate buckets share with hollowed cocoanut shells the work of bringing water from the springs and from the sea, and a few china cups and glasses co-operate with the cocoanut drinking cups. Many households have an iron cook pot in which they can boil liquids in preference to the older method of dropping red hot stones into a wooden vessel containing the liquid to be heated. Kerosene lamps and lanterns are used extensively; the old candle-nut clusters and cocoanut oil lamps being reinstated only in times of great scarcity when they cannot afford to purchase kerosene. Tobacco is a much-prized luxury; the Samoans have learned to grow it, but imported varieties are very much preferred to their own.

Outside the household the changes wrought by the introduction of European articles are very slight. The native uses an iron knife to cut his copra and an iron adze blade in place of the old stone one. But he still binds the rafters of his house together with cinet and sews the parts of his fishing canoes together. The building of large canoes has been abandoned. Only small canoes for fishing are built now, and for hauling supplies over the reef the natives build keeled row-boats. Only short voyages are made in small canoes and row-boats, and the natives wait for the coming of the Naval ship to do their travelling. The government buys the copra and with the money so obtained the Samoans buy cloth, thread, kerosene, soap, matches, knives, belts, and tobacco, pay their taxes (levied on every man over a certain height as age is an indeterminate matter), and support the church.

And yet, while the Samoans use these products of a more complex civilisation, they are not dependent upon them. With the exception of making and using stone tools, it is probably safe to say that none of the native arts have been lost. The women all make bark cloth and weave fine mats. Parturition

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still takes place on a piece of bark cloth, the umbilical cord is cut with a piece of bamboo, and the new baby is wrapped in a specially prepared piece of white bark cloth. If soap cannot be obtained, the wild orange provides a frothy substitute. The men still manufacture their own nets, make their own hooks, weave their own eel traps. And although they use matches when they can get them, they have not lost the art of converting a carrying stick into a fire plow at a moment's notice.

Perhaps most important of all is the fact that they still depend entirely upon their own foods, planted with a sharpened pole in their own plantations. Breadfruit, bananas, taro, yams, and cocoanuts form a substantial and monotonous accompaniment for the fish, shell fish, land crabs, and occasional pigs and chickens. The food is carried down to the village in baskets, freshly woven from palm leaves. The cocoanuts are grated on the end of a wooden "horse," pointed with shell or iron; the breadfruit and taro are supported on a short stake, tufted with cocoanut husk, and the rind is grated off with a piece of cocoanut shell. The green bananas are skinned with a bamboo knife. The whole amount of food for a family of fifteen or twenty for two or three days is cooked at once in a large circular pit of stones. These are first heated to white heat; the ashes are then raked away; the food placed on the stones and the oven covered with green leaves, under which the food is baked thoroughly. Cooking over, the food is stored in baskets which are hung up inside the main house. It is served on palm leaf platters, garnished with a fresh banana leaf. Fingers are the only knives and forks, and a wooden finger bowl is passed ceremoniously about at the end of the meal.

Furniture, with the exception of a few chests and cupboards, has not invaded the house. All life goes on on the floor. Speaking on one's feet within the house is still an unforgivable

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breach of etiquette, and the visitor must learn to sit cross-legged for hours without murmuring.

The Samoans have been Christian for almost a hundred years. With the exception of a small number of Catholics and Mormons, all the natives of American Samoa are adherents of the London Missionary Society, known in Samoa as the "Church of Tahiti," from its local origin. The Congregationalist missionaries have been exceedingly successful in adapting the stern doctrine and sterner ethics of a British Protestant sect to the widely divergent attitudes of a group of South Sea islanders. In the Missionary boarding-schools they have trained many boys as native pastors and as missionaries for other islands, and many girls to be the pastors' wives. The pastor's house is the educational as well as the religious centre of the village. In the pastor's school the children learn to read and write their own language, to which the early missionaries adapted our script, to do simple sums and sing hymns. The missionaries have been opposed to teaching the natives English, or in any way weaning them away from such of the simplicity of their primitive existence as they have not accounted harmful. Accordingly, although the elders of the church preach excellent sermons and in many cases have an extensive knowledge of the Bible (which has been translated into Samoan), although they keep accounts, and transact lengthy business affairs, they speak no English, or only very little of it. On Taū there were never more than half a dozen individuals at one time who had any knowledge of English.

The Naval Government has adopted the most admirable policy of benevolent non-interference in native affairs. It establishes dispensaries and conducts a hospital where native nurses are trained. These nurses are sent out into the villages where they have surprising success in the administration of the very simple remedies at their command, castor oil, iodine,

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argyrol, alcohol rubs, etc. Through periodic administrations of salvarsan the more conspicuous symptoms of yaws are rapidly disappearing. And the natives are learning to come to the dispensaries for medicine rather than aggravate conjunctivitis to blindness by applying irritating leaf poultices to the inflamed eyes.

Reservoirs have been constructed in most of the villages, providing an unpolluted water supply at a central fountain where all the washing and bathing is done. Copra sheds in each village store the copra until the government ship comes to fetch it. Work on copra sheds, on village boats used in hauling the copra over the reef, on roads between villages, on the repairs of the water system, is carried through by a levy upon the village as a whole, conforming perfectly to the native pattern of communal work. The government operates through appointed district governors and county chiefs, and elected "mayors" in each village. The administrations of these officials are peaceful and effective in proportion to the importance of their rank in the native social organisation. Each village also has two policemen who act as town criers, couriers on government inspections, and carriers of the nurses' equipment from village to village. There are also county judges. A main court is presided over by an American civil judge and a native judge. The penal code is a random combination of government edicts, remarkable for their tolerance of native custom. When no pronouncement on a point of law is found in this code, the laws of the state of California, liberally interpreted and revised, are used to provide a legalistic basis for the court's decision. These courts have taken over the settlement of disputes concerning important titles, and property rights; and the chief causes of litigation in the "courthouse" at Pago Pago are the same which agitated the native *fonos* some hundred years ago.

Schools are now maintained in many villages, where the



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children, seated cross-legged on the floor of a large native house, learn the haziest of English from boys whose knowledge of the language is little more extensive than theirs. They also learn part singing, at which they are extraordinarily adept, and to play cricket and many other games. The schools are useful in instilling elementary ideas of hygiene, and in breaking down the barriers between age and sex groups and narrow residential units. From the pupils in the outlying schools the most promising are selected to become nurses, teachers, and candidates for the native marine corps, the *Fitafitas*, who constitute the police, hospital corpsmen and interpreters for the naval administration. The Samoans' keen feeling for social distinction makes them particularly able to co-operate with a government in which there is a hierarchy of officialdom; the shoulder stars and bars are fitted into their own system of rank without confusion. When the Governor and group of officers pay an official visit, the native-talking chief distributes the kava, first to the Governor, then to the highest chief among the hosts, then to the Commander of the Naval Yard, then to the next highest chief, without any difficulty.

In all the descriptions of Samoan life, one of the points which must have struck the reader most forcibly is the extreme flexibility of the civilisation as it is found to-day. This flexibility is the result of the blending of the various European ideas, beliefs, mechanical devices, with the old primitive culture. It is impossible to say whether it is due to some genius in the Samoan culture itself, or to fortunate accident, that these foreign elements have received such a thorough and harmonious acculturation. In many parts of the South Seas contact with white civilisation has resulted in the complete degeneration of native life, the loss of native techniques, and traditions, and the annihilation of the past. In Samoa this is not so. The growing child is faced by a smaller

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dilemma than that which confronts the American-born child of European parentage. The gap between parents and children is narrow and painless, showing few of the unfortunate aspects usually present in a period of transition. The new culture, by offering alternative careers to the children has somewhat lightened the parental yoke. But essentially the children are still growing up in a homogeneous community with a uniform set of ideals and aspirations. The present ease of adolescence among Samoan girls which has been described cannot safely be attributed to a period of transition. The fact that adolescence can be a period of unstressed development is just as significant. Given no additional outside stimulus or attempt to modify conditions, Samoan culture might remain very much the same for two hundred years.

But it is only fair to point out that Samoan culture, before white influence, was less flexible and dealt less kindly with the individual aberrant. Aboriginal Samoa was harder on the girl sex delinquent than is present-day Samoa. And the reader must not mistake the conditions which have been described for the aboriginal ones, nor for typical primitive ones. Present-day Samoan civilisation is simply the result of the fortuitous and on the whole fortunate impetus of a complex, intrusive culture upon a simpler and most hospitable indigenous one.

In former times, the head of the household had life and death powers over every individual under his roof. The American legal system and the missionary teachings between them have outlawed and banished these rights. The individual still benefits by the communal ownership of property, by the claims which he has on all family land; but he no longer suffers from an irksome tyranny which could be enforced with violence and possible death. Deviations from chastity were formerly punished in the case of girls by a very severe beating and a stigmatising shaving of the head. Missionaries have discouraged the beating and head shaving, but

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failed to substitute as forceful an inducement to circumspect conduct. The girl whose sex activities are frowned upon by her family is in a far better position than that of her great-grandmother. The navy has prohibited, the church has interdicted the defloration ceremony, formerly an inseparable part of the marriages of girls of rank; and thus the most potent inducement to virginity has been abolished. If for these cruel and primitive methods of enforcing a stricter régime there had been substituted a religious system which seriously branded the sex offender, or a legal system which prosecuted and punished her, then the new hybrid civilisation might have been as heavily fraught with possibilities of conflict as the old civilisation undoubtedly was.

This holds true also for the ease with which young people change their residence. Formerly it might have been necessary to flee to a great distance to avoid being beaten to death. Now the severe beatings are deprecated, but the running-away pattern continues. The old system of succession must have produced many heartburns in the sons who did not obtain the best titles; to-day two new professions are open to the ambitious, the ministry and the *Fitaftas*. The taboo system, although never as rigorous in Samoa as in other parts of Polynesia, undoubtedly compelled the people to lead more circumspect lives and stressed more vividly difference in rank. The few economic changes which have been introduced have been just sufficient to slightly upset the system of prestige which was based on display and lavish distribution of property. Acquiring wealth is easier, through raising copra, government employment, or manufacturing curios for the steamer-tourist trade on the main island. Many high chiefs do not find it worth while to keep up the state to which they are entitled, while numerous upstarts have an opportunity to acquire prestige denied to them under a slower method of accumulating wealth. The intensity of local feeling with its resulting

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feuds, wars, jealousies and conflicts (in the case of inter-marriage between villages) is breaking down with the improved facilities for transportation and the co-operation between villages in religious and educational matters.

Superior tools have partially done away with the tyranny of the master craftsman. The man who is poor, but ambitious, finds it easier to acquire a guest house than it would have been when the laborious highly specialised work was done with stone tools. The use of some money and of cloth, purchased from traders, has freed women from part of the immense labour of manufacturing mats and tapa as units of exchange and for clothing. On the other hand, the introduction of schools has taken an army of useful little labourers out of the home, especially in the case of the little girls who cared for the babies, and so tied the adult women more closely to routine domestic tasks.

Puberty was formerly much more stressed than it is to-day. The menstrual taboos against participation in the kava ceremony and in certain kinds of cooking were felt and enforced. The girl's entrance into the *Aualuma* was always, not just occasionally, marked by a feast. The unmarried girls and the widows slept, at least part of the time, in the house of the *taupo*. The *taupo* herself had a much harder life. To-day she pounds the kava root, but in her mother's day it was chewed until jaws ached from the endless task. Formerly, should a defection from chastity be disclosed at her marriage, she faced being beaten to death. The adolescent boy faced tattooing, a painful, wearisome proceeding, additionally stressed by group ceremony and taboo. To-day, scarcely half of the young men are tattooed; the tattooing is performed at a much more advanced age and has no connection with puberty; the ceremonies have vanished and it has become a mere matter of a fee to the artist.

The prohibitions against blood revenge and personal vio-

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lence have worked like a yeast in giving greater personal freedom. As many of the crimes which were formerly punished in this fashion are not recognised as crimes by the new authorities, no new mechanism of punishment has been devised for the man who marries the divorced wife of a man of higher rank, the miscreant who gossips outside his village and so brings his village into disrepute, the insolent detractor who recites another's genealogy, or the naughty boy who removes the straws from the pierced cocoanuts and thus offers an unspeakable affront to visitors. And the Samoan is not in the habit of committing many of the crimes listed in our legal code. He steals and is fined by the government as he was formerly fined by the village. But he comes into very slight conflict with the central authorities. He is too accustomed to taboos to mind a quarantine prohibition which parades under the same guise; too accustomed to the exactions of his relations to fret under the small taxation demands of the government. Even the stern attitude formerly taken by the adults towards precocity has now been subdued, for what is a sin at home becomes a virtue at school.

The new influences have drawn the teeth of the old culture. Cannibalism, war, blood revenge, the life and death power of the *matai*, the punishment of a man who broke a village edict by burning his house, cutting down his trees, killing his pigs, and banishing his family, the cruel defloration ceremony, the custom of laying waste plantations on the way to a funeral, the enormous loss of life in making long voyages in small canoes, the discomfort due to widespread disease—all these have vanished. And as yet their counterparts in producing misery have not appeared.

Economic instability, poverty, the wage system, the separation of the worker from his land and from his tools, modern warfare, industrial disease, the abolition of leisure, the irksomeness of a bureaucratic government—these have not yet

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invaded an island without resources worth exploiting. Nor have the subtler penalties of civilisation, neuroses, philosophical perplexities, the individual tragedies due to an increased consciousness of personality and to a greater specialisation of sex feeling, or conflicts between religion and other ideals, reached the natives. The Samoans have only taken such parts of our culture as made their life more comfortable, their culture more flexible, the concept of the mercy of God without the doctrine of original sin.



## APPENDIX IV

### THE MENTALLY DEFECTIVE AND THE MENTALLY DISEASED

Without any training in the diagnosis of the mentally diseased and without any apparatus for exact diagnosis of the mentally defective, I can simply record a number of amateur observations which may be of interest to the specialist interested in the possibilities of studying the pathology of primitive peoples. In the Manu'a Archipelago with a population of a little over two thousand people, I saw one case which would be classed as idiocy, one imbecile, one boy of fourteen who appeared to be both feeble-minded and insane, one man of thirty who showed a well-systematised delusion of grandeur, and one sexual invert who approximated in a greater development of the breasts, mannerism and attitudes of women and a preference for women's activities, to the norm of the opposite sex. The idiot child was one of seven children; he had a younger brother who had walked for over a year, and the mother declared that there were two years between the children. His legs were shrunk and withered, he had an enormous belly and a large head set very low on his shoulders. He could neither walk nor talk, drooled continually, and had no command over his excretory functions. The imbecile girl lived on another island and I had no opportunity to observe her over any length of time. She was one or two years past puberty and was pregnant at the time that I saw her. She could talk and perform the simple tasks usually performed by children of five or six. She seemed to only half realise her condition and giggled foolishly or stared vacantly when it was

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mentioned. The fourteen-year-old boy was at the time when I saw him definitely demented, giving an external picture of catatonic dementia præcox. He took those attitudes which were urged upon him, at times, however, becoming violent and unmanageable. The relatives insisted that he had always been stupid but only recently become demented. For this I have only their word as I was only able to observe the boy during a few days. In no one of these three cases of definite mental deficiency was there any family history which threw any light upon the matter. Among the girls whom I studied in detail only one, Sala, discussed in Chapter X, was sufficiently inferior to the general norm of intelligence to approximate to a moron.

The man with the systematised delusion of grandeur was said to be about thirty years of age. Gaunt and emaciated, he looked much older. He believed that he was Tufele, the high chief of another island and the governor of the entire archipelago. The natives conspired against him to rob him of his rank and to exalt an usurper in his stead. He was a member of the Tufele family but only very remotely so that his delusion bore no relation to reality as he would never have had any hope of succeeding to the title. The natives, he said, refused to give him food, mocked him, disallowed his claims, did their best to destroy him, while a few white people were wise enough to recognise his rank. (The natives instructed visitors to address him in the chief's language because he consented to dance, a weird pathetic version of the usual style, only when so opportuned.) He had no outbreaks of violence, was morose, recessive, only able to work at times and never able to do heavy work or to be trusted to carry through any complicated task. He was treated with universal gentleness and toleration by his relatives and neighbours.

From informants I obtained accounts of four cases on Tutuila which sounded like the manic stage of manic depressive insanity. All four of these individuals had been vio-

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lently destructive, and uncontrollable for a period of time, but had later resumed what the natives considered normal functioning. An old woman who had died some ten years before was said to have compulsively complied with any command that was given her. There was one epileptic boy in Taū, a member of an otherwise normal family of eight children. He fell from a tree during a seizure and died from a fractured skull soon after I came to Manu'a. A little girl of about ten who was paralysed from the waist down was said to be suffering from an overdose of salvarsan and to have been normal until she was five or six years old.

Only two individuals, one a married woman of thirty or so, the other a girl of nineteen, discussed in Chapter X, showed a definite neurasthenic constitution. The married woman was barren and spent a great deal of time explaining her barrenness as need of an operation. The presence of an excellent surgeon at the Samoan hospital during the preceding two years had greatly enhanced the prestige of operations. On Tutuila, near the Naval Station, I encountered several middle-aged women obsessed with operations which they had undergone or were soon to undergo. Whether this vogue of modern surgery, by giving it special point, has added to the amount of apparent neurasthenia or not, it is impossible to say.

Of hysterical manifestations, I encountered only one, a girl of fourteen or fifteen with a bad tic in the right side of her face. I only saw her for a few minutes on a journey and was unable to make any investigations. I neither saw nor heard of any cases of hysterical blindness or deafness, nor of any anæsthesias nor paralyses.

I saw no cases of cretinism. There were a few children who had been blind from birth. Blindness, due to the extremely violent methods used by the native practitioners in the treatment of "Samoan conjunctivitis," is common.

The pathology which is immediately apparent to any visitor

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in a Samoan village is mainly due to the diseased eyes, elephantiasis, and abscesses and sores of various sorts, but the stigmata of degeneration are almost entirely absent.

There was one albino, a girl of ten, with no albinism in the recorded family history, but as one parent, now dead, had come from another island, this was not at all conclusive data.

## APPENDIX V

### MATERIALS UPON WHICH THE ANALYSIS IS BASED

This study included sixty-eight girls between the ages of eight and nine and nineteen or twenty—all the girls between these ages in the three villages of Faleasao, Lumā and Siufaga, the three villages on the west coast of the island of Taū in the Manu'a Archipelago of the Samoan Islands.

Owing to the impossibility of obtaining accurate dates of birth except in a very few cases, the ages must all be regarded as approximate. The approximations were based upon the few known ages and the testimony of relatives as to the relative age of the others. For purpose of description and analysis I have divided them roughly into three groups, the children who showed no mammary signs of puberty, twenty-eight in number, ranging in age from eight or nine to about twelve or thirteen; the children who would probably mature within the next year or year and a half, fourteen in number, ranging in age from twelve or thirteen to fourteen or fifteen; and the girls who were past puberty, but who were not yet considered as adults by the community, twenty-five in number, ranging in age from fourteen or fifteen to nineteen or twenty. These two latter groups and eleven of the younger children were studied in detail, making a group of fifty. The remaining fourteen children in the youngest group were studied less carefully as individuals. They formed a large check group in studying play, gang life, the development of brother and sister avoidance, the attitude between the sexes, the difference in the interests and activities of this age and the girls approaching puberty. They also provided abundant material for

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the study of the education and discipline of the child in the home. The two tables present in summary form the major statistical facts which were gathered about the children specially studied, order of birth, number of brothers and sisters, death or remarriage or divorce of parents, residence of the child, type of household in which the child lived and whether the girl was the daughter of the head of the household or not. The second table relates only to the twenty-five girls past puberty and gives length of time since first menstruation, frequency of menstruation, amount and location of menstrual pain, the presence or absence of masturbation, homosexual and heterosexual experience, and the very pertinent fact of residence or non-residence in the pastor's household. A survey of the summary analyses joined to these tables will show that these fifty girls present a fairly wide range in family organisation, order of birth, and relation to parents. The group may be fairly considered as representative of the various types of environment, personal and social, which are found in Samoan civilisation as it is to-day.

### DISTRIBUTION OF GROUP OF ADOLESCENTS IN RELATION TO FIRST MENSTRUATION

Within last six months . . . . .	6
Within last year . . . . .	3
Within last two years . . . . .	5
Within last three years . . . . .	7
Within last four years . . . . .	3
Within last five years . . . . .	1
	—
Total . . . . .	25



# SAMPLE RECORD SHEET FILLED OUT FOR EACH GIRL

Household number	Girl's number	Name	Age	(How estimated)
Matai	Father	Rank	Father's residence	
Mother	Residence of mother	Either parent been married before?		
Economic status of household	Church membership of father, mother, guardian			
Menstruated?	Date of commencement?	Pain	Regularity	Estimate of physical development
Grade in government school?	In pastor's school?	Any knowledge of English?		
Foreign experience (outside Tau)	Physical defects			
Order of birth?				
Best friends in order?				

## *Test Scores*

Colour naming  
 Rote memory for digits  
 Digit symbol substitution  
 Opposites  
 Picture Interpretation  
 Ball and Field

Religious attitudes

## *Judgments on individuals in the village*

Most beautiful girl  
 Handsomest boy  
 Wisest man  
 Cleverest woman  
 Worst boy  
 Worst girl  
 Best boy  
 Best girl

Personality

Attitude towards household

Attitude towards contemporaries

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## TABLE I

TABLE SHOWING LENGTH OF TIME SINCE PUBERTY, PERIODICITY, AMOUNT OF PAIN DURING MENSES, MASTURBATION, HOMOSEXUAL EXPERIENCE, HETEROSEXUAL EXPERIENCE, AND RESIDENCE OR NON-RESIDENCE IN PASTOR'S HOUSEHOLD

No.	Name	Time Elapsed		Pain *	Masturbation	Homosexual	Heterosexual	Residence
		Since Puberty	Periodicity			Experience	Experience	in Pastor's Household
1.	Luna	3 years	monthly	abdo.	yes	yes	yes	no
2.	Masina	3 "	"	"	"	"	"	"
3.	Losa	2 "	"	abdo. back	no	"	no	yes
4.	Sona	3 "	semi-monthly	" "	yes	"	"	"
5.	Loto	2 months	monthly	back	"	"	"	"
6.	Pala	6 "	"	none	"	"	"	no
7.	Aso	18 "	semi-monthly	back	"	no	"	"
8.	Tolo	3 "	" "	extreme	"	"	"	"
9.	Lotu	3 years	monthly	"	"	yes	yes	"
10.	Tulipa	2 months	"	abdo. back	"	"	no	yes
14.	Lita	2 years	"	back	"	"	"	no
16.	Namu	3 "	"	"	"	"	yes	"
17.	Ana	2 "	Every three months	"	"	"	no	yes
18.	Lua	3 months	monthly	"	no	no	"	no
19.	Tofu	4 years	semi-monthly	"	yes	yes	yes	"
21.	Mala	2 months	monthly	"	"	no	no	"
22.	Fala	1 year	"	"	"	yes	yes	"
23.	Lola	1 "	semi-monthly	abdo.	"	"	"	"
23 <sup>a</sup> .	Tulipa	3 years	monthly	back	"	"	"	"
24.	Leta	2 months	"	none	"	"	"	yes
25.	Ela	2 years	"	extreme	"	"	"	"
27.	Mina	5 "	"	"	"	no	no	"
28.	Moana	4 "	bi-monthly	abdo. back	"	"	yes	no
29.	Luina	4 "	monthly	extreme	no	"	no	yes
30.	Sala	3 "	semi-monthly	"	yes	"	yes	no

\* Abdomen—pain only there; back—pain only there; extreme—so characterised by girl, never so ill that she couldn't work.

TABLE II

## FAMILY STRUCTURE

COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA

No.	Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
<i>Pre-Ads.</i>																						
1.	Tuna	1	3																		x	x
2.	Vala					1-	3-	x			x					x						
3.	Pele		3	4																	x	
4.	Timu							x	x											x		
5.	Suna							x					x							x		
6.	Pola			3	2	1										x					x	
7.	Tua	1	4	1													x					
8.	Sina	1	1	2	3																x	x
9.	Fiya	1		1	3															x		
10.	Ula	1	1	1	2																x	
11.	Siva	1	4					x												x		
<i>Midways</i>																						
1.	Tasi	1		4									x								x	x
2.	Fitu	1		2	2											x						x
3.	Mata	1	1		3									x							x	x
4.	Vi	3	3	1	1																	
6.	Ipu	2	1					x				x									x	
7.	Selu	3																				
8.	Pula	2		1	1									x								x
9.	Meta	3		1	1																	
10.	Maliu		2	2	2																x	
11.	Fiatia					3-	2-					x	x			$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$		x			
12.	Lama	3						x												x		



# COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA

## KEY TO TABLE ON FAMILY STRUCTURE

<i>Column</i>	<i>Subject</i>
1	Number of older brothers
2	Number of older sisters
3	Number of younger brothers
4	Number of younger sisters
5	Half brother, <i>plus</i> , number older, <i>minus</i> , number younger
6	Half sister, <i>plus</i> , number older, <i>minus</i> , number younger
7	Mother dead
8	Father dead
9	Child of mother's second marriage
10	Child of father's second marriage
11	Mother remarried
12	Father remarried
13	Residence with both parents and patrilocal
14	Residence with both parents and matrilocal
15	Residence with mother only
16	Residence with father only
17	Parents divorced
18	Residence with paternal relatives
19	Residence with maternal relatives
20	Father is <i>matai</i> of household
21	Residence in a biological family, i.e., household of parents, children, and no more than two additional relatives.

*x* in the table means the presence of trait. For example, *x* in column 7 means that the mother is dead.

## APPENDIX V

### ANALYSIS OF TABLE ON FAMILY STRUCTURE

There were among the sixty-eight girls:

- 7 only children
- 15 youngest children
- 5 oldest children
- 5 with half brother or sister in the same household
- 5 whose mother was dead
- 14 whose father was dead
- 3 who were children of mother's second marriage
- 2 children of father's second marriage
- 7 whose mother had remarried
- 5 whose father had remarried
- 4 residence with both parents patrilocal
- 8 residence with both parents matrilocal
- 9 residence with mother only
- 1 residence with father only
- 7 parents divorced
- 12 residence with paternal relatives (without either parent)
- 6 residence with maternal relatives (without either parent)
- 15, or 30%, whose fathers were heads of households
- 12 who belonged to a qualified biological family (i.e., a family which during my stay on the island comprised only two relatives beside the parents and children).

### INTELLIGENCE TESTS USED

It was impossible to standardise any intelligence tests and consequently my results are quantitatively valueless. But as I had had some experience in the diagnostic use of tests, I found them useful in forming a preliminary estimate of the



## COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA

girls' intelligence. Also, the natives have long been accustomed to examinations which the missionary authorities conduct each year, and the knowledge that an examination is in progress makes them respect the privacy of investigator and subject. In this way it was possible for me to get the children alone, without antagonising their parents. Furthermore, the novelty of the tests, especially the colour-naming and picture interpretation tests, served to divert their attention from other questions which I wished to ask them. The results of the tests showed a much narrower range than would be expected in a group varying in age from ten to twenty. Without any standardisation it is impossible to draw any more detailed conclusions. I shall, however, include a few comments about the peculiar responses which the girls made to particular tests, as I believe such comment is useful in evaluating intelligence testing among primitive peoples and also in estimating the possibilities of such testing.

### *Tests Used*

Colour Naming. 100 half-inch squares, red, yellow, black and blue.

Rote Memory for Digits. Customary Stanford Binet directions were used.

Digit Symbol Substitution. 72 one-inch figures, square, circle, cross, triangle and diamond.

Opposites. 23 words. Stimulus words: fat, white, long, old, tall, wise, beautiful, late, night, near, hot, win, thick, sweet, tired, slow, rich, happy, darkness, up, inland, inside, sick.

Picture Interpretation. Three reproductions from the moving picture *Moana*, showing, (a) Two children who had caught a cocoanut crab by smoking it out of the rocks above them, (b) A canoe putting out to sea after bonito as evidenced by the shape of the canoe

## APPENDIX V

and the position of the crew, (c) A Samoan girl sitting on a log eating a small live fish which a boy, garlanded and stretched on the ground at her feet, had given her.

### Ball and Field. Standard-sized circle.

Standard directions were given throughout in all cases entirely in Samoan. Many children, unused to such definitely set tasks, although all are accustomed to the use of slate and of pencil and paper, had to be encouraged to start. The ball and field test was the least satisfactory as in over fifty per cent of the cases the children followed an accidental first line and simply completed an elaborate pattern within the circle. When this pattern happened by accident to be either the Inferior or Superior solution, the child's comment usually betrayed the guiding idea as æsthetic rather than as an attempt to solve the problem. The children whom I was led to believe to be most intelligent, subordinated the æsthetic consideration to the solution of the problem, but the less intelligent children were sidetracked by their interest in the design they could make much more easily than are children in our civilisation. In only two cases did I find a rote memory for digits which exceeded six digits; two girls completing seven successfully. The Samoan civilisation puts the slightest of premiums upon rote memory of any sort. On the digit-symbol test they were slow to understand the point of the test and very few learned the combinations before the last line of the test sheet. The picture interpretation test was the most subject to vitiation through a cultural factor; almost all of the children adopted some highly stylized form of comment and then pursued it through one balanced sentence after another: "Beautiful is the boy and beautiful is the girl. Beautiful is the garland of the boy and beautiful is the wreath of the girl," etc. In the two pictures which emphasised human beings no discussion could be commenced until the question of

## COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA

the relationship of the characters had been ascertained. The opposites test was the one which they did most easily, a natural consequence of a vivid interest in words, an interest which leads them to spend most of their mythological speculation upon punning explanations of names.

### CHECK LIST USED IN INVESTIGATION OF EACH GIRL'S EXPERIENCE

In order to standardise this investigation I made out a questionnaire which I filled out for each girl. The questions were not asked consecutively but from time to time I added one item of information after another to the record sheets. The various items fell into the loose groupings indicated below.

*Agricultural proficiency.* Weeding, selecting leaves for use in cooking, gathering bananas, taro, breadfruit, cutting cocoanuts for copra.

*Cooking.* Skinning bananas, grating cocoanut, preparing breadfruit, mixing *palusami*,\* wrapping *palusami*, making *tafalo*,† making banana *poi*, making arrow-root pudding.

*Fishing.* Daylight reef fishing, torchlight reef fishing, gathering *lole*, catching small fish on reef, using the "come hither" octopus stick, gathering large crabs.

*Weaving.* Balls, pin-wheels, baskets to hold food gifts, carrying baskets, woven blinds, floor mats, fishing baskets, food trays, thatching mats, roof bonetting mats, plain fans, pandanus floor mats, bed mats (number of designs known

\* *Palusami*—a pudding prepared from grated cocoanut, flavoured with red hot stone, mixed with sea water, and wrapped in taro leaves, from which the acrid stem has been scorched, then in a banana leaf, finally in a breadfruit leaf.

† *Tafalo*—a pudding made of breadfruit with a sauce of grated cocoanut.

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and number of mats completed), fine mats, dancing skirts, sugar-cane thatch.

*Bark cloth making.* Gathering paper mulberry wands, scraping the bark, pounding the bark, using a pattern board, tracing patterns free hand.

*Care of clothing.* Washing, ironing, ironing starched clothes, sewing, sewing on a machine, embroidering.

*Athletics.* Climbing palm trees, swimming, swimming in the swimming hole within the reef,\* playing cricket.

*Kava making.* Pounding the kava root, distributing the kava, making the kava, shaking out the hibiscus bark strainer.

*Proficiency in foreign things.* Writing a letter, telling time, reading a calendar, filling a fountain pen.

*Dancing.*

*Reciting the family genealogy.*

*Index of knowledge of the courtesy language.* Giving the chiefs' words for: arm, leg, food, house, dance, wife, sickness, talk, sit. Giving courtesy phrases of welcome, when passing in front of some one.

*Experience of life and death.* Witnessing of birth, miscarriage, intercourse, death, Cæsarian post-mortem operation.

*Marital preferences,* rank, residence, age of marriage, number of children.

*Index of knowledge of the social organisation.* Reason for Cæsarian post-mortem, proper treatment of a chief's bed, exactions of the brother and sister taboo, penalties attached to cocoanut *tapui*,† proper treatment of a kava

\* Swimming in the hole within the reef required more skill than swimming in still water; it involved diving and also battling with a water level which changed several feet with each great wave.

† *Tapui.* The hieroglyphic signs used by the Samoans to protect their property from thieves. The *tapui* calls down an automatic magical penalty upon the transgressor. The penalty for stealing from property protected by the cocoanut *tapui* is boils.

## COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA

bowl, the titles and present incumbents of the titles of the *Manaia* of Lumā, Siufaga and Faleasao, the Taupo of Fitiuta, the meaning of the *Fale Ula* \* the *Umu Sa*, † the *Mua o le taule'ale'a*, ‡ the proper kinds of property for a marriage exchange, who was the high chief of Lumā, Siufaga, Faleasao and Fitiuta, and what constituted the *Lafo* § of the talking chief.

\* The ceremonial name of the council house of the Tui Manu'a.

† The sacred oven of food and the ceremony accompanying its presentation and the presentation of fine mats to the carpenters who have completed a new house.

‡ The ceremonial call of the young men of the village upon a visiting maiden.

§ The ceremonial perquisite of the talking chief, usually a piece of tapa, occasionally a fine mat.

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The vowels are all pronounced as in Italian.

G is always pronounced like NG.

The Glottal stop is indicated by a (').

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# PART ONE

## GROWING UP IN MANUS SOCIETY

### I

#### INTRODUCTION

THE way in which each human infant is transformed into the finished adult, into the complicated individual version of his city and his century is one of the most fascinating studies open to the curious minded. Whether one wishes to trace the devious paths by which the unformed baby which was oneself developed personality, to prophesy the future of some child still in pinafores, to direct a school, or to philosophise about the future of the United States—the same problem is continually in the foreground of thought. How much of the child's equipment does it bring with it at birth? How much of its development follows regular laws? How much or how little and in what ways is it dependent upon early training, upon the personality of its parents, its teachers, its playmates, the age into which it is born? Is the framework of human nature so rigid that it will break if submitted to too severe tests? To what limits will it flexibly accommodate itself? Is it possible to rewrite the conflict between youth and age so that it is less acute or more fertile of good results? Such questions are implicit in almost every social decision—in the

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mother's decision to feed the baby with a spoon rather than force it to drink from a hated bottle, in the appropriation of a million dollars to build a new manual training high school, in the propaganda plans of the Anti-Saloon League or of the Communist party. Yet it is a subject about which we know little, towards which we are just developing methods of approach.

But when human history took the turn which is symbolised in the story of the confusion of tongues and the dispersion of peoples after the Tower of Babel, the student of human nature was guaranteed one kind of laboratory. In all parts of the world, in the densest jungle and on the small islands of the sea, groups of people, differing in language and customs from their neighbours, were working out experiments in what could be done with human nature. The restless fancy of many men was drawing in diverse ways upon their historical backgrounds, inventing new tools, new forms of government, new and different phrasings of the problem of good and evil, new views of man's place in the universe. By one people the possibilities of rank with all its attendant artificialities and conventions were being tested, by a second the social consequences of large scale human sacrifice, while a third tested the results of a loose unpatterned democracy. While one people tried out the limits of ceremonial licentiousness, another exacted season-long or year-long continence from all its members. Where one people made their dead their gods, another chose to ignore the dead and rely instead upon a philosophy of life which viewed

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man as grass that grows up in the morning and is cut down forever at nightfall.

Within the generous lines laid down by the early patterns of thought and behaviour which seem to form our common human inheritance, countless generations of men have experimented with the possibilities of the human spirit. It only remained for those of inquiring mind, alive to the value of these hoary experiments, to read the answers written down in the ways of life of different peoples. Unfortunately we have been prodigal and blind in our use of these priceless records. We have permitted the only account of an experiment which it has taken thousands of years to make and which we are powerless to repeat, to be obliterated by fire-arms, or alcohol, evangelism or tuberculosis. One primitive people after another has vanished and left no trace.

If a long line of devoted biologists had been breeding guinea pigs or fruit flies for a hundred years and recording the results, and some careless vandal burnt the painstaking record and killed the survivors, we would cry out in anger at the loss to science. Yet, when history, without any such set purpose, has presented us with the results of not a hundred years' experiment on guinea pigs, but a thousand years' experiment on human beings, we permit the records to be extinguished without a protest.

Although most of these fragile cultures which owed their perpetuation not to written records but to the memories of a few hundred human beings are lost to

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us, a few remain. Isolated on small Pacific islands, in dense African jungles or Asiatic wastes, it is still possible to find untouched societies which have chosen solutions of life's problems different from our own, which can give us precious evidence on the malleability of human nature.

Such an untouched people are the brown sea-dwelling Manus of the Admiralty Islands, north of New Guinea.\* In their vaulted, thatched houses set on stilts in the olive green waters of the wide lagoon, their lives are lived very much as they have been lived for unknown centuries. No missionary has come to teach them an unknown faith, no trader has torn their lands from them and reduced them to penury. Those white men's diseases which have reached them have been few enough in number to be fitted into their own theory of disease as a punishment for evil done. They buy iron and cloth and beads from the distant traders; they have learned to smoke the white man's tobacco, to use his money, to take an occasional dispute into the District Officer's Court. Since 1912 war has been practically abolished, an enforced reformation welcome to a trading, voyaging people. Their young men go away to work for two or three years in the plantations of the white man, but come back little changed to their own villages. It is essentially a primitive society without written records, without economic dependence upon white culture, preserving its own canons, its own way of life.

\* See Appendix II, "Ethnographic Notes on the Manus Tribe."

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The manner in which human babies born into these water-dwelling communities, gradually absorb the traditions, the prohibitions, the values of their elders and become in turn the active perpetuators of Manus culture is a record rich in its implications for education. Our own society is so complex, so elaborate, that the most serious student can, at best, only hope to examine a part of the educational process. While he concentrates upon the method in which a child solves one set of problems, he must of necessity neglect the others. But in a simple society, without division of labour, without written records, without a large population, the whole tradition is narrowed down to the memory capacities of a few individuals. With the aid of writing and an analytic point of view, it is possible for the investigator to master in a few months most of the tradition which it takes the native years to learn.

From this vantage point of a thorough knowledge of the cultural background, it is then possible to study the educational process, to suggest solutions to educational problems which we would never be willing to study by experimentation upon our own children. But Manus has made the experiment for us; we have only to read the answer.

I made this study of Manus education to prove no thesis, to support no preconceived theories. Many of the results came as a surprise to me.\* This description of the way a simple people, dwelling in the shallow

\* See Appendix I, "The Ethnological Approach to Social Psychology."

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lagoons of a distant south sea island, prepare their children for life, is presented to the reader as a picture of human education in miniature. Its relevance to modern educational interest is first just that it is such a simplified record in which all the elements can be readily grasped and understood, where a complex process which we are accustomed to think of as written upon too large a canvas to be taken in at a glance, can be seen as through a painter's diminishing glass. Furthermore in Manus certain tendencies in discipline or accorded license, certain parental attitudes, can be seen carried to more drastic lengths than has yet occurred within our own society. And finally these Manus people are interesting to us because the aims and methods of Manus society, although primitive, are not unlike the aims and methods which may be found in our own immediate history.

We shall see how remarkably successful the Manus people are in instilling into the smallest child a respect for property; how equally remarkable is the physical adjustment which very young children are taught to make. The firm discipline combined with the unflagging solicitude which lie back of these two conspicuous Manus triumphs, contradict equally the theory that a child should be protected and sheltered and the theory that he should be thrown into the waters of experience to "sink or swim." The Manus world, slight frameworks of narrow boards above the changing tides of the lagoon, is too precarious a place for costly mistakes. The successful fashion in which each baby is efficiently



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adapted to its dangerous way of life is relevant to the problems which parents here must face as our mode of life becomes increasingly charged with possibilities of accident.

Perhaps equally illuminating are the Manus mistakes, for their efficiency in training dexterous little athletes and imbuing them with a thorough respect for property is counterbalanced by their failure in other forms of discipline. The children are allowed to give their emotions free play; they are taught to bridle neither their tongues nor their tempers. They are taught no respect for their parents; they are given no pride in their tradition. The absence of any training which fits them to accept graciously the burden of their tradition, to assume proudly the rôle of adults, is conspicuous. They are permitted to frolic in their ideal playground without responsibilities and without according either thanks or honour to those whose unremitting labour makes their long years of play possible.

Those who believe that all children are naturally creative, inherently imaginative, that they need only be given freedom to evolve rich and charming ways of life for themselves, will find in the behaviour of Manus children no confirmation of their faith. Here are all the children of a community, freed from all labour, given only the most rudimentary schooling by a society which concerns itself only with physical proficiency, respect for property and the observance of a few tabus. They are healthy children; a fifty per cent infant death rate accomplishes that. Only the most fit

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survive. They are intelligent children; there are only three or four dull children among them. They have perfect bodily co-ordination; their senses are sharp, their perceptions are quick and accurate. The parent and child relationship is such that feelings of inferiority and insecurity hardly exist. And this group of children are allowed to play all day long, but, alas for the theorists, their play is like that of young puppies or kittens. Unaided by the rich hints for play which children of other societies take from the admired adult traditions, they have a dull, uninteresting child life, romping good humouredly until they are tired, then lying inert and breathless until rested sufficiently to romp again.

The family picture in Manus is also strange and revealing, with the father taking the principal rôle, the father the tender solicitous indulgent guardian, while the mother takes second place in the child's affection. Accustomed as we are to the family in which the father is the stern and distant dictator, the mother the child's advocate and protector, it is provocative to find a society in which father and mother have exchanged parts. The psychiatrists have laboured the difficulties under which a male child grows up if his father plays patriarch and his mother madonna. Manus illustrates the creative part which a loving tender father may play in shaping positively his son's personality. It suggests that the solution of the family complex may lie not in the parents assuming no rôles, as some enthusiasts suggest, but in their playing different ones.

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Besides these special points in Manus educational practice, there is also a curious analogy between Manus society and America. Like America, Manus has not yet turned from the primary business of making a living to the less immediate interest of the conduct of life as an art. As in America, work is respected and industry and economic success is the measure of the man. The dreamer who turns aside from fishing and trading and so makes a poor showing at the next feast, is despised as a weakling. Artists they have none, but like Americans, they, richer than their neighbours, buy their neighbours' handiwork. To the arts of leisure, conversation, story telling, music and dancing, friendship and love making, they give scant recognition. Conversation is purposeful, story telling is abbreviated and very slightly stylised, singing is for moments of boredom, dancing is to celebrate financial arrangements, friendship is for trade, and love making, in any elaborate sense, is practically unknown. The ideal Manus man has no leisure; he is ever up and about his business turning five strings of shell money into ten.

With this emphasis upon work, upon the accumulation of more and more property, the cementing of firmer trade alliances, the building of bigger canoes and bigger houses, goes a congruent attitude towards morality. As they admire industry, so do they esteem probity in business dealings. Their hatred of debt, their uneasiness beneath undischarged economic obligations is painful. Diplomacy and tact are but slightly valued; obstreperous truthfulness is the greater virtue.

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The double standard permitted very cruel prostitution in earlier days; the most rigorous demands are still made upon the virtue of Manus women. Finally their religion is genuinely ethical; it is a spiritualistic cult of the recently dead ancestors who supervise jealously their descendants' economic and sexual lives, blessing those who abstain from sin and who labour to grow wealthy, visiting sickness and misfortune on violators of the sexual code and on those who neglect to invest the family capital wisely. In many ways, the Manus ideal is very similar to our historical Puritan ideal, demanding from men industry, prudence, thrift and abstinence from worldly pleasures, with the promise that God will prosper the virtuous man.

In this stern workaday world of the adult, the children are not asked to play any part. Instead they are given years of unhampered freedom by parents whom they often bully and despise for their munificence. We often present our children with this same picture. We who live in a society where it is the children who wear the silk while the mothers labour in calico, may find something of interest in the development of these primitive young people in a world that is so often like a weird caricature of our own, a world whose currency is shells and dogs' teeth, which makes its investments in marriages instead of corporations and conducts its overseas trade in outrigger canoes, but where property, morality and security for the next generation are the main concerns of its inhabitants.

This account is the result of six months' concentrated

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and uninterrupted field work. From a thatched house on piles, built in the centre of the Manus village of Peri, I learned the native language, the children's games, the intricacies of social organisation, economic custom and religious belief and practice which formed the social framework within which the child grows up. In my large living room, on the wide verandahs, on the tiny islet adjoining the houses, in the surrounding lagoon, the children played all day and I watched them, now from the midst of a play group, now from behind the concealment of the thatched walls. I rode in their canoes, attended their feasts, watched in the house of mourning and sat severely still while the mediums conversed with the spirits of the dead. I observed the children when no grown-up people were present, and I watched their behaviour towards their parents. Within a social setting which I learned to know intimately enough not to offend against the hundreds of name tabus, I watched the Manus baby, the Manus child, the Manus adolescent, in an attempt to understand the way in which each of these was becoming a Manus adult.

## II

### SCENES FROM MANUS LIFE

#### I

TO the Manus native the world is a great platter, curving upwards on all sides, from his flat lagoon village where the pile houses stand like long-legged birds, placid and unstirred by the changing tides. One long edge of the platter is the mainland, rising from its fringe of mangrove swamps in fold after fold of steep, red clay. The mainland is approached across a half mile of lagoon, where the canoe leaves a path in the thicket of scum-coated sea growth, and is entered by slowly climbing the narrow tortuous beds of the small rivers which wind stagnant courses through the dark forbidding swamps. On the mainland live the Usiai, the men of the bush, whom the Manus people meet daily at set hours near the river mouths. Here the Manus fishermen, the landless rulers of the lagoons and reefs, bargain with the Usiai for taro, sago, yams, wood for housebuilding, betel nut for refreshments, logs for the hulls of their great outrigger canoes,—buying with their fish all the other necessities of life from the timid, spindly-legged bush people. Here also the people of Peri come to work the few sago patches which they long ago traded or stole from the Usiai; here the children come for a fresh water swim, and the



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women to gather firewood and draw water. The swamps are infested with sulky Usiai, hostile demons and fresh water monsters. Because of them the Manus dislike both the rivers and the land and take pains never to look into the still waters lest part of their soul stuff remain there.

At the other edge of the platter is the reef, beyond which lies the open sea and the islands of their own archipelago, where they sail to trade for cocoanuts, oil, carved wooden bowls and carved bedsteads. Beyond, still higher up the sea wall, lies Rabaul, the capital of the white man's government of the Territory of New Guinea, and far up on the rim of the world lies Sydney, the farthest point of their knowledge. Stretching away to right and left along the base of the platter lie other villages of the Manus people, standing in serried ranks in brown lagoons, and far away at each end of the platter lies the gentle slope of the high sea wall which canoes must climb if they would sail upon it.

Around the stout house piles, the tides run, now baring the floor of the lagoon until part of the village is left high and dry in the mud, now swelling with a soft insistence nearly to the floor slats of the houses. Here and there, around the village borders, are small abrupt islands, without level land, and unfit for cultivation. Here the women spread out leaves to dry for weaving, the children scramble precariously from rock to rock. Bleaching on the farther islands lie the white bones of the dead.

This small world of water dwellings, where men who



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are of one kin build their houses side by side, and scatter sago on the edge of the little island which they have inherited from their fathers, shelters not only the living but also the spirits of the dead. These live protected from the inclemency of wind and rain beneath the house thatch. Disowned by their descendants, they flutter restlessly about the borders of the small islets of coral rubble which stand in the centre of the village and do duty as village greens, places of meeting and festivity.

Within the village bounds, the children play. At low tide they range in straggling groups about the shallows, spearing minnows or pelting each other with seaweed. When the water rises the smaller ones are driven up upon the little islets or into the houses, but the taller still wade about sailing toy boats, until the rising tide drives them into their small canoes to race gaily upon the surface of the water. Within the village the sharks of the open sea do not venture, nor are the children in danger from the crocodiles of the mainland. The paint with which their fathers decorate their faces for a voyage into the open seas as a protection against malicious spirits is not needed here. Naked, except for belts or armlets of beads or necklaces of dogs' teeth, they play all day at fishing, swimming, boating, mastering the arts upon which their landless fathers have built their secure position as the dominant people of the archipelago. Up the sides of the universe lie dangers, but here in the watery bottom, the children play, safe beneath the eyes of their spirit ancestors.

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### II

In the centre of a long house are gathered a group of women. Two of them are cooking sago and cocoanut in shallow broken pieces of earthenware pottery, another is making beadwork. One old woman, a widow by her rope belt and black rubber-like breast bands, is shredding leaves and plaiting them into new grass skirts to add to those which hang in a long row from above her head. The thatched roof is black from the thick wood smoke, rising incessantly from the fires which are never allowed to go out. On swinging shelves over the fires, fish are smoking. A month-old baby lies on a leaf mat, several other small children play about, now nursing at their mothers' breasts, now crawling away, now returning to cry for more milk. It is dark and hot in the house. The only breath of air comes up through the slats in the floor and from trap door entrances at the far ends of the house. The women have laid aside their long drab cotton cloaks, which they must always wear in public to hide their faces from their male relatives-in-law. Beads of sweat glisten on their shiny shaven heads, sign of the wedded estate. Their grass skirts, which are only two tails worn one before and one behind, leaving the thighs bare, are wilted and work-bedraggled.

One woman starts to gather up her beads: "Come, Alupwa," she says to her three-year-old daughter.

"I don't want to." The fat little girl wriggles and pouts.

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"Yes, come, I must go home now. I have stayed here long enough making bead-work. Come."

"I don't want to."

"Yes, come, father will be home from market and hungry after fishing all night."

"I won't." Alupwa purses her lips into ugly defiance.

"But come daughter of mine, we must go home now."

"I won't."

"If thou dost not come now, I must return for thee and what if in the meantime, my sister-in-law, the wife of my husband's brother, should take the canoe? Thou wouldst cry and who would fetch thee home?"

"Father!" retorted the child impudently.

"Father will scold me if thou art not home. He likes it not when thou stayest for a long while with my kinsfolk," replies the mother, glancing up at the skull bowl, where the grandfather's skull hangs from the ceiling.

"Never mind!" The child jerks away from her mother's attempt to detain her and turning, slaps her mother roundly in the face. Every one laughs merrily.

Her mother's sister adds: "Alupwa, thou shouldst go home now with thy mother," whereupon the child slaps her also. The mother gives up the argument and begins working on her beads again, while Alupwa prances to the front of the house and returns with a small green fruit from which the older children make tops. This she begins to eat with a sly glance at her mother.

"Don't eat that, Alupwa, it is bad." Alupwa de-

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fiantly sets her teeth into the rind. "Don't eat it. Dost not hear me?" Her mother takes hold of the child's hand and tries to wrest it away from her. Alupwa immediately begins to shriek furiously. The mother lets go of her hand with a hopeless shrug and the child puts the fruit to her lips again. But one of the older women intervenes.

"It is bad that she should eat that thing. It will make her sick."

"Well, then do thou take it from her. If I do she will hate me." The older woman grasps the wrist of the screaming child and wrenches the fruit from her.

"Daughter of Kea!" At the sound of her husband's voice, the mother springs to her feet, gathering up her cloak. The other women hastily seize their cloaks against their brother-in-law's possible entrance into the house. But Alupwa, tears forgotten, scampers out to the trap door, climbs down the ladder to the veranda, out along the outrigger poles to the canoe platform, and along the sharp gunwale to nestle happily against her father's leg. His hand plays affectionately with her hair as he scowls up at his wife who is sullenly descending the ladder.

### III

It is night in Peri. From the windowless houses with their barred entrances, no house fires shine out into the village. Now and then a shower of incandescent ashes falls into the sea, betraying that folk are still awake within the silent houses. Under a house, at the other end of the village, a dark figure is visible

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against the light cast by a fan-shaped torch of palm leaves. It is a man who is searing the hull of his water-worn canoe with fire. Out in the shallows near the pounding reef, can be seen the scattered bamboo torches of fishermen. A canoe passes down the central waterway, and stops, without a sound, under the verandah of a house. The occupant of the canoe stands, upright, leaning on his long punt, listening. From the interior of the house comes the sound of low sibilant, indrawn whistlings. The owner of the house is holding a séance and through the whistles of the spirit, who is in possession of the mouth of the medium, he communicates with the spirits of the dead. The whistling ceases, and a woman's voice exclaims: "Ah, Pokus is here and thou mayst question him."

The listener recognises the name of Pokus, although the voice of his mortal mother, the medium, is strained and disguised. His lips form the words: "Wife of Pokanas is conducting the séance."

The owner of the house speaks, quickly, in a voice of command: "Thou, Pokus, tell me. Why is my child sick? All day he is sick. Is it because I sold those pots which I should have kept for my daughter's dowry? Speak, thou, tell me."

Again the whistling. Then the woman's voice drowsily. "He says he does not know."

"Then let him go and ask Selanbelot, my father's brother, whose skull I have given room under my roof. Let him ask him why my child is sick."

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Again whistling. Then the woman's voice, softly: "He says he will go and ask him."

From the next house comes the sharp angry wail of a child. The floor creaks above the listener's head and the medium says in her ordinary voice, "Thou, Pokanas. Wake up. The child is crying. Dost thou sleep? Listen, the child is crying, go quickly."

A heavy man climbs down the ladder and perceiving the man in the canoe: "Who is it? Thou, Saot?"

"Take me quickly in thy canoe. The child has wakened and is frightened." As the young man punts the father across to his child, the whistling begins again.

### IV

Against the piles at the back of his veranda a man lounges wearily. After a whole night's fishing and the morning at the market he is very sleepy. His hair is combed stiffly back from his head in a pompadour. Around his throat is a string of dogs' teeth. From his distended ear lobes dangle little notched rings of coconut shell, and through the pierced septum of his nose is passed a long slender crescent of pearl shell. His G-string of trade cloth is held fast by a woven belt, patterned in yellow and brown. On his upper arms are wide woven armlets coated with black, rubber-like gum; in these are stuck the pieces of the rib bones of his dead father. On the rough floor boards lies a small grass bag, from which projects a polished gourd on which intricate designs have been burned. In the mouth of the gourd is thrust a wooden spatula, the end carved

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to represent a crocodile eating a man. The carved head extends in staring unconcern from the crocodile's ornate jaws. The loungee stirs and draws from the bag the lime gourd, a cluster of bright green betel nuts and a bunch of pepper leaves. He puts a betel nut in his mouth, leisurely rolls a pepper leaf into a long funnel, bites off the end, and dipping the spatula into the powdered lime, adds a bit of lime to the mixture which he is already chewing vigorously.

The platform shakes as a canoe collides with one of the piles. The man begins hastily gathering up the pepper leaves and betel nut to hide them from a possible visitor. But he is not quick enough. A small head appears above the edge of the verandah and his six-year-old son, Popoli, climbs up dripping. The child's hair is long and strands of it are caked together with red mud; before they can be cut off, his father must give a large feast. The child has spied the treasure and hanging onto the edge of the verandah he whines out in the tone which all Manus natives use when begging betel nut: "A little betel?" The father throws him a nut. He tears the skin off with his teeth and bites it greedily.

"Another," the child's voice rises to a higher pitch. The father throws him a second nut, which the child grasps firmly in his wet little fist, without acknowledgment. "Some pepper leaf?"

The father frowns. "I have very little, Popoli."

"Some pepper leaf." The father tears off a piece of a leaf and throws it to him.



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The child scowls at the small piece. "This is too little. More! More! More!" His voice rises to a howl of rage.

"I have but a little, Popoli. I go not to market until the morrow. I go this afternoon to Patusi and I want some for my voyaging." The father resolutely begins to stuff the leaves farther into the bag, and as he does so, his knife slips out of the bag and falls through a crack into the sea.

"Wilt get it, Popoli?"

But the child only glares furiously. "No. I won't, thou, thou stingy one, thou hidest thy pepper leaf from me." And the child dives off the verandah and swims away, leaving his father to climb down and rescue the knife himself.

### V

On a shaded verandah a group of children are playing cat's cradle.

"Molung is going to die," remarks one little girl, looking up from her half-completed string figure.

"Who says so?" demands a small boy, leaning over to light his cigarette at a glowing bit of wood which lies on the floor.

"My mother. Molung has a snake in her belly."

The other children pay no attention to this announcement, but one four-year-old adds after a moment's reflection, "She had a baby in her belly."

"Yes, but the baby came out. It lives in the back of our house. My grandmother looks out for it." "If

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Molung dies, you can keep the baby," says the small boy. "Listen!"

From the house across the water a high piercing wail of many voices sounds, all crying in chorus, "My mother, my mother, my mother, oh, what can be the matter?"

"Is she dead yet?" asks the small boy, wriggling to the edge of the verandah. Nobody answers him. "Look." From the rear of the house of illness, a large canoe slides away, laden high with cooking pots. An old woman, gaunt of face, and with head uncovered in her haste, punts the canoe along the waterway.

"That's Ndrantche, the mother of Molung," remarks the first little girl.

"Look, there goes Ndrantche with a canoe full of pots," shout the children.

Two women come to the door of the house and look out. "Oho," says one. "She's getting the pots away so that when all the mourners come, the pots won't be broken."

"When will Molung die?" asks little Itong, and "Come for a swim," she adds, diving off the verandah without waiting for an answer.

### III

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THE Manus baby is accustomed to water from the first years of his life. Lying on the slatted floor he watches the sunlight gleam on the surface of the lagoon as the changing tide passes and repasses beneath the house. When he is nine or ten months old his mother or father will often sit in the cool of the evening on the little verandah, and his eyes grow used to the sight of the passing canoes and the village set in the sea. When he is about a year old, he has learned to grasp his mother firmly about the throat, so that he can ride in safety, poised on the back of her neck. She has carried him up and down the long house, dodged under low-hanging shelves, and climbed up and down the rickety ladders which lead from house floor down to the landing verandah. The decisive, angry gesture with which he was reseated on his mother's neck whenever his grip tended to slacken has taught him to be alert and sure-handed. At last it is safe for his mother to take him out in a canoe, to punt or paddle the canoe herself while the baby clings to her neck. If a sudden wind roughens the lagoon or her punt catches in a rock, the canoe may swerve and precipitate mother and baby into the sea. The water is cold and dark, acrid in taste and blindingly salt; the descent into its depths is sud-

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den, but the training within the house holds good. The baby does not loosen his grip while his mother rights the canoe and climbs out of the water.

Occasionally the child's introduction to the water comes at an even earlier age. The house floor is made of sections of slats, put together after the fashion of Venetian blinds. These break and bend and slip out of place until great gaps sometimes appear. The unwary child of a shiftless father may crawl over one of these gaps and slip through into the cold, repellent water beneath. But the mother is never far away; her attention is never wholly diverted from the child. She is out the door, down the ladder, and into the sea in a twinkling; the baby is gathered safely into her arms and warmed and reassured by the fire. Although children frequently slip through the floor, I heard of no cases of drowning and later familiarity with the water seems to obliterate all traces of the shock, for there are no water phobias in evidence. In spite of an early ducking, the sea beckons as insistently to a Manus child as green lawns beckon to our children, tempting them forth to exploration and discovery.

For the first few months after he has begun to accompany his mother about the village the baby rides quietly on her neck or sits in the bow of the canoe while his mother punts in the stern some ten feet away. The child sits quietly, schooled by the hazards to which he has been earlier exposed. There are no straps, no baby harnesses to detain him in his place. At the same time, if he should tumble overboard, there would be

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no tragedy. The fall into the water is painless. The mother or father is there to pick him up. Babies under two and a half or three are never trusted with older children or even with young people. The parents demand a speedy physical adjustment from the child, but they expose him to no unnecessary risks. He is never allowed to stray beyond the limits of safety and watchful adult care.

So the child confronts duckings, falls, dousings of cold water, or entanglements in slimy seaweed, but he never meets with the type of accident which will make him distrust the fundamental safety of his world. Although he himself may not yet have mastered the physical technique necessary for perfect comfort in the water, his parents have. A lifetime of dwelling on the water has made them perfectly at home there. They are sure-footed, clear eyed, quick handed. A baby is never dropped; his mother never lets him slip from her arms or carelessly bumps his head against door post or shelf. All her life she has balanced upon the inch-wide edges of canoe gunwales, gauged accurately the distance between house posts where she must moor her canoe without ramming the outrigger, lifted huge fragile water pots from shifting canoe platforms up rickety ladders. In the physical care of the child she makes no clumsy blunders. Her every move is a reassurance to the child, counteracting any doubts which he may have accumulated in the course of his own less sure-footed progress. So thoroughly do Manus children trust their parents that a child will leap from any

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height into an adult's outstretched arms, leap blindly and with complete confidence of being safely caught.

Side by side with the parent's watchfulness and care goes the demand that the child himself should make as much effort, acquire as much physical dexterity as possible. Every gain a child makes is noted, and the child is inexorably held to his past record. There are no cases of children who toddle a few steps, fall, bruise their noses, and refuse to take another step for three months. The rigorous way of life demands that the children be self-sufficient as early as possible. Until a child has learned to handle his own body, he is not safe in the house, in a canoe, or on the small islands. His mother or aunt is a slave, unable to leave him for a minute, never free of watching his wandering steps. So every new proficiency is encouraged and insisted upon. Whole groups of busy men and women cluster about the baby's first step, but there is no such delightful audience to bemoan his first fall. He is set upon his feet gently but firmly and told to try again. The only way in which he can keep the interest of his admiring audience *is* to try again. So self-pity is stifled and another step is attempted.

As soon as the baby can toddle uncertainly, he is put down into the water at low tide when parts of the lagoon are high and others only a few inches under water. Here the baby sits and plays in the water or takes a few hesitating steps in the yielding spongy mud. The mother does not leave his side, nor does she leave him there long enough to weary him. As he grows

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older, he is allowed to wade about at low tide. His elders keep a sharp lookout that he does not stray into deep water until he is old enough to swim. But the supervision is unobtrusive. Mother is always there if the child gets into difficulties, but he is not nagged and plagued with continual "don'ts." His whole play world is so arranged that he is permitted to make small mistakes from which he may learn better judgment and greater circumspection, but he is never allowed to make mistakes which are serious enough to permanently frighten him or inhibit his activity. He is a tight-rope walker, learning feats which we would count outrageously difficult for little children, but his tight-rope is stretched above a net of expert parental solicitude. If we are horrified to see a baby sitting all alone in the end of a canoe with nothing to prevent his clambering overboard into the water, the Manus would be equally horrified at the American mother who has to warn a ten-year-old child to keep his fingers from under a rocking chair, or not to lean out of the side of the car. Equally repellent to them would be our notion of getting children used to the water by giving them compulsory duckings. The picture of an adult voluntarily subjecting the child to a painful situation, using his superior strength to bully the child into accepting the water, would fill them with righteous indignation. Expecting children to swim at three, to climb about like young monkeys even before that age, may look to us like forcing them; really it is simply a quiet insistence



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upon their exerting every particle of energy and strength which they possess.

Swimming is not taught: the small waders imitate their slightly older brothers and sisters, and after floundering about in waist-deep water begin to strike out for themselves. Sure-footedness on land and swimming come almost together, so that the charm which is recited over a newly delivered woman says, "May you not have another child until this one can walk and swim." As soon as the children can swim a little, in a rough and tumble overhand stroke which has no style but great speed, they are given small canoes of their own. These little canoes are five or six feet long, most of them without outriggers, mere hollow troughs, difficult to steer and easy to upset. In the company of children a year or so older, the young initiates play all day in shallow water, paddling, punting, racing, making tandems of their small craft, upsetting their canoes, bailing them out again, shrieking with delight and high spirits. The hottest sun does not drive them indoors; the fiercest rain only changes the appearance of their playground into a new and strange delight. Over half their waking hours are spent in the water, joyously learning to be at home in their water world.

Now that they have learned to swim a little, they climb freely about the large canoes, diving off the bow, climbing in again at the stern, or clambering out over the outrigger to swim along with one hand on the flexible outrigger float. The parents are never in such a hurry that they have to forbid this useful play.

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The next step in water proficiency is reached when the child begins to punt a large canoe. Early in the morning the village is alive with canoes in which the elders sit sedately on the centre platforms while small children of three punt the canoes which are three or four times as long as the children are tall. At first glance this procession looks like either the crudest sort of display of adult prestige or a particularly conspicuous form of child labour. The father sits in casual state, a man of five feet nine or ten, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. The canoe is long and heavy, dug out of a solid log; the unwieldy outrigger makes it difficult to steer. At the end of the long craft, perched precariously on the thin gunwales, his tiny brown feet curved tensely to keep his hold, stands a small brown baby, manfully straining at the six foot punt in his hands. He is so small that he looks more like an unobtrusive stern ornament than like the pilot of the lumbering craft. Slowly, with a great display of energy but not too much actual progress, the canoe moves through the village, among other canoes similarly manned by the merest tots. But this is neither child labour nor idle prestige hunting on the part of the parents. It is part of the whole system by which a child is encouraged to do his physical best. The father is in a hurry. He has much work to do during the day. He may be setting off for overseas, or planning an important feast. The work of punting a canoe within the lagoon is second nature to him, easier than walking. But that his small child may feel important and

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adequate to deal with the exacting water life, the father retires to the central platform and the infant pilot mans the canoe. And here again, there are no harsh words when the child steers clumsily, only a complete lack of interest. But the first sure deft stroke which guides the canoe back to its course is greeted with approval.

The test of this kind of training is in the results. The Manus children are perfectly at home in the water. They neither fear it nor regard it as presenting special difficulties and dangers. The demands upon them have made them keen-eyed, quick-witted, and physically competent like their parents. There is not a child of five who can't swim well. A Manus child who couldn't swim would be as aberrant, as definitely subnormal as an American child of five who couldn't walk. Before I went to Manus I was puzzled by the problem of how I would be able to collect the little children in one spot. I had visions of a kind of collecting canoe which would go about every morning and gather them aboard. I need not have worried. A child was never at a loss to get from house to house, whether he went in a large canoe or a small one, or swam the distance with a knife in his teeth.

In other aspects of adapting the children to the external world the same technique is followed. Every gain, every ambitious attempt is applauded; too ambitious projects are gently pushed out of the picture; small errors are simply ignored but important ones are punished. So a child who, after having learned to walk, slips and bumps his head, is not gathered up in kind,

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compassionate arms while mother kisses his tears away, thus establishing a fatal connection between physical disaster and extra cuddling. Instead the little stumbler is berated for his clumsiness, and if he has been very stupid, slapped soundly into the bargain. Or if his misstep has occurred in a canoe or on the verandah, the exasperated and disgusted adult may simply dump him contemptuously into the water to meditate upon his ineptness. The next time the child slips, he will not glance anxiously for an audience for his agony, as so many of our children do; he will nervously hope that no one has noticed his *faux pas*. This attitude, severe and unsympathetic as it appears on the surface, makes children develop perfect motor co-ordination. The child with slighter original proficiency cannot be distinguished among the fourteen-year-olds except in special pursuits like spear throwing, where a few will excel in skill. But in the everyday activities of swimming, paddling, punting, climbing, there is a general high level of excellence. And clumsiness, physical uncertainty and lack of poise, is unknown among adults. The Manus are alive to individual differences in skill or knowledge and quick to brand the stupid, the slow learner, the man or woman with poor memory. But they have no word for clumsiness. The child's lesser proficiency is simply described as "not understanding yet." That he should not understand the art of handling his body, his canoes well, very presently, is unthinkable.

In many societies children's walking means more

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trouble for the adults. Once able to walk, the children are a constant menace to property, breaking dishes, spilling the soup, tearing books, tangling the thread. But in Manus where property is sacred and one wails for lost property as for the dead, respect for property is taught children from their earliest years. Before they can walk they are rebuked and chastised for touching anything which does not belong to them. It was sometimes very tiresome to listen to the monotonous reiteration of some mother to her baby as it toddled about among our new and strange possessions: "That isn't yours. Put it down. That belongs to Piyap. That belongs to Piyap. That belongs to Piyap. Put it down." But we reaped the reward of this endless vigilance: all our possessions, fascinating red and yellow cans of food, photographic material, books, were safe from the two- and three-year-olds who would have been untamed vandals in a forest of loot in most societies. As in the attitude towards physical prowess, there is no attempt to make it easy for the child, to demand less than the child is capable of giving. Nothing is put out of the child's reach. The mother spreads her tiny brightly coloured beads out on a mat, or in a shallow bowl, right on the floor within the reach of the crawling baby and the baby is taught not to touch them. Where even the dogs are so well trained that fish can be laid on the floor and left there for an hour without danger there are no excuses made for the tiny human beings. A good baby is a baby which never touches anything; a good child is one who never touches any-

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thing and never asks for anything not its own. These are the only important items of ethical behaviour demanded of children. And as their physical trustworthiness makes it safe to leave children alone, so their well-schooled attitudes towards property make it safe to leave a crowd of romping children in a houseful of property. No pots will be disturbed, no smoked fish purloined from the hanging shelves, no string of shell money severed in a tug of war and sent into the sea. The slightest breakage is punished without mercy. Once a canoe from another village anchored near one of the small islands. Three little eight-year-old girls climbed on the deserted canoe and knocked a pot into the sea, where it struck a stone and broke. All night the village rang with drum calls and angry speeches, accusing, deprecating, apologising for the damage done and denouncing the careless children. The fathers made speeches of angry shame and described how roundly they had beaten the young criminals. The children's companions, far from admiring a daring crime, drew away from them in haughty disapproval and mocked them in chorus.

Any breakage, any carelessness, is punished. The parents do not condone the broken pot which was already cracked and then wax suddenly furious when a good pot is broken, after the fashion of American parents who let the child tear the almanac and the telephone book and then wonder at its grieved astonishment when it is slapped for tearing up the family Bible. The tail of a fish, the extra bit of taro, the



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half rotten betel nut, cannot be appropriated with any more impunity than can the bowl of feast food. In checking thefts, the same inexorableness is found. There was one little girl of twelve named Mentun who was said to be a thief and sometimes taunted with the fact by other children. Why? Because she had been seen to pick up objects floating in the water, a bit of food, a floating banana, which obviously must have fallen out of one of the half a dozen houses near by. To appropriate such booty without first making a round of the possible owners, was to steal. And Mentun would have to exercise the greatest circumspection for months if she were not to be blamed for every disappearance of property in the years to come. I never ceased to wonder at the children who, after picking up pieces of coveted paper off the veranda or the islet near our house, always brought them to me with the question, "Piyap, is this good or bad?" before carrying away the crumbled scraps.

The departments of knowledge which small children are expected to master are spoken of as "understanding the house," "understanding the fire," "understanding the canoe," and "understanding the sea."

"Understanding the house" includes care in walking over the uncertain floors, the ability to climb up the ladder or notched post from the verandah to the house floor, remembering to remove a slat of the floor for spitting or urinating, or discarding rubbish into the sea, respecting any property lying on the floor, not climbing on shelves nor on parts of the house which would give



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beneath weight, not bringing mud and rubbish into the house.

The fire is kept in one or all of the four fireplaces ranged two along each side wall, towards the centre of the house. The fireplace is made of a thick bed of fine wood ash on a base of heavy mats edged by stout logs of hard wood. It is about three feet square. In the centre are three or four boulders which serve as supports for the cooking pots. Cooking is done with small wood, but the fire is kept up by heavier logs. Neat piles of firewood, suspended on low shelves, flank the fireplaces. Swung low over the fire are the smoking shelves where the fish are preserved. Understanding of the fire means an understanding that the fire will burn the skin, or thatch, or light wood, or straw, that a smouldering cinder will flare if blown upon, that such cinders, if removed from the fireplace, must be carried with the greatest care and without slipping or bringing them in contact with other objects, that water will quench fire. "Understanding the fire" does not include making fire with the fire plough, an art learned much later when boys are twelve or thirteen. (Fire is never made by women, although they may assist by sheltering the kindling dust between their hands.)

Understanding canoe and sea come just a little later than the understanding of house and fire, which form part of the child's environment from birth. A child's knowledge of a canoe is considered adequate if he can balance himself, feet planted on the two narrow rims, and punt the canoe with accuracy, paddle well enough

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to steer through a mild gale, run the canoe accurately under a house without jamming the outrigger, extricate a canoe from a flotilla of canoes crowded closely about a house platform or the edge of an islet, and bail out a canoe by a deft backward and forward movement which dips the bow and stern alternately. It does not include any sailing knowledge. Understanding of the sea includes swimming, diving, swimming under water, and a knowledge of how to get water out of the nose and throat by leaning the head forward and striking the back of the neck. Children of between five and six have mastered these four necessary departments.

Children are taught to talk through the men's and older boys' love of playing with children. There is no belief that it is necessary to give a child formal teaching, rather chance adult play devices are enlisted. One of these is the delight in repetition. Melanesian languages very frequently use repetition to give an intensity to speech. To go far is expressed by "go go go," to be very large by "big big big." So an ordinary anecdote runs: "So the man went went went. After a while it was dark dark night. So he stopped stopped stopped stopped stopped. In the morning he awoke. His throat was dry dry dry. He looked looked for water. But he found none. Then his belly was angry angry, etc." Although strictly speaking these repetitions should all have a function in expressing duration or intensity, very often the mere habit of repetition runs away with the narrator and soon he will be saying, "Now he met a woman. Her name was Sain Sain

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Sain," or even repeating a preposition or particle. A crowd also has a tendency to pick up a phrase and repeat it or turn it into a low monotonous song. This is particularly true if one chances to utter a phrase in a singsong tone, to call it out in another key from the surrounding conversation, or even to mutter to oneself. The most casual and accustomed phrases, like, "I do not understand," or "Where is my canoe?" will be taken up in this way and transformed into a chant which the group will repeat with complete self-satisfaction for several minutes thereafter. Tricks of pronunciation and accent are picked up and imitated in the same way.

This random affection for repetitiousness makes an excellent atmosphere in which the child acquires facility in speech. There is no adult boredom with the few faulty words of babyhood. Instead these very groping words form an excellent excuse for indulging their own passion for repetition. So the baby says "me," and the adult says "me." The baby says "me" and the adult says "me," on and on in the same tone of voice. I have counted sixty repetitions of the same monosyllabic word, either a true word or a nonsense syllable. And at the end of the sixtieth repetition, neither baby nor adult was bored. The child with a repertoire of ten words associates one word like *me* or *house* with the particular adult who engaged in this game, and will shout at his uncle or aunt as he passes in a canoe, "me," or "house," hopefully. Nor is he disappointed: the obliging adult, as pleased as the child, will call back "me" or "house" until the canoe is out

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of earshot. Little girls are usually addressed as "*Ina*," little boys as "*Ina*" or "*Papu*" by adults and the child replies "*Ina*" or "*Papu*," establishing two reciprocals which are not included in the formal kinship system.

What is true of speech is equally true of gesture. Adults play games of imitative gesture with children until the child develops a habit of imitation which seems at first glance to be practically compulsive. This is specially true of facial expression, yawning, closed eyes, or puckered lips. The children carried over this habit of repeating expression in their response to a pencil of mine which had a human head and bust on the end of it. The bust gave the effect of a thrown-out chest. The thin lips seem compressed, to a native, and almost every child, when first looking at the pencil, threw out the chest and compressed the lips. I also showed the children one of those dancing paper puppets which vibrate with incredible looseness when hung from a cord. Before the children used to marvel at the strange toy, their legs and arms were waving about in imitation of the puppets.

This habit of imitation is not, however, compulsive, for it is immediately arrested if made conscious. If one says to a child who has been slavishly imitating one's every move, "Do this the way I do," the child will pause, consider the matter, and more often than not refuse. It seems to be merely a habit, a natural human tendency given extraordinary play in early childhood and preserved in the more stereotyped forms in the speech and song of adult life. It is most marked

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in children between one and four years of age and its early loss seems to be roughly correlated with precocity in other respects.

Adults and the older children are very much interested in the baby's learning to talk, and comment on different degrees of facility. Conversation also turns upon the relative talkativeness of different small children. "This one talks all the time. He can't do a thing without telling you that he is doing it." Or: "This one hardly ever speaks, even when he's spoken to, but his eyes are always watching." Despite the great encouragement given to articulateness, there are many untalkative children, but this seems to be a matter of temperament rather than a matter of intelligence. The quiet children when they did talk displayed as good a vocabulary as the garrulous infants, and very often showed a greater knowledge of what was going on about them.

Children encouraged to garrulity sometimes seem to carry over this habit into adult life. At least, it is a temptation to make a comparison between the child who exploits his new instrument, language, by constant comment, as: "This is my boat. Come on. Going in my boat. My boat is in the water now. Right in the water now. All in the water. Other boats in the water. Get the paddle. Yes. I get the paddle. I'll paddle. No, I won't paddle. I'll punt. This is my punting pole. My pole. Punting," etc.—and the man who cultivates an imperfect knowledge of pidgin English in the same way, and will keep up a stream of conversation like this:

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"Get him hammer. All right. Fight him. Fight him. Fight him nail. Hammer he good fellow along nail. Me savee. Me savee make him. All right. Me work him now. Me work him, work him. All right. He fast now. He fast finish. Me catch him other fellow nail. Where stop hammer. He stop along ground. All right. Catch him hammer." This conversational accompaniment of activity is not found among the most intelligent men.

Repetition is a very useful medium for teaching pidgin English to the young children. Young men who have been away to work for the white man return to their villages and teach the younger boys, who in turn teach the very small boys. There is a class feeling about pidgin which prevents the women, who do not go away to work, from learning it. But it is a common spectacle to see two or three twelve-year-old boys gathered about a three- or four-year-old little boy, "schooling him." An older boy gives the cues: "I think he can." "I think he no can." "Me like good fellow kai kai (food)." "Me like kai kai fish." "One time along taro." And the child repeats the lines in his piping little voice without any grasp of their significance. But as it fits in so well with the game of repetition for repetition's sake neither teacher nor pupil tires easily, and the result is that boys of thirteen and fourteen speak perfect pidgin although they have never been out of their isolated villages. Learning pidgin is as much of a feat for native children as learning French by similar methods would be for our children. It involves learn-



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ing a large new vocabulary, new idioms, the pronunciation of some unfamiliar sounds. So in this atmosphere of delight in repetition and imitation, a new language is taught painlessly by one age group to another. The general set shows not only in the willingness to teach and the enjoyment of the lessons but also in the younger child's continuous practising. As the baby practised its first Manus words with endless glee over the hundred-fold repetition of one syllable, so the six-year-old goes about repeating long passages of pidgin with perfect pronunciation and cadence, but without understanding more than a tenth of what he is saying.

The girls are often present at these lessons; they hear the men speak pidgin to the boys. The men when they are angry speak in pidgin to the girls and women but with two exceptions no pidgin passes feminine lips. Women in delirium will speak excellent pidgin which the natives explain in terms of possession of the woman's mouth by the spirit of a former work boy. The other exception is even more significant—the cases where small girls, imitating their brothers, teach smaller children the language which they usually refuse to speak or to understand. The desire to imitate the formal teaching situation is stronger than the convention against betraying a knowledge of pidgin. Both of these examples are interesting as cases of learning with an almost complete lack of audible practice. They are comparable to the cases of those children whose speech habits have seemed seriously retarded and who suddenly begin speaking in complete sentences.



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Other activities learned through imitation are dancing and drumming. The small girls learn to dance by standing beside their mothers and sisters at the turtle dance given to shake the dust out of the house of mourning. Occasionally a child is incited to dance at home while the mother taps on the house floor. Six- and seven-year-olds have already grasped the very simple step: feet together and a swift side jump and return to position in time to the drum beats. The men's dance is more difficult. The usual loin cloth or G-string is laid aside and a white sea shell substituted as pubic covering. The dance consists in very rapid leg and body movements which result in the greatest possible gymnastic phallic display. It is a dance of ceremonial defiance, accompanied by boasting and ceremonial insult, most frequently performed on occasions when there is a large display of wealth in a payment between two kin groups connected by marriage. Those who make the heavy payment of dogs' teeth and shell currency dance and dare the other side to collect enough oil and pigs to repay them. Those who receive the payment dance to show their defiant acceptance of the obligation which they are undertaking. The smaller children are all present at this big ceremony and watch the men's athletic exploits. Boys of four and five begin to practise, and the day that they master the art of catching the penis between the legs and then flinging it violently forward and from side to side, is a day of such pride that for weeks afterwards they perform the dance on every occasion, to the great and salacious amusement of

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their elders. Slightly older boys of ten and twelve make a mock shell covering out of the seed of a nut and practise in groups.

Whenever there is a dance there is an orchestra of slit drums of all sizes played by the most proficient drummers in the village. The very small boys of four and five settle themselves beside small hollow log ends or pieces of bamboo and drum away indefatigably in time with the orchestra. This period of open and unashamed imitation is followed by a period of embarrassment, so that it is impossible to persuade a boy of ten or twelve to touch a drum in public, but in the boys' house when only a few older boys are present, he will practise, making good use of the flexibility of wrist and sense of rhythm learned earlier. Girls practise less, for only one drum beat, the simple death beat, falls to their hands in later life.

The drum language the children understand but make no attempt to execute. This language consists of a series of formal phrase beginnings which mean "Come home—," or "I am now going to announce how many days it will be before I will do something," etc. The first one will be followed by the individual combination of beats which is the call of a particular household for any of its members. The second is followed by slow beats, interspersed with a formal spacing beat. Every one in the village stops work or play to count these beats, but only a knowledge of who is beating the drum and what he is planning to do in the near future make it possible to interpret the announcement. The

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children stop their play to hear which house call follows the formal introduction, and go back to their games if it is not their own. They seldom bother to further identify the call. If a date is announced they mechanically count the days and may stop to guess who is beating the drum. There their interest ceases. One ceremony is too like another to matter. But there are three drum calls which do interest them, the beats announcing that some one is about to die, that some one is dead, and the drum beat which means "Trouble,"—theft, or adultery. For these they will pause in their play and possibly send a small boy to inquire into the cause. The drum beat for death is so simple that children can make it and are sometimes permitted to do so in the event of the death of an unimportant person.

Singing is also learned through imitation of older children by younger children. It consists in a monotone chant of very simple sentences, more or less related to each other. A group of children will huddle together on the floor and croon these monotonous chants over and over for hours without apparent boredom or weariness. They also sing when they are chilled and miserable or when they are frightened at night.

Similarly the art of war is learned by playful imitation. The men use spears with bamboo shafts and cruel arrow shaped heads of obsidian. The children make small wooden spears, about two and a half feet in length and fasten tips of pith on them. Then pairs of small boys will stand on the little islets, each with a handful of spears, and simultaneously hurl spears at

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each other. Dodging is as important a skill as throwing, for the Manus used no shields and the avalanche of enemy spears could only be dodged. This is an art which requires early training for proficiency, and boys of ten and twelve are already experts with their light weapons. The older men and boys, canoe building on the islet, or paddling by, stop to cheer a good throw. Here again, the children are encouraged, never ridiculed nor mocked.

Fishing methods are also learned yearly. Older men make the small boys bows and arrows and tiny, pronged fish-spears. With these the children wander in groups about the lagoon at low tide, skirting the small rocky islands, threading their way through the rank sea undergrowth, spearing small fish for the sport of it. Their catch, except when they net a school of minnows in their spider-web nets, is not large enough to eat. This toying with fishing is pursued in a desultory fashion by children from the ages of three to fifteen. Then they will go on expeditions of their own and sometimes join the young men on excursions to the north coast after turtle, dugong, and kingfish.

Small children are also sometimes taken fishing by their fathers. Here as little more than babies they watch the procedures which they will not be asked to practise until they are grown. Sometimes in the dawn a child's wail of anger will ring through the village; he has awakened to find his father gone fishing without him. But this applies only to small boys under six or seven. Older boys prefer the society of other children

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and of grown youths, but shun the company of adults. Boys of fourteen and fifteen never accompany their parents about their ordinary tasks except when a boy has fallen out with his playmates. For the few days of strain which follow he will cling closely to his parents and be officiously helpful, only to desert them again as soon as friendly relations are re-established.

Little girls do very little fishing. As very tiny children they may be taken fishing by their fathers, but this is a type of fishing which they will never be required to do as grown women. Women's fishing consists of reef fishing, fishing with hand nets, with scoop baskets, and with bell shaped baskets with an opening at the top for the hand. Girls do not begin this type of fishing until near puberty.

Of the techniques of handwork small boys learn but little. They know how to whiten the sides of their canoes with seaweed juices; they know how to tie a rat-tan strip so that it will remain fast; they have a rudimentary knowledge of whittling, but none of carving. They can fasten on a simple outrigger float if it breaks off. They know how to scorch the sides of their canoes with torches of coconut palm leaves, and how to make rude bamboo torches for expeditions after dark. They know nothing about carpentry except what they remember from their early childhood association with their fathers.

But children have learned all the physical skill necessary as a basis for a satisfactory physical adjustment for life. They can judge distances, throw straight,

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catch what is thrown to them, estimate distances for jumping and diving, climb anything, balance themselves on the most narrow and precarious footholds, handle themselves with poise, skill, and serenity either on land or sea. Their bodies are trained to the adult dance steps, their eye and hand trained to shooting and spearing fish, their voices accustomed to the song rhythms, their wrists flexible for the great speed of the drum sticks, their hands trained to the paddle and the punt. By a system of training which is sure, unhesitant, unremitting in its insistence and vigilance, the baby is given the necessary physical base upon which he builds through years of imitation of older children and adults. The most onerous part of his physical education is over by the time he is three. For the rest it is play for which he is provided with every necessary equipment, a safe and pleasant playground, a jolly group of companions of all ages and both sexes. He grows up to be an adult wholly admirable from a physical standpoint, skilled, alert, fearless, resourceful in the face of emergency, reliable under strain.

But the Manus' conception of social discipline is as loose as their standards of physical training are rigid. They demand nothing beyond physical efficiency and respect for property except a proper observance of the canons of shame. Children must learn privacy in excretion almost by the time they can walk; must get by heart the conventional attitudes of shame and embarrassment. This is communicated to them not by sternness and occasional chastisement, but through the emo-



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tions of their parents. The parents' horror, physical shrinking, and repugnance is communicated to the careless child. This adult attitude is so strong that it is as easy to impregnate the child with it as it is to communicate panic. When it is realized that men are fastidious about uncovering in each other's presence and that a grown girl is taught that if she even takes off her grass skirt in the presence of another woman the spirits will punish her, some conception of the depth of this feeling can be obtained. Prudery is never sacrificed to convenience; on sea voyages many hours in duration, if the sexes are mixed the most rigid convention is observed.

Into this atmosphere of prudery and shame the children are early initiated. They are wrapped about with this hot prickling cloak until the adults feel safe from embarrassing betrayal. And here social discipline ceases. The children are taught neither obedience nor deference to their parents' wishes. A two-year-old child is permitted to flout its mother's humble request that it come home with her. At night the children are supposed to be at home at dark, but this does not mean that they go home when called. Unless hunger drives them there the parents have to go about collecting them, often by force. A prohibition against going to the other end of the village to play lasts just as long as the vigilance of the prohibitor, who has only to turn the back for the child to be off, swimming under water until out of reach.

Manus cooking is arduous and exacting. The sago



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is cooked dry in a shallow pot stirred over a fire. It requires continuous stirring and is only good for about twenty minutes after being cooked. Yet the children are not expected to come home at mealtime. They run away in the morning before breakfast and come back an hour or so after, clamouring for food. Ten-year-olds will stand in the middle of the house floor and shriek monotonously until some one stops work to cook for them. A woman who has gone to the house of a relative to help with some task or to lay plans for a feast will be assaulted by her six-year-old child who will scream, pull at her, claw at her arms, kick and scratch, until she goes home to feed him.

The parents who were so firm in teaching the children their first steps have become wax in the young rebels' hands when it comes to any matter of social discipline. They eat when they like, play when they like, sleep when they see fit. They use no respect language to their parents and indeed are allowed more license in the use of obscenity than are their elders. The veriest urchin can shout defiance and contempt at the oldest man in the village. Children are never required to give up anything to parents: the choicest morsels of food are theirs by divine right. They can rally the devoted adults by a cry, bend and twist their parents to their will. They do no work. Girls, after they are eleven or twelve, perform some household tasks, boys hardly any until they are married. The community demands nothing from them except respect for property and the avoidance due to shame.

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Undoubtedly this tremendous social freedom reinforces their physical efficiency. On a basis of motor skill is laid a superstructure of complete self-confidence. The child in Manus is lord of the universe, undisciplined, unchecked by any reverence or respect for his elders, free except for the narrow thread of shame which runs through his daily life. No other habits of self-control or of self-sacrifice have been laid. It is the typical psychology of the spoiled child. Manus children demand, never give. The one little girl in the village who, because her father was blind, had loving service demanded of her was a gentle generous child.

But from the others nothing was asked and nothing was given.

For the parents who are their humble servants the children have a large proprietary feeling, an almost infantile dependence, but little solicitude. Their egocentricity is the natural complement of the anxious pandering love of the parents, a pandering which is allowed by the restricted ideals of the culture.

## IV

### THE FAMILY LIFE

A MANUS child's family is very different from the picture of American family life. True, it consists of the same people: father, mother, one or two brothers or sisters, sometimes a grandmother, less frequently a grandfather. At night the doorways are barricaded carefully and the parents insist that the children be all home at sundown except on moonlight nights. After the evening meal the children are laid on mats for sleep, or allowed to fall asleep in the elders' arms, then gently laid down. The bundles of cocoanut leaves light the dark corners of the house fitfully. At first glimpse this looks like the happy intimate family of our own preference, where strangers are excluded and the few people who love each other best are closeted together around the fire.

But a closer knowledge of Manus homes reveals many differences. Young men do not have houses of their own, but live in the backs of the houses of their older brothers or young uncles. When two such families live together the wife of the younger man must avoid the older man. She never enters his end of the house, partitioned off by hanging mats, when he is at home. The children, however, can run about freely between the two families, but the continual avoidance,

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the avoidance of all personal names, and the fact that the younger man is dependent upon the older, tends to strain relationships between the two little households. The Manus are prevailingly paternal, a man usually inherits from his father or brother, a wife almost always goes to live in her husband's place.

But although the family group is small, and the tie between children and parents close, the relationship between husband and wife is usually strained and cold. Father and mother seem to the child to be two disparate people both playing for him against each other. The blood ties of his parents are stronger than their relationship to each other, and there are more factors to pull them apart than there are to draw them together. A glance into some of these Peri families will illustrate the fundamental feeling tone which exists between husbands and wives.

Let us take for instance the family of Ndrosal. Ndrosal is a curly-haired, handsome waster, quick to boast and slow to perform. His first wife bore him two boys and died. His sister's husband adopted the elder; the younger stayed with him to be cared for by his new wife, a tall, straight-limbed woman from a far-away village. The new wife straightway bore him a girl which refused to thrive. Month after month the baby fretted and wailed in the little hanging cradle its father fashioned for it. While the baby was so ill it might not be taken from the house on any pretext nor might the mother leave it for more than a few minutes. Month after month she stayed in the house

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swinging the cradle, growing pale and wan herself. Food was not too plentiful. Ndrosal was very devoted to his elder sister, a woman of definite and unmistakable character. She was middle-aged, a woman of affairs, always busy and always needing her brother's help. When the baby became ill, she took the other child, so both of Ndrosal's little boys were in his sister's house. He loved to carry them about on his back, to lie prone and let them play over his body; or take them fishing. So he spent most of his time in his sister's house next door, and when he made a good haul of fish, most of it went into his sister's pot. His wife had no close relatives in the village, but one day a younger sister of her husband brought her some crabs. Crabbing is woman's work, so there had been no shell fish in the house for months. She cooked them eagerly, careless of the fact that one of the varieties was forbidden to all members of her husband's family. Her husband came home late, empty handed, and demanded his supper. His wife served him crabs, and in answer to his questions professed to be pretty sure that the tabu variety was not among them. Cooked, it was impossible to distinguish them. He began to eat his supper, grumbling over her short answer and lack of concern with his tabus. Almost immediately the baby started to cry. His younger sister and her husband were temporarily lodged in the back of the house. His sister went to the cradle but the baby still wailed. Ndrosal turned sternly to his wife, "Give that child thy breast." "She's nursed enough to-day. She's not hungry, only

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sick," the wife answered. "Nurse her, dost thou hear me, thou useless woman! Thou woman belonging to worthlessness. Thou root of lying and lack of thought, who carest neither for thy husband's tabus nor for his child." Rising, he poured out the stream of expletive upon her. Still she lingered over her supper, tearful, sullen, convinced that the child wasn't hungry, until the enraged husband seized his lime gourd and flung a pint of powdered lime into her eyes. The scalding tears slaked the lime and burned her eyes horribly as she stumbled blindly from the house, wailing. One of the women who gathered at the sound of trouble took her home with her, and the little baby with her. Ndrosal went to his sister's house to sleep, and when the younger boy sleepily cuddled his father and asked why his adopted mother was crying, he was told gruffly that his mother was a bad woman who refused to feed his little sister.

Or let us go into the house of Ngamel. Ngamel and his wife Ngatchumu got on quite well together. Once Ngamel brought a second wife home but Ngatchumu was so cross that he sent her away to keep peace. Years ago Ngamel used to keep a piece of cordlike vine specially for beating his wife. Those were the days when their first five children all died as babies, owing to some evil magic which clung to a borrowed food bowl, lying forgotten among the rafters. But now Ngatchumu had borne him four beautiful children; one he gave away to his brother, three were at home. Ngamel was ageing, a quiet man who loved to sit on

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his verandah at twilight and play with the children. But one afternoon Ngatchumu took Ponkob, aged three, with her to a house of death, where her sister lay struck down by the ancestral spirits of Ngamel's clan for aiding remarriage of a widow of a dead brother of Ngamel. The house was close, filled with the odour of death, and the maddening wail of many voices. Little Ponkob pressed close between his mother and another woman, wilted, and finally fainted quite away. The frightened mother carried the sick child home in desperate fear over her husband's anger. His ancestral spirit's vengeance had been flouted by a member of his family attending the dead woman. For two days neither he nor their eight-year-old boy spoke to her who had loved her dead sister so much that she had not thought of the possible wrath of her husband's avenging spirit.

Or take the feast for ear piercing held in Pwisio's house. The house is full of visitors, all the relatives of Pwisio's wife are there, with laden canoes to celebrate the ear piercing of Pwisio's sixteen-year-old son, Manuwai. In the front of the house all is formal. Manuwai, in a choker of dogs' teeth, painted and greased, sits up very straight. His father's two sisters are waiting to lead him down the ladder. But his mother is not there. From the curtained back of the house come sounds of weeping and the low-voiced expostulation of many women. In the front sits Pwisio, facing his guests but pausing to hurl insult after insult to his wife whom he had caught sleeping naked.



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(There were strangers in the house and during the night an unwedded youth, a friend of her son's, had stirred the house fire into a blaze.) So Pwisio overwhelms his wife with obloquy, fearful to beat her while so many of her kin are in the house, and she packs her belongings, tearfully protesting her innocence and angrily enumerating the valuables she's taking with her. "This is mine. I made it and my sister gave me these shell beads. These are mine. I traded the materials myself. This belt is mine; I got it in return for sago at the birth feast last week." Her little adopted daughter Ngalowen, aged four, stands aside in shame, from her mother whom father brands thus publicly as a criminal. When her mother gathers up her boxes and marches out the back door, Ngalowen makes no move to follow. Instead, she slips into the front room and cuddles down beside her self-righteous and muttering father. After the long confusion, the ceremony is resumed, the absence of the mother who would have had no official part in it receives no further comment.

In order to understand such dissensions it is necessary to go back of the marriage to the engagement period and follow a Manus girl from her betrothal to motherhood.

Ngalen is eighteen; for seven years she has been engaged to Manoi, whose very name is forbidden to her. She had seen him once as a very small child when her mother had taken her children to her own village of Peri. She remembers that he had a funny nose and a squint in one eye and had worn a bedraggled old *lap*

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*lap*. But she has tried not to think of these things, for her mother had taught her that it was shameful to think of her husband personally. She might dive for *lailai* shells of which winglike ornaments would be made for her small back. She might bend all day over the bead frame, straining her eyes to make beadwork for her sister-in-law. She might think of the thousand of dogs' teeth, of the yards of shell money which had been paid for her betrothal feast, or feed the pigs with which those payments were being met. But of her husband himself she might not think. She was forbidden to go to Peri, her mother's home village, except on very important occasions, like the death of a near relative. Then she must go about very circumspectly, wrapped in her mantle of cloth lest she encounter her betrothed's father or brother. If a Peri canoe passed her father's canoe at sea, she must hide within the penthouse or double up in the hull. When she was very tiny, she had sometimes forgotten to avoid some words which contained syllables like the names of her husband's relatives and had cowered in shame before her elders' sense of outrage. Once the spirits had mentioned in a séance how careless she was in not hiding properly from a distant cousin of her betrothed, a boy who had been her playmate since childhood. But that was several years ago. Now for two or three years she had been very careful. Her village was full of boys returned from working for the white man with who knew what evil magic in their possession. One had a curious bottle which he carried in his betel bag. He

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said it was only ringworm medicine but every one knew it was love magic. Her own people did not make these evil charms which led a girl to forget her betrothal and wander into sin. But the inland people of the great island had charms which could be slipped into tobacco leaves, or whispered over betel nut, or secretly muttered into a purloined pipe. These they sold to the young men of her people, the young men who sat up all night in their club house, laughing and beating drums and plotting evil. Long ago these young men would have gone to war and captured a foreign girl to minister to their pleasure. But there had been no such prostitute in the village since Ngalen was a little girl, and the youths were very dangerous.

When she went abroad she took care never to let the wind blow from these young men to her. For there were charms which could be sent upon the wind.

There were a few boys in the village with whom she was friendly, her brothers, her cross cousins, the younger cousins of her betrothed. To these last she was "mother," and must only be careful not to eat in their presence.

All day she made beadwork for her sisters-in-law and mother-in-law. After she was married they would give her beadwork to give to her brothers. In her husband's house she would work hard and feel secure. She would learn to understand the intricate financial exchanges. She would learn to make the great square pancakes used in ceremonies, and how to cut cocoanut meat into lilies to decorate the ceremonial food dishes.

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She would bear children to her husband. Once a mother she would be no longer a fair and desirable woman, for the Manus consider childbearing, not virginity, the dividing line between youth and experience. Ten times the Pleiades would pass over the sky and she would be old.

Already she knew what the marriage costume was like, for twice she had been decked out in heavy aprons of shell money, her arms and legs laden down with dogs' teeth. But to-morrow she is to be married indeed to the man whose name she mustn't pronounce, of whose squint eyes it is wrong to think. She is going to a village of strangers. True, it is the village of her mother's people, but some of these, because they are closer kin to her husband, are tabu to her. In all her life she may not say their names. And they are to live in the house of her future husband's paternal uncle; he will be her father-in-law. She must always refer to him as "they," never as "he." When he comes into the house she must hide behind the mat curtains and never raise her voice lest he should hear her speak. All her days she will not look upon his face unless as an old man, bald and with shaking hands, he decides to lay aside the tabu by making a large feast for her.

All the men in the village will comment on her, she knows. Uneasily she plucks at her long pendulous breasts, the breasts of an old woman. Fortunately the heavy bindings of dogs' teeth will hold them up into the semblance of a young girl's breasts. Will her husband hate her for her breasts? She has heard the men

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of her own village talk and she knows how women are valued for their youthful looks. Will she be quick enough to suit her sisters-in-law, make thatch with a steady hand, design pleasing beadwork, and cook efficiently? Her sisters-in-law will hate her, as she and her sisters hate her brother's wife. She can never expect them to love her, only to tolerate her, only to forbear to provoke her too far.

All this she thinks as she sits huddled in her tabu blanket under the pent-house of the canoe. Her relatives are taking her to Peri; all about her is a lively chatter of dogs' teeth and shell money, pigs and oil, unpaid debts, possible contributors, trade opportunities. Her father is well pleased with the match. Ten thousand dogs' teeth will be paid, ten thousand dogs' teeth which he can very well use to pay for a wife for his brother's son who is turned fifteen and unbetrothed. Talk shifts to the financial status of his nephew's bride-to-be.

She looks at her mother, sitting with her sister's baby on her lap, at her older sister, who frowns sullenly into the sea. It is a month since her older sister left her husband, and he has sent no messenger to ask her to come back. Her sister has not told them what happened, only that her husband beat her. A sharp word of command arouses her to the approach of a canoe and she crawls quickly inside her robe.

At last they are in the village itself. Muffled from hand to foot, she climbs hastily into her grandmother's house. Her grandmother is very old, the muscles in

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her neck are stringy like uncooked pork. She has seen three husbands into the grave. Her voice is cracked and weary as she bids them hurry to dress her granddaughter, for the party will be here soon to fetch her for "the journey of the breast." The cedar boxes are brought in from the canoe and the heavy ornaments spread on the floor. Her father and brothers go away and she is left alone with the women, who dye her hair red, paint her face and arms and back orange, wrap the long strands of shell about her limbs. Two heavy shell aprons are fastened under a belt of dogs' teeth; crescents of shell are stuck in the breast bands. In her arm bands are hidden porcelain pipes, knives and forks and spoons, combs and small mirrors, the foreign property which is never used except to deck out a bride. A bristling coronet of dogs' teeth is fastened about her forehead. Inside it are ranged a dozen tiny feather combs. Yards of trade cloth and bird of paradise feathers are stuck in her arm bands. Her distended ear lobes are weighted down with extra clusters of dogs' teeth. Finally, a slender bit of bone is thrust through the hole in her septum and from her nose hangs an eighteen-inch pendant of shell and bone and dogs' teeth.

Like a rag doll she submits to the dressing process, or obediently turns and twists at command. Meanwhile there is a sound of many voices outside. The women of her future husband's house have come to fetch her. She bends her laden head still lower. But they do not come in. Instead a violent quarrel ensues



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as to whether the canoe is big enough or not. More women keep arriving in little skiffs, but all must return in the bride's canoe. After a violent altercation two women set out to get another canoe. The others wait on the verandah. Ngalen can distinguish among their voices that of her husband's aunt who is a noted medium and has a spirit dog to do her bidding; all the other voices are strange to her. There are no young girls, only married women, she knows. She has seen canoes set out for "the journey of the breast" before.

At last the larger canoe is at the door. Her mother and aunt pull her to her feet. She stoops a little under the weight of wealth which covers her. With bowed head she is hustled down the ladder onto the canoe platform. She looks at no one and is greeted by no one. A storm is coming up and the overcrowded canoe rides precariously, low, shipping water. She sees the punts flash quickly in muscular hands and notes a new bead design on one wrist, but she does not look above the wrists to their faces.

It is a short journey through the lagoon to the home of her betrothed, a home from which he is banished for the night. At a word from the mother-in-law she climbs up the ladder and sits down, miserable, abashed, in a corner. Immediately all of her betrothed's paternal aunts and female cousins fall upon her; they pull the feather comb from her hair, they tug and tear at her armlets to find combs, mirrors, pipes. One pipe is broken in their haste. The ragged porcelain edge cuts the girl's arm. No one notices, but bitter com-



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ment is made on the useless broken pipe, the stinginess of the bride's relatives in giving broken pipes. One old crone remarks that they probably needn't expect a very fine display with the bride to-morrow, a lot of the pots looked pretty small and cracked, and she's heard that there are only ten pieces of cloth. Another old woman mutters unamiably that the men of the bride's family aren't good for much: the bride's older brother hasn't begun to pay for his wife yet, and her younger brother isn't even betrothed. Shamed, furious, the girl sits in a corner, her bristling coronet of dogs' teeth sagging over one eye. Meanwhile, the women leave her, as birds of prey leave picked bones, and turn to the next business of the day, the distribution of the big green bundles of sago which the bride's kin loaded into the canoe. There is a furious argument as to who will preside, for the woman who presides must see that every one has a good share, even if she suffers herself. All of the women gather around the pile of sago. The bride sits forgotten in a corner, stripped of her finery, alone among hostile, grasping strangers. Later, some of the women will go home; most of them will stay to sleep with her. They will offer her food which she will refuse to eat; the fires will die low and they will sleep. No one will have spoken to her; she will have spoken to no one. If one wakes in the night and stirs up the fire for a moment, she will see that the bride is not sleeping, naturally "because she is ashamed."

Early in the morning her own kin fetch her home, surreptitiously. Again she is dressed and anointed.

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An incantation is pronounced over her to make her a strong rich woman, active in the accumulation and exchange of property. This time, on the canoe which receives her stands a high carved bed, one leg of which is cracked and sagging. Her husband's kin will mention that defect later. The canoe proceeds slowly through the village, past crowded verandahs, to her betrothed's house. His aunt comes down on the verandah to receive her, and half drags her up the steps. She huddles at the top, with her back to the inmates of the house. She has just caught a glimpse of a bedizened youth sitting behind her, with feet stretched out stiffly in front of him. For a moment there is silence, then a hurried sound of footsteps. The bridegroom has left the house, to be seen no more until after nightfall. Every one breathes freely, the children are allowed to run about again. Her parents' canoe returns to the landing. She is hustled out upon her platform, and the party proceeds to the little islet where the day will be spent in speech-making, in the distribution of property. The drums will boom, the men will dance. But the bride will sit veiled in her canoe.

Late at night the bridegroom will return to the village and take his bride. He has no attitude of tenderness or affection for this girl whom he has never seen. She fears her first sex experience as all the women of her people have feared and hated it. No foundation is laid for happiness that night, only one for shame and hostility. The next day the bride goes about the village with her mother-in-law to fetch wood and

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water. She has not yet said one word to her husband. All eyes turn towards her, and everywhere she hears the words "breasts," "breasts of an old woman." "The breast bands held them up yesterday." Late in the afternoon she breaks her silence to scream angrily at a child who has followed her into the back of the house. This too is reported throughout the village, the village where she must now live but to which she in no sense belongs.

And this sense that husband and wife belong to different groups persists throughout the marriage, weakening after the marriage has endured for many years, never vanishing entirely. The father, mother and children do not form a warm intimate unit, facing the world. In most cases the man lives in his own village, in his own part of the village, near his brothers and uncles. Near by will live some of his sisters and aunts. These are the people with whom all his ties are closest, from whom he has learned to expect all his rewards since childhood. These are the people who fed him when he was hungry, nursed him when he was sick, paid his fines when he was sinful, and bore his debts for him. Their spirits are his spirits, their tabus his tabus. To them he has a strong sense of belonging.

But his wife is a stranger. He did not choose her; he never thought of her before marriage without a sense of shame. Because of her he has many times lain flat-tended out under a mat while his canoe passed through her village or by the house of one of her relatives. Hot with embarrassment, he has lain sometimes for half an

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hour prostrate on his stomach, afraid to speak above a whisper. Before he married her he was free in his own village at least. He could spend hours in the men's house, strumming and singing. Now that he is married, he cannot call his soul his own. All day long he must work for those who paid for his wedding. He must walk shamefacedly in their presence, for he has discovered how little he knows of the obligations into which he is plunged. He has every reason to hate his shy, embarrassed wife, who shrinks with loathing from his rough, unschooled embrace and has never a good word to say to him. They are ashamed to eat in each other's presence. Officially they sleep on opposite sides of the house. For the first couple of years of marriage, they never go about together.

The girl's resentment of her position does not lessen with the weeks. These people are strangers to her. To them her husband is bound by the closest ties their society recognises. If she is away from her people, in another village, she tries harder than does her husband to make something of her marriage. When he leaves her to go to his sister's house, she frets and scolds, and sometimes even commits the unforgivable sin of accusing him of making a second wife of his sister. Then the spirits send swift punishment upon the house, and the breach between husband and wife widens. If the bride has married in her own village, she goes home frequently to her relatives and makes even less effort at the hopeless task of getting along well with her husband. For her marriage her face was tattooed, her

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short curly hair was dyed red. But now her head is clean shaven and she is forbidden to ornament herself. If she does, the spirits of her husband will suspect her of wishing to be attractive to men and will send sickness upon the house. She may not even gossip, softly, to a female relative about her husband's relatives. The spirits who live in the skull bowls will hear her and punish. She is a stranger among strange spirits, spirits who nevertheless exercise a rigid espionage over her behaviour.

All this is galling enough to the young girl and she grows more and more sulky day by day as she sits among her relatives-in-law, cooking for feasts, or goes with them to the bush to work sago. If she does not conceive promptly, she is very likely to run away. Sometimes her relatives persuade her to return and she vacillates back and forth for several years before a child is born. When she does conceive, she is drawn closer, not to the father of her child, but to her own kin. She may not tell her husband that she is pregnant. Such intimacy would shame them both. Instead, she tells her mother and her father, her sisters and her brothers, her aunts and her cross cousins. Her relatives set to work to prepare the necessary food for the pregnancy feasts. Still nothing is said to the husband. His wife repulses his advances more coldly than ever and his dislike and resentment of her increases. Then some chance word reaches his ears, some rumour of the economic preparations his brothers-in-law are making. A child is to be born to him, so the neighbours say. Still he can-

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not mention the point to his wife, but he waits for the first feast when canoes laden with sago come to his door. The months wear on, marked by periodic feasts for which he must make repayment. His relatives help him but he is expected to do most of it himself. He must go to his sisters' houses and beg them for bead work. His aunts and mother must be importuned. Here where he has always commanded, he must plead. He is constantly worried for fear his repayments will not be enough, will not be correctly arranged. Meanwhile his pregnant wife sits at home making yards of beadwork for her brothers, working for her brothers while he must beg and cajole his sisters. The rift between the two widens.

A few days before the birth of the child the brother or cousin or uncle of the expectant mother divines for the place of birth. If he does not have the power to handle the divining bones himself, a relative will do it for him. The divination declares whether the child shall be born in the house of its father or of its maternal uncle. If the former is the verdict, the husband must leave his house and go to his sister's. This is usually only done when the couple have a house of their own, a very rare occurrence in the case of a man's first child. His brother-in-law and his wife and children move into his house. Or else his wife is taken away, sometimes to another village. From the moment her labour begins he may not see her. The nearest approach he can make to the house is to bring fish to the landing platform. For a whole month he wanders aimlessly about,



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sleeping now at one sister's, now at another's. Only after his brother-in-law has worked or collected enough sago, one or two tons at least, to make the return feast, can his wife return to him, can he see his child.

Meanwhile the mother is very much occupied with her new baby. For a month she must stay inside the house, hidden by a mat curtain, her food must be cooked on a special fire in special dishes. Only after dark may she slip out and bathe hastily in the sea. Life is more pleasant for her than it has been since before her marriage. All of her female relatives stop in to chat with her, those with milk suckle her child for her during their call. Her brothers' wives cook for her, bring her betel nut and pepper leaf, humour her as an invalid. Her husband, whom she has not learned to love, is not missed. She hugs her baby to her breast, runs her pursed lips along its little arms, and is happy.

The day before the big feast of sago and pots, a small feast is made within the household. Her brothers and their wives and sisters all prepare special foods, all kinds of shell fish, taro, sago, a white fruit called *ung*, and two kinds of leaf puddings. One of these called *tchutchu* is nine or ten inches square and an inch thick. After the food is cooked it is dished up in carved wooden bowls, and set away on the shelves until after the mother is dressed. Her hair, which has been allowed to grow during pregnancy, is painted red. She puts on beaded anklets and strings of dogs' teeth; all this is finery, not heavy money for her husband's rel-



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atives. The food is arranged on the platform of a canoe and the whole party of women and the small girls of the family proceed to one of the small islands in the village, an island belonging to one of her ancestral lines. Here her father's sister or her father's mother solemnly slaps her on the back with one of the *tchutchu* cakes, invoking the family spirits to make her strong and well and keep her from having another child until this one can walk about and swim. Then all the party partakes of the feast; the mother returns to her baby; the others go about the village leaving bowls of food at the homes of relatives. For the last time the mother sleeps alone with her child.

The next day is one long tiring round of ceremonies. The morning is spent in cooking for the feast. Here and there in the village sago is being loaded onto canoes, pigs are being caught ready for transfer. The mother is again dressed, this time in the heavy kind of money costume she wore as a bride. Her hair is painted for the last time. To-morrow it will be shaved off as is befitting a virtuous wife.

The long procession of canoes, sometimes fifteen or twenty strong, forms outside the house. On the most heavily laden canoes are slit gongs upon which the owners beat vigorously. The heavily clad young mother steps into the last canoe and as the flotilla moves slowly, pompously about the village, she steps from one canoe to another. She is expected to walk from end to end of the sago which has been collected in her honour. The heavy money skirts drag at her body,

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wearying her. This festival of return to her husband gives her no pleasure. Very often on the plea that she is ill or that her child is crying for her she leaves the procession and goes home. The feast goes on merrily. Her absence is not missed. She is only a pawn, an occasion for financial transactions.

Finally, after dark, the time has come to make "the journey of the breasts": to return her to her husband. This is a profitable business for the women who accompany her so there is much wrangling among the women of the house as to which kindred shall punt the canoe. The quarrelling may go on for an hour while the young mother sits sullen and bored. The house of feasting is dark now, except for flickering fires. Food bowls and children crowd the floor. The voices of the greedy women crack in the stifling smoke-charged air. At last a compromise is reached and a group of women lead the young mother down the ladder and bundle her into a canoe. A storm has come up; the canoes rock and bump one another by the landing. Not a house can be seen. The practised women punt the laden canoe to the house of her husband's sister, where her husband has lived since their separation. The wife climbs upon the platform and sits there quietly. Her husband may be within the house but it is not necessary that he be there. He gives no sign. After a little she climbs back into the canoe and returns to her baby, to the crowded house and the new wrangling over the sago payments involved in the journey. Only after the last reckoning is settled will the guests disperse. Her brother's wife

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is the last to go, gathering up her belongings and muttering because her own children have fallen ill among the spirits of strangers. The young wife goes to sleep, wearily, and late that night the husband returns.

Now begins a new life. The father takes a violent proprietary interest in the new baby. It is his child, belongs to his kin, is under the protection of his spirits. He watches his wife with jealous attention, scolds her if she stirs from the house, berates her if the baby cries. He can be rougher with her now. The chances are that she will not run away, but will stay where her child will be well cared for. For a year mother and baby are shut up together in the house. For that year the child still belongs to its mother. The father only holds it occasionally, is afraid to take it from the house. But as soon as the child's legs are strong enough to stand upon and its small arms adept at clutching, the father begins to take the child from the mother. Now that the child is in no need of such frequent suckling, he expects his wife to get to work, to go to the mangrove swamp to work sago, to make long trips to the reef for shell fish. She has been idle long enough for, say the men, "a woman with a new baby is no use to her husband, she cannot work." The plea that her child needs her would not avail. The father is delighted to play with the child, to toss it in the air, tickle it beneath its armpits, softly blow on its bare, smooth skin. He has risen at three in the morning to fish, he has fished all through the cold dawn, punted the weary way to the market, sold some of his fish for good bar-

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gains in taro, in betel nut, in taro leaves. Now he is free for the better part of the day, drowsy, just in the mood to play with the baby.

From her brother too come demands upon the woman. He worked well for her during her pregnancy. Now he must meet his obligations to his wife's people. His sister must help him. From every side she is bidden to leave the baby to its doting father and go about her affairs. Children learn very young to take advantage of this situation. Father is obviously the most important person in the home; he orders mother about, and hits her if she doesn't "hear his talk." Father is even more indulgent than mother. It is a frequent picture to see a little minx of three leave her father's arms, quench her thirst at her mother's breast, and then swagger back to her father's arms, grinning overbearingly at her mother. The mother sees the child drawn further and further away from her. At night the child sleeps with the father, by day she rides on his back. He takes her to the shady island which serves as a sort of men's club house where all the canoes are built and large fish traps made. Her mother can't come on this island except to feed the pigs when no men are there. Her mother is ashamed to come there but she can rollick gaily among the half-completed canoes. When there is a big feast, her mother must hide in the back of the house behind a hanging mat. But she can run away to father in the front of the house when the soup and betel nut are being given out. Father is always at the centre of interest, he is never

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too busy to play. Mother is often busy. She must stay in the smoky interior of the house. She is forbidden the canoe islands. It is small wonder that the father always wins the competition: the dice are loaded from the start.

And then the mother becomes pregnant again, another baby which will be her own for a year is on its way. She withdraws more from the struggle and begins to wean the present baby. The weaning is slow. The child is spoiled, long accustomed to eating other foods, it is used to being given its mother's breast whenever it cries for it. The women tie bundles of hair to their nipples to repel the children. The weaning is said to last well into pregnancy. The child is offended by its mother's withdrawal and clings still closer to its father. So on the eve of the birth of a new baby, the child's transfer of dependence to its father is almost complete. The social patterning of childbirth reaffirms that dependence. While the mother is occupied with her new baby, the older child stays with its father. He feeds it, bathes it, plays with it all day. He has little work or responsibility during this period and so more time to strengthen his position. This repeats itself for the birth of each new child. The mother welcomes birth; again she will have a baby which is her own, if only for a few months. And at the end of the early months the father again takes over the younger child. Occasionally he may keep a predominant interest in the older child, especially if the older is a boy, the younger a girl, but usually there is room in his canoe for two

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or three little ones. And the elder ones of five and six are not pushed out of the canoe, they leave it in the tiny canoes which father has hewn for them. At the first upset, the first rebuff, they can come swimming back into the sympathetic circle of the father's indulgent love for his children.

As the father's relation to his child is continually emphasised, so the mother is always being reminded of her slighter claims. If her father is ill in another village, and she wishes to go, her husband cannot keep her, but he keeps her two-year-old son. Some woman of his kin will suckle the child if he cries and the father will care for him tenderly. The woman goes off for her uncertain voyage, torn between her blood kin and her child. This is in cases of perfectly ordinary relations between husband and wife. In case of a quarrel she will take her young children with her if she runs away from her husband. But even here five- and six-year-olds make their own choices and often elect to stay with their father.

Or a woman will come with her husband and children to visit in her own village during a feast. The husband will put up a ban against her father's house. One of the children got sick there before; the spirits are inimical, none of his children shall enter that house again. Instead, the whole family must stay with his relatives in the other end of the village. The grandparents must come there to see their grandchild. The mother may go if she wishes but, says the husband, *his* child shall not.



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A man's attitude is the same whether a child be adopted or his own child. One fourth of the children in Peri were adopted, in about half of the cases the parents were dead. In any event, the real parents relinquished all hold on the child if the adoption had taken place in infancy. An elder brother's child adopted by a younger brother called the younger brother "father" and his real father "grandfather." A little girl adopted by her older sister called her sister "mother," her mother "grandmother." In one striking instance the foster father had died and the real parents took back their son whom they always addressed formerly as "child whose father is dead," a special mourning term. Children adopted by elder members of the family called their true parents by their given names. An adopted child belonged to the clan of his foster father; the spirits and tabus of that house were his. But to his foster mother he had no bond except that she it was who gave him food. And with this denial to the woman of her share in the rewards of providing a home for the foster child goes a curious change of emphasis.

Much has been written to prove that mother-right is natural because maternity is unmistakable. Paternity being always questionable, is a less firm basis for descent. Native statements are quoted in support of this view.

Manus presents a vivid contrast to this attitude which seems so credible to many modern authors. Physical paternity is understood; the natives believe that the



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child is a product of semen and clotted menstrual blood. But physical paternity does not interest them in the least. The adopted child is considered to be far more his foster father's than his true father's. Does he not belong to his foster father's spirits? Men marry pregnant women who are widowed or separated from their husbands and when the children are born welcome them as their own. The real father makes no claim upon his child born to a runaway wife. Although the whole village may know the true father of a child, they will never mention it unless pressed, and never to the child unless the child remembers its adoption.

But maternity is a very different matter. Blood or adopted, the father's claims, the father's rewards are the same. But to her child the mother has very little claim except the claim of blood. So we find not disputes about paternity but disputes about maternity. A woman will declare, holding a child fiercely to her bosom, "This is my child. I bore him. He grew in my body. I suckled him at these breasts. He is mine, mine, mine!" And yet every one in the village will tell you she is lying and point to the real mother of the child adopted in early infancy. An aspersion on a woman's maternity rouses all the shamed defensive rage usually associated among us with throwing doubt upon paternity.

This passionate attitude may also be due to the relation between mediumship and maternity. Only women who have dead male children can act as mediums and acting as a medium is the only way in which women

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can exercise any real power in their husband's households. Where upon her rests the ultimate determination of the will of the spirits, a woman can, innocently enough, read into the odd whistling sounds which the spirit makes through her lips, motives and counsels congenial to her. And a child spirit will not act as a control for a foster mother. It is of course equally possible that the insistence upon real maternity of mediums may have flowed from the attitude towards blood motherhood.

Even the blood tie between mother and children is likely to be disrupted. Salikon and Ngasu were two of the brightest, best dressed little girls in the village. Salikon was about fourteen, so near to puberty that her foster father had already stored the coconuts away for the puberty feast. Ngasu was eleven, curly-haired, bright-eyed, quick-limbed. She could swim as well as the boys and she fought almost as many battles. Their mother was a widow, a plump, buxom woman, still comely, and highly skilled in every native industry. Her husband, Panau, had been a man of wealth and importance in the community. He had just been on the verge of making the important silver wedding payment for his wife when he died suddenly. One so cut off in his prime was bound to feel angry, and fear of Panau's spirit was strong in the village. His younger brother Paleao inherited his house, the care of his widow, whom he called mother, and the guardianship of his daughters. Salikon was betrothed and it was Paleao who collected the pigs and oil to meet her be-

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trothal payments. The widow was much respected in the village and very much attached to her daughters. She disciplined them more carefully than any other mother in the village, and dressed them better. Their grass skirts were always nicely crimped; they always wore beaded bracelets and armlets which "mother made." The widow was such an expert worker that she was in great demand everywhere and she moved about the village, sometimes living in the house of Paleao, sometimes in the house of one brother, sometimes of another. Wherever she went the two little girls went with her instead of settling in the house of their foster father and mother. It was a pretty picture of mother and daughter devotion.

But the day came when the charming picture was shattered. The widow of Panau was still young. Many men sought her hand, all clandestinely, for her kin did not dare to connive at her remarriage for fear of her dead husband's ghostly wrath, nor did they wish to lose such a good worker. Finally the widow found a suitor of her own choice and in great secrecy she eloped with him to another village. All the amiability of her relatives and relatives-in-law vanished. Furious at her desertion, desperately afraid of Panau, they all vied with each other in loud-mouthed condemnation of her flight. And loudest of all were the two little daughters, who refused to see their mother and spoke of her with the greatest bitterness. Now their dead father would be angry. Once before their mother had planned to elope and Ngasu had nearly died of fever.

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This time one of them would surely die. Oh, their wicked, wicked mother, to think of her own happiness instead of theirs! They lived on in the house of their father's brother and thrust their mother's image from their hearts.

## THE CHILD AND THE ADULT SOCIAL LIFE

MANUS children live in a world of their own, a world from which adults are wilfully excluded, a world based upon different premises from those of adult life.

To the Manus adult, trade is the most important thing in life; trade with far-away islands, trade with the land people, trade with the next village, trade with his relatives-in-law, trade with his relatives. His house roof is stacked with pots, his shelves piled with grass skirts, his boxes filled with dogs' teeth. The spirit of his ancestor presides over his wealth and chastises him if he fails to use it wisely and well. When he speaks of his wife he mentions the size of the betrothal payment which was made for her, when he quarrels with his neighbours he boasts of the number of large exchanges he has made for her. When he speaks of his sister he says, "I give her sago and she gives me bead-work"; when he speaks of his dead father he mentions the huge burial payment he made for him. When he angers the spirit of a neighbour's house he atones in pigs and oil, or boxes and axes. The whole of life, his most intimate relation to people, his conception of places, his evaluation for his guarding spirits, all fall under the head of *kawas*, "exchange." He has no other word for friend, naturally friendship too falls under

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the spell—friends are people with whom one trades, or who help one in trade. A specially beautiful food bowl or well woven grass skirt is praised as “belonging to *karwas*.” Pregnancy, birth, puberty, betrothal, marriage, death, are thought of in terms of dogs’ teeth and shell money, pigs and oil. The chief events in the village life are these exchanges and the accompanying pomp and ceremony, oratory and ceremonial jesting. Trade widens and narrows through the generations, so a man and his sister help each other for a *quid pro quo*, but are not conceived as actually exchanging wealth. But the sons of the brother and sister become formal traders as the financial backers of the arranged marriage between their sons and daughters. These businesslike cousins are permitted to jest with one another, to refer lewdly to each other’s private life, to break every convention of sobriety of speech, to shatter every reticence. Thus the strain of economic antagonism is ceremonially broken. A man who is receiving advance payments from his cousin of ten thousand dogs’ teeth, payments which it will take him years to meet, is permitted to dance an obscene defiance to his creditor. When the children of these two men marry, the gap made by property is complete, the wife is on one side of the exchange, the husband on the other. Business rivals, they are careful to betray no secrets, one to the other.

The attention of adults is fixed upon trade: when the canoe will be in from Mok with coconuts; when that landsman will bring the promised and paid-for-in-

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advance sago; if all the preparations have been adequately made for next week's post-birth ceremony. All day they bustle to and fro in the village, consulting relatives, dunning creditors for small repayments, giving orders, making requisitions on property. In every exchange fifteen or twenty people take part, relatives of each of the principals exchanging with a partner on the opposite side. The exchange may be a mere three hundred pounds of sago, but it is an individual stake, not a contribution to the good of the whole, and so of vast importance to the person making it.\*

During the days before a big exchange, the village is in a fever of expectancy. For instance, Pomasa is to make a *metcha*, the silver wedding payment which a rich and successful man makes for a wife to whom he has been married fifteen or twenty years. For three years Pomasa has been preparing for this great event. He is an expert turtle fisher, and turtle after turtle he

\* As we invest in factories or stores or export companies, so Manus financiers invest in marriages, or more accurately the economic exchanges which centre about marriage. In the initial betrothal payment for a male child, a large number of relatives invest dogs' teeth and shell money and the recipients on the bride's side pay these amounts back later in pigs and oil. At each new economic exchange resulting from a betrothal or marriage new investors may come in provided they can find partners on the opposite side. Sometimes would-be investors of little economic importance are seen cruising about the edges of a ceremony looking for partners. And just as our financiers hesitate to back a man who has gone bankrupt or a store which is forever being shifted from one location to another, so the Manus are canny about backing a man who has been often divorced. They centre their investments about tried and enduring marriages and the marriages so substantially endorsed by society assume greater prestige; their stock goes up, so to speak.



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has sold to the land people for dogs' teeth and shell money. He has trade friends on the north coast, and he has made long expeditions there to fish for dugong. All his sisters, his aunts, his brothers, have helped him collect the necessary property. To do this they have had to call in all their debts, dun and dun their creditors for repayment. Now it is only a month until the great day. Pomasa kills a turtle and punts it through the village, drumming triumphantly, boastfully, upon his slit drum. He cooks the turtle and sends it to all his relatives who are helping him in the exchange. That night, in their presence, he counts his dogs' teeth and measures his fathoms of shell money.

For the rest of the month he does no work, neither he nor the members of his household. Instead, resplendent in dogs' teeth and ornament, they voyage here and there in search of more contributions of wealth. A great wooden bowl is placed on the canoe; the canoe stops at the landing platform and the woman relative in the house brings out her contribution and drops it into the bowl. Each contributor will receive an exact return in pigs, oil and sago, when the return payments are made. Another day, Pomasa will hang the jaw bone of his father down his back, fasten a specially large and ornamental bag over his shoulder, and set out overland to call on some distant relatives among the land people. Or the whole household will sail off to another village, coming back this time with a couple of new canoes, collected from some cousins.

Meanwhile the relatives of his wife to whom he

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will make the spectacular payment are busy cooking. Day after day they send bowls of food to the house of Pomasa, that he and his wife may be free of any need to think about their daily bread. Pomasa is always dressed up, always portentous in manner, the centre of public interest. As the time for the *metcha* approaches, all the members of his wife's family are invited to an inspection of the payments they are later to receive. In the crowded house, lit by blazing torches, kindled in the low fireplaces, men and women crowd eagerly about the display of wealth. "Oh, Nali, Panau's sister-in-law, is to have this string of dogs' teeth!" Carefully, avariciously, she notes its special characteristics, five teeth and then a broken one, blue beads between the teeth except in the middle, where there are five red ones, blue and red tags on the ends. If two weeks later there is a mistake and Nali does not receive this very string, she will clamour loudly for her rights. After this exhibition the in-laws go home to cook bigger and better meals for the household of Pomasa.

When the great day comes Pomasa is arrayed in yards of ornament. His sad-eyed wife is dressed in bridal finery. Her tenth child is within a month of being born. Five of her children are dead. Popitch, the last to die, died only six weeks ago. Her long, worn breasts sag in spite of the supporting ornaments. Her face is lined and haggard and she stoops awkwardly beneath the weight of the bridal aprons. This is a great day for Pomasa, her husband, and a great

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day for Bosai her brother who will receive Pomasa's spectacular payments. It is her silver wedding.

The village is crowded, strangers come from all parts, every house is filled with guests. Canoes are clustered about the little islets, the thousands of dogs' teeth are hung on lines, and both sides dance and make long speeches. An event of major significance and interest has taken place. For years this *metcha* will be mentioned: who did or did not make a good showing; how Pomasa smugly refused to make the secret extra payments usually made at dead of night. When Pomasa quarrels with his neighbors who have not made a *metcha*, he will boast of his great achievement. And with the pigs and oil in which his creditors gradually repay him, he and his family will feast and pay their debts.

In this complex pattern of dog tooth finance, every person who owns property is involved, weekly, almost daily. Where a pig changes hands half a dozen times in a morning, the participation of many individuals is inevitable. Every *metcha*, every betrothal, every marriage, has reverberations through many villages, affects the plans of scores of households.

From this world the children are divided completely by a very simple fact: they own no property. They have neither debtors nor creditors, dogs' teeth nor pigs. They haven't a stick of tobacco staked in the transaction. True, the exchange may be made in the name of one of them. Kilipak's father may be paying twelve thousand dogs' teeth to his cousin, the father of Kili-

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pak's future wife. This brings the question of Kilipak's one-day marriage before the minds of the other children. They chaff him a little, suddenly stop using his personal name and call him instead "grandson of Nate," the name of his bride's grandfather. Kilipak turns hot and sullen under their teasing but he takes no extra interest in the ceremony, although in the name of it his elders will some day bring him to account. To-day he simply goes off fishing with the other boys.

Afterwards Kilipak will feel this payment in which he takes no interest: henceforth he must avoid his bride's name and the names of all her relatives, and he must lie hidden if his canoe goes through her village. So to the child's eyes, the elders have a great economic show which takes up all their time and attention, makes mother cross and father absent-minded, makes the food supply in the house less subject to the child's insistent demands, takes the whole family away from home, or separates him from the large pig which he used to enjoy riding in the water. Then there is a great deal of beating of drums, speech making, and dancing. Every ceremony is just like every other. It may be of huge interest to his elders that for a *kinekin* feast for a pregnant woman the packs of sago are stacked in threes, while for a *pinpuaro* feast after birth the sago packs are stood upright. To the elder such important bits of ceremonial procedure are sign and symbol of intimate knowledge, like the inside knowledge on the stock market which the new speculator displays so proudly.

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But to the child as to the non-investor, this is all so much unintelligible rigmarole.

His version of the whole spectacle is brief and concise. There are two kinds of payments—the payments made on a grand scale and the small gradual repayments made individually. The big ones may be canoes of sago and pigs and oil, or they may be hundreds of dogs' teeth hung up on the islet, in which case there may be dancing. Sometimes, for wholly inexplicable reasons, there is no dancing. At other times a pig changes hands and a drum is beaten about that, most annoyingly. The drum beat may turn one from one's play in anticipation of some interesting event. And it turns out to be nothing but the payment of a debt. Afterwards there are always quarrels, insults, and recriminations. If mother is very much involved in the transaction, so involved that it would be inconvenient to go home—in the children's words, if mother "has work"—father will be especially nasty to her, knowing she won't dare leave him. But if it's "father's work," mother is likely to be extra disagreeable, to weary of it in the middle, and go off to her own kin. The fact that a lot of this "work" is ostensibly in his name only serves to set the child more firmly against it, as a most incomprehensible nuisance. To all questions about commerce, the children answer furiously: "How should we know—who's grown up here anyway, we or you? What do you think you are to bother us about such things! It's your business, not ours."

The parents permit their children to remain in this

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happy state of irresponsible inattention. No attempt is made to give the children property and enlist their interest in the financial game. They are simply expected to respect the tabus and avoidances which flow from the economic arrangements, because failure to do so will anger the spirits and produce undesirable results.

In the child's world property, far from being garnered and stored, is practically communal in use if not in ownership. Property consists of small canoes, paddles, punts, bows and arrows, spears, spider-web nets, strings of beads, occasional bits of tobacco or betel nuts. These last are always shared freely among the children. One poor little cigarette of newspaper and Louisiana twist trade tobacco will pass through fifteen hands before it is returned to its owner for a final farewell puff. If among a group of children one name is heard shouted very frequently above the rest, the listener can be sure that that child has a cigarette which the others are begging. Similarly a string of beads will pass from child to child as a free gift for which no return is expected. Quarrels over property are the rule in the adult world, but they are not frequent among children. The older children imitate their parents' severity and chastise younger children for even touching adults' property, but this is more for a chance to start a fight and from force of habit than from any keen interest in protecting the property.

Quarrels which spring up from other causes will be justified in terms of property, if an adult inquires into them. The children know that to say "He took my



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canoe" will elicit more sympathy than "I wanted to make cat's cradles and he didn't"; and the child is an adept at translating his world into terms which are acceptable to the adult.

The constant buying and selling, advance and repayment in the adult world is a serious obstacle to any co-operative effort. Individually owned wealth is a continual spur to self-centred individualistic activity. But among the children, where there are no such individual stakes, much more co-operation is seen. The boys of fourteen and fifteen who stand at the head of the group organise the younger children, plan races, on foot or in canoe, organise football teams, the football being a lemon; or institute journeys to the river for a swim. Surface quarrelling and cuffing is fairly frequent, but there is little permanent ill humour. The leadership is too spontaneous, too informal, and has developed no strong devices for coercing the unwilling. The recalcitrant goes home unchastised, the trouble-maker remains. The older boys scold and indulge in vivid vituperation but they dare not use any appreciable force. A real fight between children, even very tiny ones, means a quarrel between their parents, and in any case the child always finds a sympathiser in his parents. Irritation over mis-spiced plans or a spoiled game takes itself out, very much as dominoes fall down one upon another. Yesa tells Bopau to get his canoe. Bopau refuses. Yesa slaps him, Tchokal slaps Yesa for slapping Bopau and Kilipak slaps Tchokal for slapping Yesa. Kilipak being the largest in that group, the scuffle degenerates into a

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few wailing or sulking individuals. In five minutes all is fair weather again unless some child feels so affronted that he goes home to find sympathy. These teapot tempests are frequent and unimportant, the consequence of a large number of aggressive children playing together without devices for control. At that, they are far sunnier and less quarrelsome than their elders, more amenable to leadership, friendlier, less suspicious and more generous. Deep-rooted feuds and antagonisms are absent. Among the elders almost every person has definite antagonisms, always smouldering, always likely to break out into open quarrels. But the size and the varying ages of the children make a fluid unpatterned grouping in which close personal attachments and special antagonisms do not flourish.

Although the parents take violent part for their children, their children do not reciprocate. Children whose parents are making the village ring with abuse, will placidly continue their games in the moonlight. If the quarrels between the parents grow so serious that the spirits may be expected to take a hand, the children are warned against going to the house of the enemy, a prohibition which they may or may not obey.

The whole convention of the child's world is thus a play convention. All participation is volitional and without an *arrière pensée*. But among the adults casual friendliness, neighbourly visiting is regarded as almost reprehensible. Young men without position or standing go to the houses of older relatives to ask for assistance or to render services. Men may haunt their

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sisters' homes. But visiting between men of the same status, or between married women who are neither sisters nor sisters-in-law, is regarded as trifling, undignified behaviour. A man who goes about the village from house to house must have considerable prestige to stand the raillery which such behaviour calls for. The only man in Peri who habitually visited about had been given the nickname of "Pwisio," Manus for the white man's cat, whose wandering ways are known to the natives. Social gatherings are for purposes of exchange, either to plan the exchange or to execute it, or about the sick, the shipwrecked, the dying, or the dead. To leave one's own home and go to sleep in the house of trouble is regarded as the highest expression of sympathy. Men, women, and children crowd the floor of the house of mourning, men sleeping in the front of the house, women in the rear, husbands and wives separated, sometimes for a month at a time. To sleep in the house of another is a solemn matter, not to be undertaken lightly.

Manus men, uninterested in friendship themselves, are intolerant of friendship on the part of their wives. As one woman phrased it: "If a man sees his wife talking for a long time with another woman or going into another woman's house, he will look at her. If she is her sister or her sister-in-law, it is well. If she is an unrelated woman, he will scold his wife. He may even beat her." But with her own feminine relatives a woman must always speak circumspectly. Her husband is tabu to them; their husbands are tabu to her.

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She cannot mention any intimate matter about any one who is tabu. A daughter cannot comment upon her married life to her mother who has never even been allowed to look her daughter's husband in the face. The tabus between relatives-in-law act most efficiently in keeping such relatives not only out of the social scene but also out of the conversation.

With her sister-in-law she is on even more formal terms. The sister-in-law is devoted to her brother, resents the wife, will not hear the most casual complaints against him. Sisters-in-law may not use each other's names; a certain reserve in conduct is always enjoined upon them, and remarks from one to the other are prefaced by the vocative: "*Pinkaiyo*" (sister-in-law)! As a man's relations to his sisters, a woman's to her brothers, are one of the strongest threats against the stability of marriage, cultural insistence upon the appearance of friendship between sisters-in-law and between brothers-in-law has important results.

All through adult life in Manus there is a struggle between a man's wife and a man's sister for his allegiance and his gifts. This struggle is far keener than between brothers-in-law. The obscenity in which a jealous and outraged wife accuses her husband of making his sister into her co-wife has no parallel in the relationship of brothers-in-law. It is the wife who is the stranger, who is at a continual disadvantage in fighting the vested interests of the sister. So the community votes it good for these two traditional enemies to sign a continuous public truce. And it is true that in lasting

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marriages brothers-in-law learn to be good partners if not good friends and sisters-in-law become adjusted to working together with some show of co-operation. But the societies' insistence upon those friendships which are most difficult as the friendships which are most admirable hampers free choice and regiments human relations.

A man's formal relationships with his brothers and brothers-in-law is in strong contrast to his joking relationship to his cross cousins.\* Wherever he goes he is almost sure to find a man who can address him as "Cross cousin," and straightway make mock of whatever solemnity he is engaged in. Although often embarrassing and often provoking, this ceremonial intimacy gives a sort of outlet which is not permitted in other relationships. And to his female cross cousin a man who is a widower may even talk about his matrimonial plans in fairly personal terms.

But between female cross cousins this jesting does not obtain. It is permitted but never used. And the woman, although she receives the confidences of her male cousin, does not reciprocate; better drilled in prudery than he, she is silent.

The children, especially the boys, act as cavalierly towards all these ceremonial prescriptions of the adult world as they do towards the economic exchanges. Small children class older relatives indiscriminately as fathers, mothers, and grandparents. The special terms

\* The children of a mother's brother, or a father's sister, i.e., first cousins whose sibling-parents are of opposite sex.

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for mother's brother and father's sister are treated with complete neglect, and a boy of fourteen or fifteen cannot even give the proper term for father's paternal aunt, although she and her female descendants will be the principal mourners when he dies. The adult world is divided for the children into father's clan, mother's clan, people who are related to father and mother in some way which brings them within the circle of attention, people whom mother avoids, people whom father avoids, people whom one must avoid oneself. The most conspicuous fact about a grandmother may be the way she runs when father approaches, and father's blushing fury if her name is mentioned in his presence. There is no word for relatives in general use; instead one says, "I belong to Kalat.\* He belongs to Kalat," or, "We two belong to Kalat." Children under seven or eight will simply know the houses of their mother's clan as friendly places, but older children can usually give the fact of their mother's clan membership as an explanation of this fact. Sharply singled out from the host of relatives are father and mother and semi-foster fathers who have adopted one in name or are in process of adopting one. These elders are the ones most compliant to one's whims. So Langison, who had been informally adopted as an older child by his father's mother's sister's husband and by his father's younger brother was said to have "three fathers," or, as the other boys put it, "three places where he can cry out

\* Kalat is a localised paternal clan group, the houses of whose members stand near each other in one part of the village.



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for food." The houses of grandparents are also places where one can "cry out for food" without bringing shame and opprobrium upon oneself and one's parents, for the rule against asking for food is part of the training in respect for property.

The adult's general tolerance of negligence on the part of children permits the child to reap all the advantages of his kinship arrangements but requires him to pay very slight attention. If a household of the clan of Motchapal is giving a ceremony, all the children belonging to it may ride in the canoes, dress up in dogs' teeth, nibble greedily at the feast, if they wish to. But their presence is never required. Even in mourning ceremonies no demands are made upon children under fifteen; only slight demands are made on the unmarried. The whole adult scheme is phrased in terms of children's claims upon it. The strongest claims it makes on the child are the demands for avoidance.

Nor are the strictly delimited friendships of the adult demanded or even expected from the children. The play groups include the village. If one clan is a little isolated from the others, as is the case with Kalat, the younger children of Kalat will play together more than they will play with the children at the other end of the village. Children use no kinship terms among themselves and are not conscious of exact relationships. Adults will laughingly point out the infant uncle of a lusty ten-year-old or comment on the way in which the adoption of a little girl makes her her own sister's titular cross cousin. But the children themselves pay



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no attention. The first consciousness of relationships outside the household group comes with the recognition of some common avoidance. I saw this happen in the case of four boys, Pomat, Kilipak, Kután and Yesa, boys who had played together constantly from childhood. Pomat knew that his mother called Kilipak's mother "sister," but he never addressed Kilipak as "cross cousin." He knew that Kután's father, Pomasa, called his own father, Kemai, "grandfather," but he had never been accustomed to calling Kután "son" on that account. He knew that Yesa had been adopted by his mother's clan brother and still he never addressed Yesa as "cross cousin," either. All four boys thought first of each other as individuals. They had not learned the adult habit of thinking first of relationships. Then the husband of Pomat's sister, Pwondret, came to live in the village. This youth, named Sisi, was a tabu relative of all four boys because he had married Pwondret, the sister of Pomat, cross cousin of Kilipak and Yesa and "mother" of Kután. Sisi's marriage with Pwondret had been sudden and without a long betrothal so for years all four boys had known him as an occasional visitor whom they called by his name. Now all four had to give up using his name and call him "husband of Pwondret." This annoyance brought to their attention that they were all related one to another and laboriously they traced out this relationship and the kinship terms which they should use to one another.

So the simplified canons of the child's world may become complicated by contact with the adult world,

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but the gulf between the two worlds is not thereby narrowed. Rather age-class consciousness is increased; all four boys realised their common inconvenience under this adult convention. There is no real attempt to induct the child into this alien adult world. He is given no place in it and no responsibilities. He is permitted to use it for his own egocentric purposes and only made to feel its pressure when the observance of tabus is felt to be absolutely necessary for the safety of the community.

## VI

### THE CHILD AND THE SUPERNATURAL

MANUS religion is a special combination of spiritualism and ancestor worship. The spirits of the dead males of the family become its guardians, protectors, censors, dictators after death. The skull and finger bones are suspended from the roof in a carved bowl, and the desires and preferences of the spirit of the house consulted upon all important occasions. Severe disaster falling upon the household discredits the principal spirit, who is then either demoted to the rank of spirit guard of some young man or small boy or else expelled altogether from the house. Without a house, a spirit is as much a social nonentity as a man would be. He roams, impotent and vaguely malicious, in the open spaces between the houses, finally degenerating into some low form of sea life. Meanwhile a new spirit is set up in the house. This regnant house spirit is the special guardian of the male head of the family. Unless requested to remain at home, he accompanies the house father on his overseas expedition or on his trips to the mainland. His spirit wife or wives, who are of little importance, and are not represented by skulls, remain at home. Women and girls have no personal guardians and are therefore spiritually unequipped for venturing into dangerous places. But

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little boys, from the time they are four or five, are usually given guardian spirits who are supposed to attend them everywhere. These guardians may be the spirits of dead boys, or children born to spirits on the spirit plane, or occasionally the slightly discredited or outmoded adult spirits of their fathers.

In Manus there is neither heaven nor hell; there are simply two levels of existence. On one level live the mortals all of whose acts, each of whose words, are known to the spirits, provided the spirit is present and paying attention. The spirit is not conceived as omniscient. He, like a living man, can only see and hear within the range of his senses. A spirit will disclaim knowledge of what went on in a house during his absence. Spirits are invisible, only rarely are they seen by mortals, but they occasionally make their presence manifest by whistling in the night. They are more powerful than mortals, being less dependent upon time and space and having the power to translate material objects into their own sphere of invisibility. They act upon mortals by extracting bits of the soul stuff. If all of a mortal's soul stuff is taken by a spirit or spirits the mortal will die. Spirits can also hide things, steal things, throw stones, and otherwise manipulate the material world in a capricious, unaccountable fashion. This, however, they very seldom do. In spite of their greater powers they are conceived very humanly. So a man will beseech his spirit to drive an expected school of fish into a particular lagoon. He will not ask his spirit to multiply the fish, only to herd them. The

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chief duties of a spirit are to prosper the fishing of his wards and to preserve their lives and limbs against the machinations of hostile spirits. It is the spirits' privilege to demand in return the exercise of certain restraints and virtues. In the first place, the living must commit no sex offences which interfere with the Manus social order (i.e.: a spirit will not object to an intrigue with a woman of another tribe). This is a rigorous prohibition; light words, chance physical contacts, evil plans, careless jests, non-observance of the proper avoidance reactions towards relatives-in-law, all these may bring down the spirits' righteous wrath, either upon the sinner or upon some one of his relatives—perhaps pushing a decrepit old man from his lingering death bed into death, perhaps afflicting a new born baby with the colic. Additionally, the spirits abhor economic laxity of any sort: failure to pay debts, careless manipulation of family properties, economic procrastination, and unfair allotment of funds among the needs of several relatives, as when a man uses all the wealth which comes into the family to make spectacular payments for his wife and fails to make betrothal payments for his younger brothers. Insubordination within a family, quarrels between in-laws also stir their wrath. And bad housing annoys the critical spirits, who object to presiding over unsafe floors, sagging piles, and leaky thatch.

In addition to their obligations to their dutiful wards and their stern rôle as upholders of a moral order, the spirits engage in various activities which may be said

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to be the results of their mortal natures carried over into the spirit level: they marry or strive to marry, they beget children, they quarrel among themselves, they shirk their obligations, they maliciously vent old grudges upon the living, or transfer enmities arising on the spirit plane to the mortals connected with the hated spirits. So a spirit will punish his mortal wards who fail to treat as in-laws the mortal relatives of his spirit wife, or he will strike ill the living younger brother of a spirit who has seduced his spirit wife. Also, while yet newly translated to the spirit plane he will work havoc among the living in revenge for his own death. If he is a youth, he will try to kill other youths who are living while he is dead; if he died for adultery he will constitute himself official executioner of all adulterers. If he died before making a large feast, he will afflict others who give promise of successfully making the same kind of feast. Or he will exercise special malice towards any who arrange or assist in the remarriage of his widow.

The will of the spirits is conveyed to mortals through séances, women with dead male children acting as mediums. The spirit child acts as a messenger boy upon the spirit plane. He speaks through his mother's mouth, in a whistling sound which she translates to the assembled questioners. At her bidding he goes about interrogating the various spirits who may be responsible for the illness, misfortune, or death, or he collects the bits of purloined soul stuff and returns them to the sick person.



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Men are able to hold less satisfactory converse with their own guardians by a kind of divination—a question is propounded and a bone hung over the shoulder. If the back itches on one side the answer is “yes,” on the other, “no.” Thus the man often determines the direction which the medium’s responses in the séance will take.

So a Manus village is seen as the abode of mortals and spirits. There in the house of Paleao is the newly translated spirit of his dead adopted brother, Panau, still smarting from his sudden demise in the midst of preparations for a feast. He has a bad habit of striking people with a hatchet. The afflicted person spits up blood and is likely not to recover. In the little house next door lives Paleao’s mother-in-law presided over by the guardian spirit of Paleao’s small son, Popoli, his namesake. The spirit Popoli, restive after he had been displaced by the newly dead Panau, systematically afflicted the household, making ill Paleao’s pig, Paleao’s wife, Paleao himself, until Paleao built a separate house for his mother-in-law, where his son’s spirit could reign supreme. Just down the way is the house of a man whose guardian spirit has two spirit wives who get on very badly together and who vent their continual quarrels upon the child of the house.

So it goes; the personalities, prejudices, marital arrangements, of the spirits are known as well as are those of their living wards. Most of them are the recently dead; their very faces are still fresh in the memory of the living. But this spirit world is a world in which

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adult values and adult values alone are current, where the chief preoccupations are work, wealth and sex—ideas with which the children are essentially unconcerned. Furthermore, the children do not recognise that the spirits are still exercising the tenderness and humanity which they were accustomed to receive from fathers and uncles while they were still on earth. The children are little in need of protection—they are not permitted to wander abroad, they do no fishing which needs spirit supervision, they have no economic affairs to prosper. So the spirits of the dead appear to them in a stern, inimical light. Panau was a beloved father, but since he died he made his daughter Ngasu sick because her mother wanted to marry again. Popitch was a jolly little comrade, a romping, scatter-brained boy of eleven, up to any prank, undeterred by authority. Dead, he is suddenly elevated to be the chief spirit of his father's house, and makes his fourteen-year-old brother Kutan sick, in a spirit quarrel as to who shall be Kutan's spirit. The children forget their grief for Popitch the comrade, in dread and resentment towards Popitch the hostile spirit. Father or comrade, the spirit is usually no longer felt to be the children's friend.

Furthermore, although the adults are accustomed to bear almost any exaction or take any trouble to meet their children's whims, they dare not anger the spirits, nor expose their beloved children to the hostile spirits' malice. A father will usually take a child along fishing, although it means extra trouble and delay, possibly a smaller catch. But he will not take a child out

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of the shelter of the village if illness or recent death has tainted the very air with fear. Then the child's pleadings and rages are equally powerless to move the usually compliant father. In the name of fear of the spirits, obedience is forced upon the child. Usually this is quite sincere. The adult really delights in gratifying the child where he can, but occasionally it is an alibi behind which the father, unwilling to take the child and afraid to say so outright, hides. In the hands of the impious young people of the village, it becomes much more alibi than truth. The small fry are bidden to stay at home because "the place is full of spirits." The ten-year-olds proceed to try the same game upon the five-year-olds, and complete lack of faith and conscious mendacity usurps the place of the adults' genuine anxiety and solicitude. The spirits seem to the younger children a factor in the adult world which is especially troublesome and unkind.

Of the existence of the spirits the children have as little doubt as have the adults. They do not know them as well, many of the names which recall personalities to their elders are only empty names to them. Those spirits whom they do remember seem to have changed their very natures. The account of a spirit adultery as revealed in the night séances is a long, tedious business; the children go to sleep and do not listen. Affairs on the spirit level generally lack vividness and do not command their attention. Furthermore, séances usually turn upon the economic arrangements of adult life, which they do not understand and

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in which they take no interest. The occasional séance with a straight plot of adultery or an alleged spirit attack on a mortal with a hatchet, the children discuss casually among themselves. They know that Kután is sick because Popitch fought with another spirit brother and that Pikawas no longer wears a betrothal cloak because her spirit aunt objected to the proposed marriage. Kisapwi of fourteen knows that her dead father made her uncle sick because he wanted Kisapwi to go and live with her uncle instead of remaining with her mother. She knows too that her mother refused to let her go, professing to fear harm for the child herself. But more often the children do not know the substance of a séance which explains their own illnesses.

The boys of five to fourteen, who have special guardian spirits of their own, might be expected to find in them imaginary companions of power and compensation. But they make singularly little use of them. They neither see them nor talk with them, although they have heard their fathers utter long chatty monologues to their spirits. They don't ask them to do things for them, as one boy explained, "The spirit only hears if he's right beside you, and he probably is not, so it's no use bothering to talk to him." Sometimes they do not even know their names. They never quote the fact that they have spirits and the girls none as evidence of masculine superiority, although the men do that very thing. Instead they tend to push away from them, to neglect, ignore, depreciate, the importance of the most powerful factor in the adult world.

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Besides the formal religious system there are bits of magic, legends of the land devils, stories of water devils. The magic the children know little about; it again is concerned primarily with the accumulation of property, success in love, the demolition of an economic rival, or the prosecution of a fight between cross cousins. The blessing and cursing powers of fathers' sisters and their descendants in the female line are not even known to children under fifteen. Children are never taught charms of any sort, and if an incantation is being recited over the sick, a new baby, or a bride, they are either chased away or constrained to perfect quiet. The children view these occasional magical scenes with annoyance.

The legends of land devils and water serpents played a slightly different part. Manus legends are dull, truncated, unelaborate accounts of encounters between human beings and "*ichinals*"—the supernaturals of the land people, whom the Manus regard as mischievous inimical devils. There are also some myths of the origin of natural phenomena. But the tales are not knit up in any way with the life of the people, they neither explain religious ceremonies nor validate social position. They are not even a device for filling unused time. The elders count them dull and unimportant. It never occurs to any one to tell them to children. However, the adults do describe the devils occasionally to intimidate the children and keep them from going to the mainland. These devils are said to have fingernails as long as their fingers and matted hair falling

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thickly over their eyes. They will kidnap children or tear out their eyes. Here again, the children give only half credence. The grown ups so obviously pay no attention to the devils but go freely about their business; they so transparently use them as nurses among ourselves use the bogie-man to persuade reluctant children to go to bed, that the children hold them in amused contempt. They occasionally embody them in their games, calling any one who is dressed strangely or gesticulating queerly a "devil," and usually naming a poor attempt to draw a man a "devil." In their drawings they did not elaborate the "devils," invent special characteristics for them, or give them names. They have developed no legends or haunted spots or dangerous water holes. The imaginative faculty which our children spend upon such ideas is not called into play by a society which provides them with a ready-made set of spirits, ghosts, devils, dragons, and then uses these same dreadful and marvellous creatures as instruments of oppression, as alibis for seemingly irrational behaviour. Where our children react to a militantly matter-of-fact world with compensatory interest in fairies and ogres, derived from fairy tales, Manus children, also acting contra-suggestibly, reject the supernatural in favour of the natural.

These long-nailed devils are not especially congenial to the child mind. They are an adult device, and the child is traditionally uninterested in the adult world. So legends play no part at all in the child life, and the people of legend are given contemptuous tolerance.



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It is also interesting to note the relationship between early childhood conditioning, the family situation, and the religious system. The Manus attitude towards the spirits is composite of the attitudes of the child towards the father and of a man towards his children. To the very small child the father is the indulgent protecting parent who exists primarily to gratify the child's desires. This intensity is modified somewhat as the child grows older and turns to other children for some of his social satisfactions. But behind the knocks and blows of contact with his fellows stands his father, always willing to take his part, make him toys, take him as a companion and friend, quarrel with his mother over him. It is his father who makes the first payments for his wife, who is taking anxious thought for his little son's future, at the time when this financial solicitude has not yet become a burden to the son. But the father seldom lives to carry through his obligations, to complete the payments for his son's wife, to see his daughter-in-law safely installed in the rear of the house. The father-in-law tabu which forbids a man's seeing his daughter-in-law is felt as a poignant deprivation where the own father is concerned.

This is one of the few situations which the Manus feel as romantic, the adventure of looking upon the face of a loved son's wife. "Should I die," says an old man, "and never see the wife whom I have purchased for my son?" So the old father, tottering towards death, beyond the age when disrespect could lurk in his glance, is allowed to make a feast for his daughter-

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in-law. After thus publicly showing his respect for her, the tabu is removed forever and father, son and daughter-in-law live as one household.

But this is a situation which very seldom occurs: there were only two men in Peri who had lived long enough to see the wives of their own sons. Both had removed the tabu. Usually the father dies while his son is in the late teens or early twenties, often while the son is away at work. The Manus way of life is hard and exacting and Manus men die very young.

The duty of paying for the son's wife passes to a younger brother, or cousin, a man for whose wife the father has paid. Thus the taskmaster who can capitalise the newly married man's ignorance and poverty is a man sometimes ten or fifteen years his senior, a man who is just emerging from servitude himself. For years he has worked for the boy's father, who financed his marriage. Now he will finance the son in return and the son must work hard for him. The complication of this system can be seen in the family of Potik.

Potik adopted Panau, who was to him as a son. Later Potik married Komatal, who had adopted her cousin's baby boy, Paleao. Paleao grew up to call Potik father. Later Komatal bore him two sons, Tunu and Luwil. Potik lived to see Panau married, and died. Panau paid for Paleao's wife and began payments for Tunu and Luwil. He adopted a young son, Kután. As long as Panau lived, Paleao worked for him and owed him allegiance, as did the young Tunu and Luwil. Panau died just after Kután went away to work. Paleao

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continued to finance Tunu and Luwil and took over the financing of Kutan's marriage. Paleao was now paying for his own marriage entirely; he had no financial backers and was therefore an independent citizen. He now made the first payments for his young son, Popoli, which he may not live to complete. In that case Tunu, or more probably Luwil, who is the more intelligent, will continue helping Kutan and finance Popoli's marriage. Throughout this whole chain only one son, Panau, and he an adopted son of a man's old age, was married before his father died. In every other case the kind indulgent father was replaced by an older brother or uncle, to whom the young man owed no affection and from whom he could expect no paternal solicitude.

But in the whole organisation of the family in its relation to little children, the brother relationship is never stressed. Older children do not take care of younger ones. Younger ones are not allowed to accompany the older ones because, say the mothers, "If the babies cried to be brought home it would interrupt the older children's play." This terrible intrusion upon the children's leisure must be avoided at any cost. The household constellation is therefore not a series of children each dependent upon the next older, each cherishing the next younger, as in Samoa, but a group each of whom centres his or her interest in the father, and, secondarily, in the mother. The first seven or eight years of delightful dependence upon the devoted father determine the child's pattern response. This is over-

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laid by his interest in his companions but it is not fundamentally changed. His father's death leaves him bereaved, perhaps permanently. Children under four or five are adopted and made to feel that the foster father is their own. Girls of any age are adopted more easily because their participation in the household life is more continuous. The loneliest children in the village were the boys whose fathers were dead.

Banyalo was one of these. His father had died when he was seven. He had passed into the care of his father's sister, an old widow living alone. No new man took his father's place. His mother went to live with her brother and later married again. When the recruiting officer came through looking for school children, Banyalo was given to him. Fatherless, there was no one to object to his going. When he returned to the village after six years in Rabaul, he came home as a stranger. His mother he hardly knew. His mother's brother extended a formal welcome to him. He might of course sleep in his house, but he did not feel himself as having real part in his household. After wandering about from place to place he finally settled down in the home of his mother's younger sister's husband, Paleao, who took upon himself the duty of paying for Banyalo's wife. To the constraint and embarrassments which belonged to the brother-in-law relationship was added the invidious dependence of the wifeless upon him who bought his wife. Banyalo turned finally to a warm friendship with a younger boy and so staved off his loneliness for a little.

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Even lonelier was little Bopau, the son of the dead Sori. Sori had been a gentle, firm man, respected by every one, peaceful, unaggressive. It was said that only after much urging would he ever state a request and that he had been silent and abashed among men younger and poorer than he. Bopau's mother had died when Bopau was born and Sori had devoted long and tireless care to him. The child took on his father's personality like a perfectly fitting glove, grew up quiet, soft spoken, unaggressive. Sori married again, but the child did not form any attachment for his new mother, who brought with her an uncouth deaf child whom Bopau disliked. And then Sori died while still a youngish man of thirty-five or so. His second wife had quarrelled with him before his death. She lived with her people without any interest in her unmourned husband's seven-year-old son. It fell to the lot of Pokenau, Sori's younger brother, to care for the little orphan. Pokenau took Sori to be his own guardian spirit and grew very proud of his exploits. To Sori's credit he laid the success of the month's fishing for the entire village. But he did not love Sori's son. His own little boy Matawei, Bopau's junior by three years, was very near Pokenau's heart. Pokenau's wife was occupied with two young children and had no time for Bopau. He lived in the house, a patient, undemanding lonely child. His foster father was of so vociferous, aggressive a nature that the government officials had christened him "Big-mouth." Matawei imitated his father's every gesture. But Bopau remained faithful to Sori's per-

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sonality. On the playground he never fought. If difficulties arose he simply retired from the field and sat quietly by himself. When nightfall came, he often curled up to sleep on our floor. There was no one to worry about him, to seek for him.

For one brief month, in his ninth year, Bopau tasted again the importance, the enveloping affection which he had known as a younger child. He was adopted by Pataliyan, himself a lonely stranger, a native of another place who had been captured in war as a child by Sori's father. Pataliyan was a widower, without any true relatives, lonely in this place, and yet not wishing to return to his own people of the island of Nauna, whose language he had forgotten. A great friendship sprang up between him and the fatherless little boy, and finally he took Bopau to live with him in his bachelor quarters. Bopau grew prouder, more self-confident, held his head higher. But his happiness was short-lived. Pataliyan eloped with a widow, an elopement which shook the village. The widow had been the wife of Sori's cousin. In the séances and dreams which followed, Sori violently took his dead cousin's part. Pataliyan had fled to another village with his bride. He had not trusted Bopau with his secret. Pokenau and all his relatives pointed out to Bopau how angered his father was by Pataliyan's conduct, how all of them were in danger of death if they spoke to Pataliyan. Bopau, hurt by Pataliyan's desertion, held by long habit to his father's will, repudiated Pataliyan as firmly as the rest. When



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Pataliyan's canoe passed through the village, Bopau turned his head away.

Kapeli was the third boy whose father was dead and who had no new father to take his place. He was fifteen, a stocky, loyal little youngster, always ready for a fight or an adventure. He lived with his mother Ndrantche, an old virago, in her widow's hut. The head of his clan, his half-brother Tuain, had quarrelled with his mother and his other brothers over a projected marriage. A man with whom old Ndrantche had had an affair fifteen years before and who had fled from the village to avoid marrying her, now wished to marry her daughter. Furiously the old woman fought the idea; the younger members of the family sided with her. Kapeli, ever loyal, took her side. He had nothing in common with either the eldest male of the family, Tuain, or the weak, shifty-eyed Ngamasue, his other brother. In his fiery-tongued mother he recognised something of his father's indomitable spirit. His father had kept two wives in order within one house.

Kapeli was too old to shift his affection to one of his brothers and these older brothers repaid his lack of allegiance with an equal lack of responsibility. Kapeli had no wife paid for. Tuain and Ngamasue paid their own debts and took no thought for him. And he, alone of all the adolescent boys who worked for us, never ran away. Each of the others, when he became bored or annoyed with our establishment, followed the usual pattern and ran away for a few days. But as

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Kapeli explained, he "had no father to receive him and so he might as well stay."

These were the loneliest boys, the most unplaced. Their fathers died too late for their reabsorption into some other household. This in itself is good indication of the degree to which a child's personality is fixed by the age of five or six. None of these three had yet learned to depend upon the spirits, though little Bopau stoutly maintained, in the face of Pokenau's contempt, that Sori was to be his special guardian. The spirits do not begin to play a rôle in the lives of young men until after marriage, when they have economic obligations to fulfil, and fishing is of great importance to them. It is after marriage also that the average youth feels most keenly his father's death, a death which usually takes place while he is a young man absorbed in young men's pursuits or else while he is away at work. The harshest reality he has ever faced comes to him with marriage, and his father's care is no longer there. Here it is that he turns to the spirits, sometimes his father's, sometimes others of the family dead who take on the same supervisory tenderness which the father displayed towards him in childhood. He lives in the care of these omnipresent, paternalistic spirits, who care for him as well as they are able and who frown upon him if he fails in his moral obligation and forgive him if he makes amends for his faults. Towards the spirits he continues to play the capricious, unfilial part which he played with his father, now threatening to withhold or transfer his allegiance. taunting them with

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the loneliness which will be theirs should he reject them.

As in childhood the child clung to his father, dependent upon his father's affection and care in a one-sided relationship which always emphasised the child's right to receive love, never the father's right to filial devotion, so it is with the spirits. The Manus do not love their spirit guardians who after all are only doing their proper spirit duty in looking after them. The more alert natives who consider quite calmly the future entrance of Christianity know that this means that all the ancestral skulls will be thrown into the sea, the spirits ejected forever. But they look upon this with the naughty glee of bad children contemplating the overthrow of their parents, with only a passing regret, and a great feeling of relief. Spoiled children in early life, they are spoiled children to their spirits, accepting every service as their due, resenting discipline, quick to desert a spirit which has not been powerful to protect them.

## VII

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THE major issues of the adult world are thus ignored by Manus children. They are given no property and they acquire none. There are none of those collections of shells, odd shaped stones, fish spines, seeds, etc., which clutter the secret caches of American children and have led to the construction of theories of a "collecting stage" in childhood. No child under thirteen or fourteen had any possessions except his canoe or bow and arrow, furnished him by adults. Spinning tops of seeds are made with some labour, only to be discarded after an hour's play. The short sticks used as punts, the mock spears, the dart, serve a few hours' use and are thrown away. The beaded anklets and armbands are made by the parents, placed on the children and taken off again at the parents' whim. The child does not complain. Even the new and strange objects which we brought to the village were not hoarded. The children scrambled eagerly for bits of coloured ribbon or tinsel, the tin wrappings of films or rolls of exposed and used film, but they never kept them. After I threw away about one hundred wooden film spools, an accidental discard left one camera without a spare spool. I asked the children to bring back one of the dozens they had picked up in the preceding weeks.

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After an hour, a fourteen-year-old boy finally found one which had been put away in his mother's work box; all the others had disappeared.

But this dissipation of property, so eagerly clutched and so swiftly relinquished, was not due to destructiveness. Objects were lost far oftener than broken. Indeed, the children showed a touching care of a toy while they were still interested in it; a respect for property far exceeding our children's. I shall never forget the picture of eight-year-old Nauna mending a broken penny balloon which I had given him. He would gather the edges of the hole into a little bunch and painstakingly, laboriously, wind it about with raffia-like grass. The hole made temporarily fast, he would inflate the balloon, which a moment later would collapse and have to be mended again. He spent three hours at this labour of love, never losing his temper, soberly tying up the rotten flimsy material with his sturdy grass string. This was typical of their care of material things, an attitude instilled into them as children. But their elders had been at no pains to give them any pattern of collecting things for themselves or hoarding their small possessions.

Similarly in social organisation, the children found no interesting adult pattern upon which they could draw. The kinship system with its complex functions and obligations of relatives was not taught them, it was too complicated for them to grasp readily themselves. Their habitual contempt for grown-up life kept them from drawing on it for play purposes. Occasionally,

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about once a month, a group would make slight mimetic play with it—stage a payment for a marriage, or pretend that one of their number was dead and that tobacco must be given away for his death feast. Just once I saw the small girls pretending to keep house. Twice the fourteen-year-old boys dressed up as girls, donned grass skirts and calico cloaks and dashed about in gay imitation of betrothed maidens avoiding tabu relatives. Four times the six-year-olds built imitation houses of tiny sticks. When one stops to compare this lack of imaginative play with a large, free play group among our own children—with its young pirates, Indians, smugglers, “sides,” its clubs, secret societies, pass words, codes, insignia, initiations, the difference is striking.

Here in Manus are a group of children, some forty in all, with nothing to do but have a good time all day long. The physical surroundings are ideal, a safe shallow lagoon, its monotony broken by the change of tide, by driving rains and occasional frightening whirlwinds. They are free to play in every house in the village, indeed the reception section of the house is often hung with children’s swings. They have plenty of materials ready to hand, palm leaves, raffia, rattan, bark, seeds (which the adults make into tiny charm cases), red hibiscus flowers, coconut shells, pandanus leaves, aromatic herbs, pliant reeds and rushes. They have materials in plenty with which they could imitate any province of adult life—playing at trade or exchange, or the white man’s trade store which a few of them have seen, of which all of them have heard. They have canoes



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of their own, small ones, entirely their own, the larger ones of their parents in which they are always free to play. But do they ever organise a boat's crew, choose captain and pilot, engineer and helmsman, reproduce the crew of the white man's schooner of which they have heard so many tales from returned work boys? Never once in the six months I spent in close contact with them did I see this happen. Or did they pluck large shrubs, fashion spears, whiten their bodies with lime, advance in a war fleet formation upon the village as their elders did at great ceremonies? Did they build themselves small dancing pole platforms in imitation of their elders? Did they catch small turtles and beat miniature drums in triumph over their catch? They never did any of these things. They put on seeds instead of shells and practised with the little blunt spears their elders had taught them to make. They beat toy drums when the young men drummed for a dance, but they held no dances of their own.

They had no sort of formal organisation, no clubs, no parties, no codes, no secret societies. If races were held, the older boys simply divided the children up into fairly equal teams, or selected pairs who were matched physically. But there was nothing permanent about these teams, no continuous rivalry between the children. Leadership there was, but only the spontaneous, free sort due to intelligence and initiative. Very loose age groups, never exclusive, never permanent, tended to form about special activities, as a fishing trip a little afield of the village for part of an after-

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noon; stepping-stone groups also formed for a few minutes' play—of one adolescent, a twelve-year-old, a seven-year-old, and possibly a baby brother. These serial groupings were partly dependent upon neighbourhood or relationship, but even these were fluid—the smaller children retained no permanent allegiances to older ones.

Their play was the most matter of fact, rough and tumble, non-imaginative activity imaginable; football, wrestlings of war, a few round games, races, boat races, making figures in the water, distorting their shadows in the moonlight while the person who was "it" had to guess their identity. When they were tired they gathered in groups and sang long monotonous songs over and over:

I am a man.  
I have no wife.  
I am a man. I have no wife  
I will get a wife in Bunei.  
From my father's cross cousins,  
From my father's cross cousins.  
I am a man,  
I am a man,  
I have no wife—

Or they made string figures, or burnt decorative scars on each other's arms with red hot twigs.

Conversation turned on who was oldest, who tallest, who had the most burned beauty spots, whether Nane caught a turtle yesterday or to-day, when the canoe would be back from Mok, what a big fight Sanau and

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Kemai had over that pig, how frightening a time Pomasa had on the shipwrecked canoe. When they do discuss events of adult life it is in very practical terms. So Kawa, aged four, remarked, "Kilipak, give me some paper." "What do you want it for?" "To make cigarettes." "But where's the tobacco coming from?" "Oh, the death feast." "Whose?" "Alupu's." "But she's not dead yet." "No, but she soon will be."

Argumentative conversations sometimes ending in fist-cuffs were very common. They had an enormous passion for accuracy, a passion in which they imitated their elders, who would keep the village awake all night over an argument as to whether a child, dead ten years, had been younger or older than some person still living. In arguments over size or number attempts at verification were made, and I saw one case of attempted experiment. In the midst of several exciting days, during a death in the village, I had less time than usual for meals, and a can of fruit, of a size usually consumed at one meal, did for two. Pomat, the little table boy, commented on it, but Kilipak, the fourteen-year-old cook, contradicted him. I had never divided a can of peaches between two meals. All the other boys, the children who haunted the house, the married couple who were temporarily resident, my two adolescent girls, were drawn into the argument, which lasted for forty-five minutes. Finally Kilipak declared in triumph, "Well, we'll try it out; we'll give her another can of the same kind to-morrow. If she eats them all, I'm right; if she doesn't, you are."

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This interest in the truth is shown in adult life in various ways. Pokenau once dropped a fish's jawbone out of his betel bag. Upon being questioned, he said he was keeping it to show to a man in Bunei who had declared that this particular fish had no teeth. Another man returned from working for a scientific-minded German master to announce to his astonished companions that his master said New Guinea was once joined to Australia. The village took sides on the question and two young men fought each other over the truth of the statement. This restless interest in the truth takes its most extreme form when men try out the supernatural world; disbelieving the results of a séance, they will do something which, if the séance were true, would endanger their lives.

So the form of children's conversation is very like their elders'—from them they take the delight in teaching and repetitious games, the tendency to boasting and recrimination, and the violent argument over facts. But whereas the adults' conversation turns about feasts and finances, spirits, magic, sin, and confession, the children's, ignoring these subjects, is bare and dull, preserving the form only, without any interesting content.

The Manus have also a pattern of desultory, formal conversation, comparable to our talk about the weather. They have no careful etiquette, no series of formal pleasantries with which to bridge over awkward situations; instead meaningless, effortful chatter, is used. I participated in such a conversation in the house of Tchanan, where the runaway wife of Mutchin had taken

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refuge. Mutchin had broken his wife's arm, and she had left him and fled to her aunts. Twice he had sent women of his household to fetch her and twice she had refused to return to him. On this occasion I accompanied her sister-in-law. The members of her aunt's family received us; the runaway remained in the back of the house, cooking over a fire. For an hour they sat and talked, about conditions at the land market, fishing, when certain feasts were to be held, when some relatives were coming from Mok. Not once was the purpose of the visit mentioned. Finally a young man adroitly introduced the question of physical strength. Some one added how much stronger men were than women; from this the conversation shifted to men's bones and women's bones, how easily broken the latter were, how an unintentional blow from a well-meaning man might shatter a woman's frail bone. Then the sister-in-law rose. The wife spoke no word, but after we had climbed down into the canoe, she came slowly down the ladder and sat in the stern. This oblique conversational style is followed by some children when talking with adults. They make prim little statements which apply to any topic under discussion. So Masa, when her mother mentions a pregnant woman in Patusi remarks, "The pregnant woman who was at our house has gone home." She is then silent again until some other topic gives her a chance to make a brisk comment.

The adults give the children no story-telling pattern, no guessing games, riddles, puzzles. The idea that children would like to hear legends seems quite

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fantastic to a Manus adult. "Oh, no—legends are for old people. Children don't know legends. Children don't listen to legends. Children dislike legends!" And the plastic children accept this theory which contradicts one of our firmest convictions, the appeal of stories to children.

The simple narration of something seen or experienced does occur, but flights of fancy are strictly discouraged by children themselves. "And then there was a big wind came up and the canoe almost upset." "Did it upset?" "Well, it was a big wind." "But you didn't go into the water, did you?" "No-oo." The insistence on fact, on circumstantial accounts, on accuracy in small points, all serve as checks upon the imagination.

So the story-telling habit, the delight in story, is entirely absent. Imaginative speculation about what is happening on the other side of the hill, or what the fish are saying, is all completely lacking. And the "why?" element in children's conversation with adults is superseded by the "what?" and "where?" questions.

Yet this does not mean a lack of intelligence on the children's part. Pictures, advertisements in magazines, illustrations of stories, they greeted with interest and delight. They pored for hours over an old copy of *Natural History*, explaining, wondering, admiring. Every explanatory comment of mine was eagerly remembered and woven into new interpretations. Their alert minds had been neither dulled nor inhibited. They took to any new game, new pictures, new occupa-



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tions, with far greater eagerness than did the little Samoans, smothered and absorbed in their own culture. Drawing became an absorbing passion with them. Tirelessly they covered sheet after sheet of paper with men and women, crocodiles and canoes. But unused to stories, unpractised in rearing imaginary edifices, the content of the realistic drawings was very simple: two boys fighting, two boys kicking a ball, a man and his wife, a crew spearing a turtle, a schooner with a pilot. They drew nothing with plot. Similarly, when I showed them ink blots and asked for interpretations, I got only straight statement, "It's a cloud," "It's a bird." Only from one or two of the adolescent boys whose thinking was being stimulated by the thought of the other lands they would see as work boys, gave such interpretations as "a cassowary" (which he had never seen), a motor car, or a telephone. But the ability of children in this society of developing whole plots from the stimulus of an ambiguous ink blot was lacking.

Their memories were excellent. Trained to small points and fine discriminations they learned to distinguish between beer bottles of medicines in terms of slight differences in size of label or number of words on the label. They could recognize each other's drawings of four months before.

In other words they were in no sense stupid children. They were alert, intelligent, inquisitive, with excellent memories and receptive minds. Their dull unimaginative play life is no comment upon their minds, but rather a comment upon the way in which they were

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brought up. Cut off from the stimulation of adult life, they were never asked to participate in it. They took no part at feasts or ceremonies. The grown ups did not give them patterns of clan loyalty or chieftainship which they could use in their organisation of their children's group. The intricate interrelations of the grown-up world, the relationships between cross cousins with its jesting, cursing, blessing; the ceremonial of war, the mechanics of séances, any one of these would have given the children amusing material for imitation if only the adults had given them a few hints, had aroused their interest or enlisted their enthusiasms.

The Plains Indian life with its buffalo hunt, its pitching and breaking up of camp, its war conventions, does not provide any more vivid material for its children than does the Manus life. But the Cheyenne mother makes her child a little tipi in which to play house. The Cheyenne household greets the diminutive hunter's slain bird as a great addition to the family cook pot. In consequence the children's camp of the Plains, which reproduces in mimetic play the whole cycle of adult activities, forms the centre of Cheyenne children's play interest.

If on the other hand, the Manus had wilfully, aggressively excluded the children, shut doors against them, consistently shooed them off the ceremonial scene, the children might have rallied to positive defensive measures. This has happened with Kaffir children in South Africa where the world of grown ups treat children as little nuisances, lie to them, pack them off to

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watch the grain fields, forbid them even to eat the small birds of their own catch. This play group of children, put on its mettle by adult measures, organises into a children's republic with spies and guards, a secret language, outlaw conventions of its own, which reminds one of city boys' gangs to-day. Either active enlistment of the children as on the Plains, or active suppression, as among the Kaffirs, seems to produce a more varied, richer child life. Even in Samoa, which does neither but gives every child tasks graded to its skill, the children's life is given content and importance because of the responsibilities placed upon them, because they are part of a whole dignified plan of life.

But the Manus do none of these things. The children are perfectly trained to take care of themselves; any sense of physical insufficiency is guarded against. They are given their own canoes, paddles, swings, bows and arrows. They are regimented into no age groups, made to submit to no categories of appropriate age or sex behaviour. No house is denied to them. They frolic about under foot, in the midst of the most important ceremonies. And they are treated as lords of the universe; their parents appear to them as willing, patient slaves. And no lord has ever taken a great interest in the tiresome occupations of slaves.

As in the social organisation, so with the religious life. There is a ready-made adult content in which the children are given no part. Their invisible playmates are given them, pedigree complete, making no appeal to the imagination and no plea for its exercise.

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In the less formal thought and play of children, which seems more spontaneous than their attitudes towards the finished system of religion which they have to learn by rote, a contrast with our own children is also seen. The habits of personalising inanimate things, of kicking the door, blaming the knife, apostrophising the chair, accusing the moon of eavesdropping, etc., are lacking in Manus. Where we fill our children's minds with a rich folklore, songs which personalise the sun, the moon, and the stars, riddles and fairy tales and myths, the Manus do nothing of the sort. The Manus child never hears of "the man in the moon," or a rhyme like Jean Ingelow's:

"Oh, moon, have you done something wrong in Heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place."

nor hears his older sister dance to:

"Turn off your light, Mr. Moon Man,  
Go and hide your face behind the clouds.  
Can't you see the couples all spooning?  
Two's a company and three's a crowd.  
When a little lad and lady  
Find a spot all nice and shady,  
It's time to say good-night.  
When you want to spoon,  
Say, 'Please, Mr. Moon,  
Be a good sport and turn off your light.'"

His parents and grandparents have given him no rich background upon which to embroider ideas about the

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moon, and he thinks of the moon as a light in the sky which is there and not there, periodically. He does not think the moon is a person. He believes it cannot see because "it has no eyes." His view of the moon is a matter-of-fact, naturalistic view, uncorrected by science, of course, for, like his untutored father, he believes that sun and moon alike proceed across the sky. His folklore gives him no help and the Manus language is cool and bare, without figures of speech or rich allusiveness. It is a language which neither stimulates the imagination of children nor provides material for adult poetry. It is a rigorously matter-of-fact language where ours is filled with imagery and metaphor.

So where we give the moon sex and speak of her as "she," the Manus language, which makes no distinction between he, she, and it, all of which are "third person singular," gives no personalising suggestion. Nor are verbs which apply to persons applied to the moon. The moon "shines," but it never smiles, hides, marches, flirts, peeps, approves; it never "looks down sadly," or "turns away its face." All the impetus to personalisation which our rich allusive language suggests to a child are absent.

I couldn't even persuade children to cast the blame upon inanimate objects. To my remarks, "It's a bad canoe to float away," the other children would reply, "—but Popoli forgot to tie it up" or "Bopau didn't tie it fast enough." This suggests that this "natural"

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tendency in our children is really taught them by their parents.

Their attitude towards any sort of pretense or make believe is symbolised by the reply of a small girl when I questioned the only group of children which I ever saw playing house. They were pretending to grate coconuts and the little girl said "*grease e joja*," "this is our lie." The word *grease* is pidgin English for flattery or deceit. It has found its way into the native tongue as a deceit or lie. The little girl's answer contained a condemnation of their make believe play.

From this material it is possible to conclude that personalising the universe is not inherent in child thought, but is a tendency bequeathed to him by his society. The young baby's inability to differentiate or at least to respond differentially to persons and things, is not in itself a creative tendency which makes an older child think of the moon, the sun, boats, etc., as possessed of will and emotion. These more elaborate tendencies are not spontaneous but are assisted by the language, the folk lore, the songs, the adult attitude towards children. And these were the work of poetic adult minds, not the faulty thinking of young children.

Whether or not an adult philosophical system of religion or science will appeal to the child is not a function of the child mind but of the way the child is brought up. If the parents use matter of fact methods of suppression and invoke the child's size, age, physical incapacity, the child may respond with seven league boots and attendant genii, ideas drawn not out of its



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head, but from the folk lore which it has been taught. But if an unscientific point of view is used as a disciplinary method, as when the child tears a book and the adult says, "Don't pull the cover off that book. Poor book! How would you like to have your skin pulled off like that?" the same aged child can reply in the most superior tone, "Pooh, don't you know that books can't feel? Why, you could tear and tear and tear and it would never feel it. It's like my back when it's numb." The naturalistic approach is no less congenial to the child than the supernatural; his acceptance of one rather than of the other will depend on the way they are presented to him and the opportunities which arise for their use.

Children are not naturally religious, given over to charms, fetishes, spells, and ritual. They are not natural story tellers, nor do they naturally build up imaginative edifices. They do not naturally consider the sun as a person nor draw him with a face.\* Their mental development in these respects is determined not by some internal necessity, but by the form of the culture in which they are brought up.

The Manus play life gives children freedom, wonderful exercise for their bodies, teaches them alertness, physical resourcefulness, physical initiative. But it gives them no material for thought, no admired adult pattern to imitate, no hated adult pattern to aggressively scorn, no language rich in figures of speech, no

\* In thirty thousand drawings, not one case of personalising natural phenomena or inanimate objects occurred.

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wealth of legend and folk tale, no poetry. And the children, left to themselves, wrestle and roll—and even these games are stimulated by passing adult interest—tumble and tussle, evolving nothing of interest except general good spirits and quick wits. Without food for thought, or isolation, or physical inferiority to compensate for, they simply expend their boundless physical energy, and make string figures in the shade in complete boredom when they are weary.

## VIII

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY

WHILE Manus permits its children to spend their formative years in such a good-natured vacuum, its treatment of very young children does make for the development of marked personalities.

So differences in personality are seen very early. This is true not only of the idiosyncrasies of manners, speech and gesture which play so pronounced a rôle in giving individuality, but in the more fundamental aspects of personality,—aggressiveness, dominance, recessiveness, etc. Although the play group is an important factor in their lives from four to fourteen for girls, from five to twenty or so for boys, it does not have the levelling effect upon personality which was so conspicuous in Samoa. There children were more like their playmates than they were like the members of the family—in Manus it is just the opposite. There is the most vivid correspondence between the personality of children and their real or foster fathers. If it were a matter of father and own children only, the likenesses could be put down to heredity but the number of similar resemblances between fathers and foster children rules heredity at least partly out of the question.

The children, real or adopted, of older men with strong wills and dominant natures are aggressive, vocif-

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erous, sure of themselves, insatiable in their demands upon their environment. They are noisy, unabashed. As babies they stamp their feet, shout their every intention, slap any one who refuses to pay attention to them. As children of six or seven they bully and scrap with their companions, rage up and down the lagoon in exact imitation of their fathers. As boys of fourteen or fifteen they are the leaders of the group. Children of timid young men who are still economically unimportant, unskilled in finance and abashed in the presence of their elders, and children of older men who are failures, are recessive, timid, untalkative. Between these two extremes are the children of men who though young and temporarily under a social eclipse, were aggressive children and will become aggressive again as soon as they gain financial independence.

These differences are so conspicuous that it is possible to watch a group of children for half an hour and then guess at the age or status and general demeanour of their parents, particularly of their fathers. In the cases, of which there were several, where the mother was the more dominant personality, the mother's behaviour was reflected in that of the child.

Pwakaton was a mild, good-humoured, stupid man. He was one of the best drummers in the village and a passable fisherman, but he had no head for planning and he muffed his financial obligations so badly that he was a nonentity in the village. He had one little girl, a mild child who aped his unsure manner and his timid ways. But his younger child had been adopted

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by the leading older man in the village, Talikai, a man much given to stamping, and to making loud statements of his intentions. This child at almost two years of age was a small counterpart of his foster father. Talikai had another adopted son, a boy whose real father had been of no note in the community, and he, Kilipak, was the leader of the fourteen-year-old group.

Among the eight- to eleven-year-olds, there were a group of small boys whose parents were of small importance. Tchokal was a clever little gamin, lacking neither in wit nor resource, but his father was a despised waster and defaulter without prestige or self-respect. Polum was the son of a man who had failed to make any financial mark. Kapamalae's father was a mild good-natured bear, whose younger brother dominated and managed him. Bopau's father, recently dead, had been a mild, soft-spoken man, who died in debt. This group was dominated by Nauna, the son of Ngamel, one of the most respected elders of the village. Ngamel was neither as aggressive nor as voluble as Talikai, but he was firm, self-assured, rich, powerful, and reliable. Nauna imitated his father's virtues and his father's manners and led a group of boys older than himself.

In some cases it was possible to see a child's personality change under adoption. Yesa, Kapamalae's older brother, was a quiet, abashed child of twelve when I came to the village. Like his younger brother he took his colour from his mild, unremarkable father. Shortly afterwards he was adopted by his father's younger

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brother, Paleao, one of the most enterprising men in the village. Paleao had a small foster son, Popoli, whom he had adopted as a baby from another tribe, and who showed a great resemblance to him now in every gesture. Yesa, the quiet, immediately took colour from the decisiveness of his new father: his real father became "grandfather," relegated to unimportance, and his shoulders squared beneath his new prestige. But the correspondence was less marked and would probably be less marked always than if he had been adopted in babyhood.

Kemai was the most substantial man in the village, sound, reliable, slow of speech, routine in his thinking. His wife's sister's son, Pomat, whom he had adopted as a baby, reproduced not only his mannerisms, but his character traits.

There were two brothers, Ngandiliu and Selan. Ngandiliu was the elder, but he lacked the definiteness, the assurance, which makes for success. Having no children of his own, he adopted Selan's child Topal, on the death of Selan's wife. Topal grew up, like Ngandiliu, quiet, persevering, never taking the initiative, never making his own points.

Selan was still a young man, too young to be permitted much importance in the social scheme. Ngandiliu had paid for his wife and Selan had not yet assumed full economic status. But he was restlessly ambitious. He became a medium, an unusual thing for a man; he even engaged in furious altercations with the old men of the village. Although usually preserv-



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ing a subdued mien, suitable to his years, beneath it he was quietly aggressive, persistent, self-assured. And so was Kawa, his five-year-old daughter, who broke her silences only to make carefully calculated demands. Three years younger than Topal, she was already a more poised and vigorous person.

But the sum total of the cases is more impressive than is any individual case. Differences between one set of brothers, brought up in different circumstances, can be explained away on other counts, hereditary differences, accident, and so on. But when the children of young or unsuccessful people as a group exhibit one type of personality, and the children of older, successful people exhibit another, the matter assumes significance.

There is a great deal of inbreeding in Manus, both the inbreeding which results from the prescribed marriage between second cousins and the inbreeding inevitable in small communities, where there is much common ancestry. It may therefore be argued that all the children have similar potentialities upon which environment has only to play in order to develop striking differences. Nevertheless, it is important to note that the leading lines in the community represent the inheritance, not of blood, nor of property, which is largely dissipated at death, but of habits of dominance acquired in early childhood. Let us follow, for a moment, the family tree of one group of leading men in the village history.

Malegan, a man of importance, adopted Potik, a

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nephew. When he died Potik became a leading citizen in the village. Potik adopted Panau, and later Paleao, dying while Paleao was very young and leaving two blood sons, Tunu and Luwil. Panau and Paleao had been the adopted children of Potik's years of power; they grew up under his influence. Luwil was reared by a maternal uncle of no consequence, Tunu by Panau while Panau was still a young and unimportant man. Panau attained prestige and importance and died at its height. His position in the economic scheme was taken over by Paleao, his adopted father's second wife's adopted sister's son. Paleao's own blood brother was adopted not by the powerful Potik, but by a mild maternal uncle, and remained a mild, though not at all unintelligent, nonentity.

This discussion might seem to depreciate the rôle of intelligence. It is not meant to do so. But personality is a more powerful force in Manus than is intelligence. The man of force with average intelligence gets on better than the less-assured man of higher intellect. And it is this very matter of force, of assurance, which seems so heavily determined by the adult who fosters the child during its first seven or eight years.

This means that the scales are most unevenly weighted against the children of a man's youth and the children, real or adopted, of unsuccessful older men. It also means that a dominant man can be far surer of a satisfactory successor than he could be if he had to depend upon an accident of native endowment which

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would persist through the levelling process of a different kind of education.

This latter is the case in Samoa. The care of young children by slightly older children, themselves without defined personalities, perpetuates a far lower level of development of social individuality. The gifted man in Samoa does rise to the top, but he never comes in contact with his young children. He is given no opportunity to pass on the assurance which he has gained after years of apprenticeship.

The same result would be likely to obtain where children were left to the care of nursemaids, or slaves, or of old or infirm dependent female relatives of a household. Such a fostering group, whether of children, servants, or old women, may present an effective barrier through which the influence of father or mother does not penetrate. This may be as powerful a factor in producing the startling discrepancies between fathers and sons in our own society as the more popular explanation of inferiority complexes.

The successful identification of the child with his father's personality in Manus, is also made possible by the father's tender regard for the child and lack of domineering in the parent-child relationship. Talikai, haughty and uncompromising in his attitude towards adults, left an important ceremony in the middle to come and beg a balloon from me for his two-year-old child. The child's cry turned the most dominant person in a roomful of people into an anxious servitor. It is no wonder that that child did not develop an in-

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feriority complex. But constant association with Talikai led him to imitate his manner, to take over and make his own Talikai's assurance. Nor are the children of shy, quiet, abashed fathers given an inferiority complex, it is rather a question of acquiring a habit of inconspicuous, socially unimpressive behaviour.

In the case of girls the effects are less impressive. In girls under eight or nine the father's personality is reflected almost as completely as it is in the personality of little boys. But the break of identification with the father tends to confuse the girl's later development. The girl's spirit is broken at an earlier age by the tabus. She never makes as strong an identification with any woman as she made with her father. Her individuality is allowed full play only up to thirteen or fourteen, instead of up to twenty to twenty-four, as in the case of boys. So, although early association with an important father turns a small girl into an assured little tyrant, there are more social forces at work to blur her aggressiveness, to tone down her individuality. The most aggressive girls in the village were the daughters of prominent widows, the first identification with the father had carried over peacefully to an identification with strong self-sufficient personalities of their own sex.

The children's play groups are sharply influenced by this early development of individuality. Any group of children of the same age tends to break in two, the passive, quiet children of the young and unsuccessful falling on one side, the noisy, aggressive children on the

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other—with the children of young men of dominant character in the middle.

The earliest play groups are of pairs or trios of children of two or three. As soon as a child can wade with safety, the attraction of the water life brings it into the company of other children. Three-year-olds may still hesitate or have difficulty in climbing up the slippery piles to seek out companions in strange houses, but it is easy for two or three children to gravitate together beneath the houses—in the low tide shallows. Play pairs are found often where one child is aggressive and one passive. The differences in social personality are much more pronounced than other differences—of skill or intelligence, and it is possible for the aggressive children to gratify their urge to leadership most simply if they select another child of a different temperament. Alliances between two aggressive children are much less frequent. The children are too spoiled to enjoy having any point contested by another will of equal strength. Sometimes two meek, passive children will drift into an association—for there seems to be no similar will to be commanded. But these associations are less firm, fall apart quickly at the word of one of the more aggressive children.

Ponkob and Songau were a typical play pair. Ponkob, Nauna's younger brother, was a strong, lusty child, imperative in gesture, wearisomely expansive in conversation and manner. He was lord of the world and particularly lord of Songau, the son of an anxious unreliable failure, Pomat. Pomat came of a line which

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had once played an important part in village life—his shiftless ways called forth much comment from his fellows. He himself was a furtive and occasionally honey-tongued man; when delirious with fever, he spoke incessantly of fulfilled obligations. His wife had been married before, and lost her first baby because she had tattooed her face, arousing the virtuous anger of her husband's spirits. Her marriage with Pomat was a step down. She was abashed by life and wholly inefficient in dealing with it. Little Songau was a bright child, he often showed more knowledge of his surroundings than Ponkob, who was too busy exclaiming over them, fighting them, manipulating them, to observe them properly. Songau's whole trend was towards silence, quiet little activities of his own, slow wondering at the things he found in the water or saw in the sky. But Ponkob wanted an audience. The pair would pass a whole hour together in a companionship which could hardly be called co-operative play. Ponkob would decide to push his canoe into the water, and call Songau. Songau would go, help him for a minute, wander away, find a stick, throw it into the water, swim after it, apparently oblivious to Ponkob's continuous: "Come and help me. Help me put the boat, put the boat in the water. Songau, Songau, come here. What's that? I'll fix it, this boat. Just me. Just me. It's my boat. Oh, it's stuck. Songau!" At the tenth "Songau!" Songau would wander back, help him for a minute, then lose interest and go off about his own affairs. This would go on for an hour, Ponkob shout-



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ing, commanding, doing purposeful things, Songau saying little and most of that to himself, only half co-operating with Ponkob, losing interest half way through. Ilan was a small girl who sometimes was present at their play, sitting on the side lines, with her finger in her mouth, hardly moving, rising only at an insistent command and never remaining engaged in activity long. If Ponkob were not there and Ilan and Songau played together, Ilan emerged a little more from her shell, and the two of them would meander about the shallows, picking up his seaweeds, Songau occasionally commenting on it to himself, "Mine—seaweed. It's mine"; Ilan saying nothing and doing little.

Another type of association—a less common one—was like that of Ponkob and Ngalowen. Ngalowen was his sister, a year older than he, who had been adopted in babyhood by their uncle, whom she called father. But Ngamel, her true father, she addressed by his first name and she called her true mother by the mourning term, "One whose baby died while newborn." Her adopted father was an older man, self-assured, devoted to Ngalowen. His only son was nearly grown and all the affection of his old age he expended on this winning, adopted child, who at four was an accomplished coquette, the darling of all the men in the village. Pwisio, her adopted father, was vain but not talkative. He demanded a hearing when he spoke. Ngalowen's picture of the world was of one which responded to her, made way for her, by virtue of her mere presence. Any person who was not responding

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to her, every smile not directed at her, was anathema. She was too vain to like the company of strong willed, aggressive children, too accustomed to adulation to be willing to lead a group of unaggressive ones. So she played very little with other children, but spent most of her time with her father or paddling or swimming about the village by herself, looking for adults who would pay attention to her. But when she wearied of these precocious activities and wanted a good play in the water, she turned for a playmate to Ponkob—he was younger and less adept than she, and his running line of chatter, his constant appeal to her, gave her the needed sense of calling forth a response. Ponkob meanwhile was perfectly contented with a companion who let him talk and boss, and gave far more efficient co-operation than did his crony, Songau. Ngalowen carried her mania for personal recognition further than any other child—she was the only child who usually refused to draw. When she did draw, for each stroke on paper, she made half a dozen self-conscious moves, wasted the paper, ran about, climbed on adults' laps, pouting, flirting, drawing attention to herself. Her one foster brother had been away all her life so that she had no competition from brothers and sisters.

Masa belonged to the silent, unaggressive type. She had lost one eye in an attack of conjunctivitis and her father had never cared as much for her as for her half-brother, three years her senior. She had stayed with her mother, a quiet, efficient woman without self-importance or pretentiousness. Masa hardly ever spoke.

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She played about with the other children, in a small canoe, waded contentedly about the edges of the little islet, a round-faced homely child with a bad eye. Very infrequently she would ask a question of an adult, never of a child. She seemed to have no desire to make an impression on other children, or to draw their attention to herself. Her favorite companion was Posendruan, a little boy with a club foot. His infirmity, which he handled amazingly well, and his attachment to his mild-faced young father made him unusually quiet and un-aggressive. Older than Masa, he followed where she aimlessly, unimpressively led. Yet Masa in a group of grown people would participate in the conversation in a completely adult manner. If a strange woman, talking to her mother, would ask, "Has that woman going by in the canoe ever been pregnant?"—after her mother's negative answer, Masa would add, "The pregnant woman who was at our house has had her child; father took sago to her husband," in a cool, clear little voice. She never monopolised the conversation, only contributed to it brief, apposite remarks when they seemed called for. Her behaviour was in striking contrast to that of Ponkob, Songau, Pokus, Bopau, Piwen, Ngallowen, Salaiyao and Kawa, all of whom regarded a group of adults as an audience. If one or several grown people entered their group, the children gave up contending with one another and all concentrated on gaining the adults' attention, using varied techniques: Ponkob, Pokus and Manoi by rapid fire conversation; Piwen by stubbornness and active intractability, Salai-

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yao by fits of temper; Ngalowen and Songau by flirtatiousness, and Kawa by persistent teasing for some particular object. Each of these techniques for gaining attention was firmly fixed in the particular child; every child of three had developed a definite line for dealing with the adult world. And so fixed is the Manus tradition that the child should be the centre of the group, that the children found their methods almost invariably successful, even when directed towards the busier and less docile women instead of the indulgent men.

This constant orientation towards an adult prevents the development of co-operativeness among the small children, but also makes them particularly amenable to the leadership of older children. When a group of five-year-olds are loitering, splashing, scuffling aimlessly about on the edges of an islet, it is easy for an older child of nine or ten to come along and organise a race or a game of ball. The organisation does not last long among children less than six or seven, but the ten-year-olds are indefatigable in attempting to put over in the younger group the play methods of their seniors. This again is a pattern taken from the older men, who are always ready to act as referees, cheer leaders, beasts of burden, in a children's game. The more usual play group, in which there are round games, races, tugs of war, etc., consists of one or two older children and a mass of younger ones. The older ones, lacking the docile adult psychology, act as tyrants, choose sides, assign partners, decide who shall play and who not, and the others agree good-naturedly. The

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habit of being taught and ordered about in play by older children is fixed quite young.

But it is not until the growing children begin to feel the adult world as slightly inimical, until there comes over them a faint premonition of the subservience which must supersede their present gay insouciance, that group consciousness forms. A boy of ten drifts—now teaching a baby to count, now organising a game of “kick ball” among the eight-year-olds, turning from that to a canoe race with a number of age mates, joining two older boys to chase a group of small girls; home, to stamp his foot and scream until food is cooked specially for him, back in the lagoon, to wade placidly about all alone with a toy pinnace.

This easy give and take, group play, partnership, individuality activity, now as teacher, now as leader, now as slavey, gives the child a maximum opportunity to develop those personality traits set in babyhood. A greater preference for following than for leading, for playing with the baby, or tagging after an older boy, does not set him off from his fellows, because of the lack of age norms and fixed age groups. Each child's active potentialities are stimulated to the full.

The result of this form of social life is seen in the fourteen-year-old boys, not yet sullen and shamed, harried by financial obligations, nor struggling for freedom. They are attractive, self-sufficient children, without feelings of inferiority, afraid of nothing, abashed by nothing.

The capacities of this group were shown when our

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household was turned over to five boys, Kilipak, Pomat, Taumapwe, Kapeli, and Yesa. Kilipak was cook and head boy, Pomat, butler, Taumapwe, bedroom boy, Kapeli, cleaner of fish, hewer of wood, and drawer of water, Yesa, dish washer and kitchen knave. With hardly any directions or advice—for I wished to see what they made of the strange situation—they ran the house, divided up the work, scrupulously parcelled out tasks and rewards, with a minimum of quarrelling. Primitive children, unused to any type of apparatus, unused to punctuality, unused to regular work, they came regularly day after day, learned to handle lamps, take temperatures, handle a stop watch, wash negatives, expose the printing frame for sun prints, fill and light a tilly lamp. In a few years their culture will have claimed them, turned their minds to commerce, tangled up their emotions in a web of shame and hostility. The roots of their future are already laid in their lack of affection for any one, their prudery, their awed respect for property, their few enjoined avoidances. Emotionally they were warped in early childhood to a form of egocentricity, against which the fluid child world is helpless; but in active intelligent adjustment to the material world, they have had years of excellent training.



## IX

### MANUS ATTITUDES TOWARDS SEX

THE father treats his young children with very slight regard for differences in sex. Girls or boys, they sleep in their father's arms, ride on his back, beg for his pipe, and purloin betel from his shoulder bag. When they are three or four he makes them small canoes, again regardless of sex. Neither boys nor girls wear any clothing except tiny bracelets, anklets, necklaces of dog's teeth, and beaded belts. These are usually only worn on state occasions, as continued wear chafes the skin and produces an ugly eruption. The adults emphasise sex differences from birth in their speech—a boy is a *nat*, a girl is a *ndrakein*, at an hour of age. Before birth only is the term *nat* used to denote child. These terms are used so frequently by women—who are likely to wax voluble about "boy of mine," or "girl of mine"—that a child of three will gravely correct the misapplication of a term to the baby of the house.

But before three, no other distinctions are made between the sexes. At about three maternal pride makes a new bid for the small girl. A tiny curly grass skirt is fashioned with eager hands and much comment, and the solemn-eyed baby arrayed in it for a feast day. The assumption of this costume unites the daughter with the mother in a way that has never happened be-

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fore. Her mother is addressed as *pen*, woman, but she is a *ndrakein*, similarly her father is called a *kamal*, and her brother is a *nat*. The differences between her body and her brother's is obvious, as both sexes go naked. But as adults are clothed and most prudish about uncovering, and her undeveloped breasts are more like her father's than her mother's, mere anatomy does not give her nearly as good a clue to sex as does clothing.

The children were asked to draw pictures of men and women, or of girls and boys; where differences were shown—far more often they were ignored—the male anatomy was drawn correctly and the female was indicated by drawing a grass skirt.

From the moment when the baby girl and her slightly older sisters are dressed identically with their mother, although it is only for an hour, the girls begin to turn to their mothers more, to cling to their older sisters.

Little girls are not forced to wear grass skirts until they are seven or eight; they put them on, go swimming, get them wet, put on green leaves instead, lose the leaves, run about naked for a while, go home and put on dry skirts. Or they will take their grass skirts off and wade through the water at low tide, grass skirts high and dry on top of their curly heads. Not until twelve or thirteen is the sense of shame at being uncovered properly developed.

At about the age of three little boys begin to punt their fathers to the lee of the island which all the men

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of the village use as a latrine. Girls and women never go there, and the boy child learns thus early to slip apart from the women to micturate.

But little boys' great realisation of maleness comes when they learn the phallic athleticism practised by their elders in the dance. A child grown suddenly proficient wriggles and prances for days and the adults applaud him salaciously. This is learned at about the age of three or four. Soon after this age, the boys are given bows and arrows and small fish spears; very tiny girls and boys wander about the lagoon at low tide playing with sticks and stones, imitating the more purposeful play of the older children without regard to sex. But little girls are never given real fishing toys. They are given small canoes and are as proficient in paddling and punting as the boys, but they never sail toy canoes of their own. From the time of this differentiation in play and dress the sex groups draw apart a little. There is no parental ban upon playing together nor is there any very deep antagonism between the groups. The line is drawn more in terms of activities. Round games and water games are played by both groups; fist fights as frequently cross sex lines as not; on moonlight nights boys and girls race shrieking over the mud flat of the lagoon laid bare by tide.

But as the adolescent girls are drawn more and more into the feminine activities of their households, the twelve-year-olds, eight-year-olds, five-year-olds, tend to follow in a long straggling line. When a girl reaches puberty all the younger girls down to the age of eight

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or nine go to sleep in her house for a month. This draws the girls closer together. There was one little island in the village reserved for the women. Here they went occasionally to perform various industrial tasks, and here on a grass plot at the peaked summit of the small steep cone, the little girls used to dance at sunset, taking off their grass skirts and waving them like plumes over their heads, shouting and circling, in a noisy revelry, high above the village.

The boys would be off stalking fish in the reedy shallows and sternly schooling the crowd of small boys who followed in their wake. Between the boys' group and the girls' there would be occasional flare ups, battles with sea animal squirt guns or swift flight and pursuit. Very occasionally, as we have seen, they united in a semi-amorous play, choosing mates, building houses, making mock payments for their brides, even lying down cheek to cheek, in imitation of their parents. I believe that fear of the spirit wrath over sex prevented this play from ever developing into real sex play. Each group of children believe that the young people who are now grown engaged in much more intriguing play when they were young. But as this golden age theme is investigated, each group pushes it back a generation further to the days just before their time when the spirits were not so easily angered. This play is always in groups. There is no opportunity for two children to slip away together; the group is too clamorous of all its members.

With the child's increased consciousness of belong-

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ing to a sex group and greater identification with adults of the same sex comes a rearrangement of the family picture. Up to the time a little girl is five or six, she accompanies her father as freely as would her brother. She sleeps with her father, sometimes until she is seven or eight. By this time she is entering the region of tabu. If she is not engaged herself, younger sisters and cousins may be engaged, and she will be on terms of avoidance with the boys to whom they are betrothed. If she is engaged herself, there will likely be several men in the village from whom she must hide her face. She is no longer the careless child who rode upon her father's back into the very sanctuary of male life, the ship island. More and more her father tends to leave her at home for her younger brothers and sisters, or to go more staidly, babyless, about his business. But she is used to adult attention, dependent upon the sense of pleasant power which it gives her. Gradually deserted by her father, she comes to identify herself either with her mother or with some older woman of her kindred. It is curious how much more frequent this latter adjustment is, except where the mother is a widow. It is as if the girl had so thoroughly passed over her mother in preference to her father that she could not go back and pick up the dropped thread. These attachments to older women have nothing of the nature of a "crush" in them; they are very definitely in terms of the family picture. Often a grandmother is chosen. The older women are freer to teach the girls beadwork, to start them at work for their trousseaux.

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The younger women are more preoccupied with baby tending, which does not interest the little girls and in which their help is not enlisted. Little girls have no dolls and no pattern of playing with babies. We bought some little wooden statues from a neighbouring tribe and it was the boys who treated them as dolls and crooned lullabies to them.

This shift is not made without some unhappiness and rebellion. The little girls kick off their grass skirts and rebel against the domestic tasks in which their more frequent presence at home involves them. Gathering firewood, fetching water, stringing beads,—these are dull activities compared with following their father about and playing noisy games in the lagoon. At play with the other children they are still gay, but those who are engaged are ridden with anxiety. A calico veil or a pandanus rain mat is a clumsy thing to carry about, but the fourteen-year-old who leaves hers behind her may find herself crouching for fifteen minutes in the wet hull of a canoe, head bowed between her knees, while her betrothed's father stands near by, chatting unconcernedly. For it is the women and the very young boys who must make the positive moves of avoidance; a grown man will always stand his ground unconcernedly while a group of women flutter away like frightened birds. If the young girl goes to the house of a friend she has no guarantee that at any moment the cry of "Here comes a tabu relative of yours," will not send her scurrying from the house, conversation interrupted and beadwork forgotten. Only in her own



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house will she receive adequate warning. If she goes on a fishing expedition, the same thing may happen. So the happy friendships formed among the ten- and twelve-year-olds tend to break up. Association between older girls is too troublesome. Also, any absence from home and the company of reliable relatives, is looked upon with suspicion.

All this is reflected even in the play group. Solemn-eyed children of eight will comment upon the free and easy ways of their comrades, and add, "But we married women must sit at home and do beadwork to give to our husbands' sisters." More with their mothers now, they become increasingly conscious of the speech tabus, and learn to avoid all the words tabu to the elder women of the group, remarking proudly, when questioned, "No; that is not my tabu, it is my grandmother's. But I help my grandmother with her tabu." It is the small girls who become conscious earliest of the social organisation, and who know all the engagements in the group. "Kutan is going to marry a boy in Patusi. Pikewas was engaged but there was a séance, and they took away the engagement." This type of running social comment is never volunteered by boys, and usually they do not have the necessary information to make the simplest comments on the social organisation.

At menstruation the girl's pact with her sex is sealed forever. She learns that not only must she endure first menstruation, but the strange fact, the fact that no man in all Manus knows, that she will menstruate every moon and must hide all trace or knowledge of

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her condition from every one. Here is a new handicap to a free untrammelled life. The girl is not told that the menstruation of unmarried girls is a secret which no man knows. Indeed, few Manus women realise clearly that this is a complete secret. The sense of shame is so deep that the subject is hidden away without the mental process being rationalised. The mother has only to communicate this shame to her daughter and the secret is safe for another generation. If the children were told it as a secret, some one might have betrayed it long ago. But secrecy enjoined as a shamed precaution works infallibly. Manus men, told that among other peoples girls not only menstruate initially, at puberty, but every moon, wed or unwed, until the menopause, simply shrug and reply, "Manus women are different."

But this close identification of the girls with the women is neither voluntary nor enthusiastic. For the women of her group she has no such enthusiasm as she had for her father, her father who still is fond of her but is separated from her by so many necessary reticences. If the women huddle closely together, it is as prisoners, under a common yoke of precaution and tabu. But the early conditioning to receive rewards from men, to look for affectionate care and response from men, still lingers in the girls' minds. How much they confuse this partially lost picture with the husbands they are to marry, it is hard to say. Marriage is of course identified with tabus and avoidances, with the life they are leading now, not with the happier life

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of childhood. But a girl's comments upon marriage are placidly expectant, as if a little of the peace of childhood coloured them. The disappointment is all the ruder when marriage comes. In the home of her husband, her fellow females are enemies and her husband regards her as fit for forced intercourse, child-bearing, and housework. Nor can she reproduce her relationship to her father in her relationship to her children, for they belong to a different clan, are more her husband's than hers. And never in her life has she learned to know shared emotion, from the days when her father and mother fought over her cradle.

When the small boy wearies of riding on his father's back, he wanders away to play with his companions, but he is never thrust away by his father, nor forced away by convention. The relationship between fathers and sons of six and seven is particularly satisfactory. The child has learned motor control and respect for property—there are no more unpleasant lessons to learn. Indeed, these lessons are principally taught by the mother, in the child's first eighteen months. To the father fall all the pleasanter tasks. He treats his six-year-old son like a tyrannous and favourite boon companion, indulges his every whim, gaily, as if it were his greatest delight.

Pokenau and Matawei presented a most attractive picture. The mother was occupied with a new baby, and Matawei was his father's constant companion. Pokenau had given him, as guardian spirit, the spirit of his grandfather Gizikau. Matawei knew that the

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skull of his grandfather hung in the wooden bowl near the door, while the skull of Sori, his father's guardian ghostly elder brother, was kept in the other bowl. Father and son used to laugh about their spirits, threaten each other with the spirits' wrath. Pokenau would tease Matawei, saying Gizikau's skull was so old it would fall to pieces, and Matawei would make gay rebuttal. If Matawei awoke to find his father gone fishing without him, his wail sounded through the village. For his mother he had not even tolerance, but his father he followed everywhere.

If his father went out in the evening, Matawei accompanied him and fell asleep at his feet. When the conversation was finished, his father lifted him on his shoulder and bore him home, still sleeping, to rest by his side until dawn. Matawei had mastered whole passages of pidgin, and went about reciting them in imitation of his father's truculent manner. One day Pokenau struck his wife and she fled from the house with the two young children. All day he was in a flutter of anxiety for fear Matawei would follow his mother. There would be food with his mother. Pokenau had no sisters, and his uncle's aged widow had gone with his wife, for it would have been improper for her to remain alone with him. There was no one to cook. Perhaps Matawei would be hungry in the fireless, cheerless house. But the next morning Pokenau appeared beaming. Matawei had elected to stay with him. He reported his happiness as proudly as a lover relates his triumph over his mistress's heart.

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But the slightly older boys spend less time with their fathers, more time with other boys. They grow tired of the rôle of demanding spectator and plunge into activity. Any difficulty sends them back again, crying for sympathy. So the boys have no sense of being pushed out of their father's affections. Their fathers are there, glorious but humble before their sons, waiting to give all that is asked. And the fathers demand nothing in return; no item of work, no little chore is asked of them. Only at sea are they ever made to perform tasks and this is marine discipline, not parental exaction. The boys, spending less time with adults than do the girls, know far less of the social organisation.

The relationship between the sexes becomes more complicated as the young people grow older. The engaged girls avoid some youths as in-laws, some as possible seducers. With the others, their relatives, they are free to go about the village, joke, exchange presents, and non-embarrassing confidences. Here is laid the foundation of the strong brother-and-sister tie which lasts through life. The only feminine society permitted young men is that of "sisters" for whom they must show tenderness and respect, and "cross cousins," with whom they are allowed to engage in rough, semi-sexual play. During this period the threefold division of attitudes towards women which is to govern a man's thinking all his life is developed. For sisters tenderness, solicitude, a sense of mutual obligation, the duty of helping each other economically are emphasised. "We are brother and sister. He gives me food, and

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I give him beadwork. We work for one another. When he dies I will lament for him a beautiful lament." So a woman will describe her relation to her brother. "It is well to have sisters who will make beadwork for you and wail you well at your death," say the men. "Unfortunate is the man who has no sisters." When the son of Talikatin seduced an engaged girl in Tauï, it was the girl's brother who attacked her furiously with a wooden pillow, declaring he would kill first her and then himself. This is the only emotional tie which is truly reciprocal, for the equally strong tie between father and child is very one-sided in its emphasis.

Furthermore, this brother and sister relationship provides a pleasant outlet for puritanical feelings; sex forbidden, the community approving, a slight sentimentality is permitted. If the relation between brother and sister seems to us a little commercial, with a strong flavour of beadwork and sago about it, it should be remembered that where wealth is the dominant interest, loyal assistance in matters of wealth is the strongest of bonds. It is comparable to the feeling of an American whom I once heard define "a friend" as "a man who will lend you any amount of money without security." To his sister's verandah goes the man who needs financial aid and he does not go in vain.

From this brother-and-sister relationship specific mention of sex is sternly excluded. As the Manus phrase it, "A father may tell his daughter that her grass skirt is awry, but her brother may not. However,



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if her grass skirt is often awry, he may upbraid her formally for her carelessness." Similarly, a brother may discuss with his sister the financial details of her marriage, but when she flees to his protection after a marital quarrel, he asks no questions. The relationship upon which adult men and women rely for comfort, support, understanding, is a relationship from which sex is specifically debarred. One possible component of the rounded attitude which we expect between husband and wife has been extracted and labelled "non-sexual" and "belonging to the sister."

The feminine cross cousin receives yet another attitude which a man might entertain towards his wife. This is the element of play, of light laughter, of familiarity. Her he can accuse of marriage with impossible mates, to her he can attribute conception and childbirth—points which he can never mention to his own wife. He can seize her by her short curls, or grasping her under the armpits swing her roughly back and forth. He can hold her pointed breasts in his hands. All this is play, which must not be carried too far, or the spirits will be angry. But it is nevertheless permitted. Habits of rough and tumble sex play, established in youth, persist into the maturer years, and it is a curious sight to see a stout burgher of forty playfully mauling a worn widow, or making sprightly accusations against her character. Among the few and scattered sex offences which outrage the spirits and terrify the living, occasional liaisons between cross cousins are recorded, but they seem few enough to be non-significant. I

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found nothing to suggest that this sex play sets up patterns which have a tendency to work themselves out in more complete sex relations. Rather another split is accomplished: playfulness and easy casual familiarity are marked as inappropriate to the sex relation by their permissible presence in this cross cousin relationship, where sex is tabued.

The effect of this distribution of possible sex attitudes upon the marriage relation itself is hard to over-estimate.\* A man gives the allegiance of dependence to his father, occasionally to his mother, mutual affection and feeling of reciprocity and co-operativeness to his sister, playfulness and easy give and take to his female cross cousin, anxious, solicitous, sedulous care to his children. For his wife he reserves—what? Unrelieved by romantic fictions or conventions of wooing, untouched by tenderness, unbulwarked by co-operativeness and good feeling as between partners, unhelped by playfulness, preliminary play or intimacy, sex is conceived as something bad, inherently shameful, something to be relegated to the darkness of night. Great care is taken that the children should never be witnesses. In the one-room houses it is impossible to accomplish this, but the children soon learn the desirability of dissembling their knowledge. Their clandestine

\* It is interesting to compare these disassociated sex attitudes in this primitive setting where arranged marriage is the backbone of the social order, with the conditions in Europe, where prostitution, homosexuality and adultery all drain off emotional attitudes incompatible with arranged marriages. For a vivid analysis of European conditions, see Floyd Dell's "Love in the Machine Age."

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knowledge is as shamed, as marred by a sense of sin, as is their parents' indulgence. Children sleeping in another house will say formally to their host or hostess upon leaving a house, "We slept last night. We saw and heard nothing." But children of six are sufficiently sophisticated so that one small boy remarked about a marital quarrel, "Why doesn't he copulate with his wife instead of beating her all the time?"

Married women are said to derive only pain from intercourse until after they have borne a child. The implications of this statement are obvious. They confide little in each other. Each conceals her own humiliating miserable experience as did the Puritan women of the Victorian era. Every woman, however, successfully conveys to her growing daughters her own affective reaction to the wearisome abomination which is sex. And most women welcome children because it gives their husbands a new interest and diverts their unwelcome attentions from themselves. The husband's growing interest in the child which often means that he will sleep all night with the child clasped in his arms, is welcomed as a diversion. As one woman phrased the common attitude, "That house is good in which there are two children, one to sleep with the husband on one side of the house, one to sleep with the wife on the other. Then husband and wife do not sleep together."

Variations of the sexual picture are slight. The spirits are not concerned at all with any aspect of sex which does not involve heterosexual activity on the part

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of Manus women. All other types of sex behaviour are enveloped in the prevailing atmosphere of shame, but escape the stigma of sin. Masturbation is practised by the children but always in solitude, and solitude is hard to find. It seems to have no important psychological concomitants; engendering as it does no very special shame in a society where every act of excretion is lamentable and to be most carefully hidden. The girls' superficial masturbation does not seem to diminish their frigidity at marriage. Homosexuality occurs in both sexes, but rarely. The natives recognise it, and take only a laughing count of it, if it occurs between unmarried boys, in which cases it is sometimes exploited publicly in the boys' houses. Sodomy is the only form of which I received any account. Homosexual relations between women are rare and frowned on as inappropriate. I neither saw nor heard of any definite inverts, but mental instability in several cases frequently took a sexual form, with manifestations of exhibitionism and gross obscenity.

The utilisation of other erogenous zones, and variations of the sex act in heterosexual relations do not seem to occur. (All my comments on sex must be so qualified because in such a puritanical society it is difficult to rely upon any kind of information about sex.) Sex play is barred out, because of the specialisation of the cross cousin picture. A woman asked if her husband is permitted to touch her breast indignantly replies, "Of course not; that (privilege) belongs to my cross cousin only." The unwillingness of the women and the un-

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tutored brutality of the men give little encouragement to experimentation.

Unmarried men of over twenty are a definite menace to the inflexible sex code of the village. Affairs with young girls or with married women are almost the inevitable result of an unattached young man in the village. In Peri there were two such youths, one a boy of low mentality, brutal, unreliable, dishonest, the son of a shiftless father, descendant of a shiftless line. His short-lived affair with his cross cousin Lauwiyān had caused the illness of little Popitch, brought the stately Lauwiyān to shame and disgrace. He also prated of affairs with two visiting girls. Unbetrothed because his father was so poor and improvident, he was a real problem in the village. The other youth was Tchokāl, lately fled from the village which accused him of adultery with the head man's wife, which had caused her death. He likewise was unbetrothed: no one was willing to give his daughter or even to enter into negotiations with him because he refused to confess his sin.

For the Manus carry the doctrine of confession to its logical conclusion. A sin confessed, is a sin wiped out. There is no word for virgin, and disgrace following confession is temporary. An arranged marriage is not broken off because of the lapse from virtue of the bride; instead the marriage date is hastened. It is the concealed sin only which angers the spirits; a sin confessed and paid for in a fine to the mortal wards of the avenging spirits is no more cause for illness and death. A man will describe an affair with a woman in the

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quietest, most impersonal terms, giving name, date, and place, if he can add something like, "Later on my brother was ill. I confessed my sin and paid for it and my brother got all right again."

To the sinner who steadfastly refuses confession the community turns a cold, distrustful face. To make an alliance with such a one is courting death. So Tchokal goes unwed, but for the time being too hurt to be dangerous. Some day the people say he will marry a widow. He can never hope to get a young wife now.

The obligation to confess sins committed is accompanied by an obligation to confess sins accidentally discovered. Thus when Paleao was a small boy he climbed up unannounced into his cousin's house, only to find his cousin, a man of thirty-five, copulating with his uncle's wife, a woman of fifty. Paleao climbed hastily down and slipped away, trembling with shame and fear. Where would the wrath of the spirits fall? He had not long to wait. In a week his cousin fell ill of cerebral malaria. He lay at the point of death, too ill to confess his own sin, and his uncle's wife had gone on a visit to another village. The ten-year-old boy proudly rose to the occasion and "saved his cousin's life." "Had I not done so," says he, "he would surely have died and as a spirit, angry over his death, he would have killed me, who had known the truth and concealed it."

Sometimes the consequences of sin become so complex that the ordinary marriage arrangements are upset. So it was with Luwil and Molung. These two lived in the same house, the house of Luwil's mother's



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brother and Molung's father's sister. Both were betrothed. Mutchin, the head of the house, went off on a long expedition to Mok, in a canoe, heavily laden with sago. While he was away and the house in charge of a deaf old woman, Luwil and Molung slept together. This went on for three nights undiscovered and then the sounds of mourning broke out in the village. A canoe had come in from Mok and reported that Mutchin had never arrived. Drums were beaten as for the dead, a dreadful wailing sounded through the village, three search parties set out at once. For two days doubt and misery lay over the village. Then news was brought that after being overturned in a gale, losing all their food, and floating helplessly under water for two days, the canoe had arrived safely. Neither Molung nor Luwil doubted that their sin was responsible; afraid to face the angry Mutchin, they did a most unusual thing, they eloped to the shelter of an inland village where Luwil had a friend.

Angry and disgruntled as their elders were, they ratified the marriage with an exchange of property. To leave the young couple living in sin for another day would invite further disaster. By a quick rearrangement of debts, a marriage was planned between the fiancée of Luwil and the fiancé of Molung, so that some of the cherished financial arrangements were saved from the wreckage. But such rewarding recklessness is rare: it is seldom that one has good friends among another tribe, and no Manus home would dare to give the eloping pair shelter. The offended spirit of that

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house would immediately punish the inmates. Luwil and Molung were one of the rare cases where husband and wife get on fairly happily together, perhaps because the affair began by their own choice.

The observance of the sex mores of the community is based upon no respect for personal relations, no standard of love or of loyalty, but simply upon property rights and fear of the spirits. The ideal of every man in the community is the golden age, which each believes to be just a generation behind him, when the spirits took no interest in mortal amours and whenever one met a woman alone, one could take her by the hair. Rape, the swift and sudden capture of an unwilling victim, is still the men's ideal.

They tell with gusto the story of how Pomalat got his large, dour wife. She had had a mixed career: seduced by her cousin, carried off by a man from Rambutchon, then returned to her village, she knew far more of sex than did the average woman. Her uncle wanted her to marry Pomalat, a slender, under-sized, indeterminate youth. This she refused to do. Now an unwilling widow, and as such Ngalowen ranked, commands a higher price than a willing one, possibly to compensate her relatives for their troubles. Ngalowen refused to marry Pomalat. Pomalat did not wish to make a higher payment for her. Finally he and three other youths captured her and carried her off for three days with them on the mainland. After the third day, the men say sagely, "She was no longer unwilling." This only happened once within memory but it ap-

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pealed to all the men as an excellent way to make the women see reason.

In the village there were only two women of bad character—one was Ngapan, one of Poiyo's two wives, the other was the widow Main. Ngapan had had a secret intrigue with Selan and become pregnant. The women accused her of pregnancy but she flouted their questions, affirming that a magical charm had made her body swell. Then Selan's small sister fell ill and in desperation he confessed to his cousin, only insisting that his sin be not proclaimed abroad until after he had left the village. When Ngapan's pregnancy became unmistakable, her family dressed her as a bride and took her to the house of Selan's older brother. But the older brother, advised of their purpose, barred the door, and fled to the bush. The rejected bride had to be taken home again. A little girl was born and died soon after. The spirits could not be expected to protect such a brazen child. For two years Ngapan lived sullenly at home and then became involved in an illicit affair with Poiyo, who already had one wife, a dull, industrious woman. Again she became pregnant. Her family threatened to take the matter to the white man's court and Poiyo married her as his second wife, legitimising his son, and saddling a licensed quarrel upon the village. The little boy was regarded as legitimate, so there was not a single illegitimate child in the village.

The other woman, Main, had been five times widowed. Her only child had died at birth. Her first husband had died, her second she had left, her third

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had taken her by force. From him she had returned to the second, who died soon after. A fourth and fifth, first as intrigues, later solemnised, had followed. Her path was strewn with infidelities. Of the Pontchal clan only two men still lived, all the rest had died in the influenza epidemic. In native belief the two who lived, lived only because they had confessed to what the others no doubt had concealed, intrigues with Main. She was a jolly, impudent woman, self-sufficient, sensuous, sure of herself, devoted to various nieces and nephews—those who remained after their brothers and sisters had died for her sins. She was a little stupid and went about at night in fear of the spirits of her five dead husbands.

She would have been a woman of easy virtue, quick compliance, in any society. Given her reputation, acquired early in youth, the young men gravitated towards her, the older men boasted that they had resisted her evil attempts, for had she not killed off all Pontchal and would she not like to finish off their clans also? Her veniality was regarded not a sin of the flesh but as a definite malicious attempt directed against mankind. She was the incarnate wicked feminine principle of the early Christian fathers. Where frigidity up to first childbirth and distaste and weariness with sex were the rule, and illness and death followed sex indulgence, men could only conceive her as a sort of pursuing fury, and hope for strength to avoid her. But a Manus community is too democratic, too unor-

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ganised to make any concerted move against such a social evil as Main.

The whole picture is one of a puritan society, rigidly subduing its sex life to meet supernaturally enforced demands, demands which are closely tied up with its property standards. To interfere with marriage arrangements for which thousands of dogs' teeth have been paid, is blasphemy. Accompanying this banishment of the sex motive in life are various other social traits. Casual profanity takes the form of references to the private parts or sex adventures of the dead. The commonest of these expressions which fall from every lip are, "Inside my mother's vagina," and "Copulate with my father who is dead." And this is a society where the sex activity of the living is only referred to between jesting relatives or by outraged elders dispensing punishment.

Dress and ornamentation, removed from any possibility of pleasing the opposite sex, become a matter of economic display and people only dress up at economic feasts. Sweet-smelling herbs are seldom used. Faces are painted in mourning and as a defence against inimical spirits. The elaborate forms of ornamentation are interpreted either as money or as mourning. Although the people are moderately cleanly because of their water lives, they are seldom spick-and-span. The young men, in the boys' house, occasionally dress up, piling their compliant hair into great structures on top of their heads, winding necks and arms with leaves. So dressed, they parade through the village, beating their

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drums the louder, as if to drown the aimlessness of their proceedings. There is no word for *love* in the language. There are no love songs, no romantic myths, no merely social dances. Characteristically, the Manus dance only when a great deal of property is given away, and after a period of mourning, "to shake the dust from the house floor." An hibiscus in the hair is a sign of magic making, not of love making. The village lies fair in the moonlight, the still lagoon holds the shadow of houses and trees, but there is no sound of songs or dancing. The young people are within doors. Their parents are quarrelling on the verandas or holding séances within doors to search out sin.



## X

### THE ADOLESCENT GIRL

PUBERTY for girls means the beginning of adult life and responsibility, the end of play, careless companionship, happy hours of desultory ranging through the village. The tabus begun some years earlier if a girl has been betrothed as a child, now settle upon almost every girl, for there are seldom any girls past puberty unbetrothed. But puberty does not mean the beginning of a new life, only the final elimination of play elements from the old life. The girl performs no new tasks, she simply does more beadwork, works more sago, does more fishing. She makes no new friends, but she sees less and less of her old friends.

The hour of puberty itself is marked by ceremony and public observance. When the girl has her first menses, her father or guardian (that is, the elder male relative who is bearing the onus of her marriage exchanges) throws great numbers of coconuts into the sea. All the neighbours' children leap in after them shouting, struggling with one another for the nuts. So word circulated quickly through the village that Kiteni had attained puberty. The event is regarded without embarrassment as important to the adults because a whole round of ceremonial is set up, important to the

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children because a sort of house party will be instituted in the house of the pubescent girl.

Kiteni herself was placed in a little cubby hole made of mats near the centre of the house. About her neck were dogs' teeth, her hair was combed to a glossy perfection. For five days she had to sit in this little room without stirring thence.

She might not eat puddings of taro leaves or the pudding known as *tchutchu*, taro, the fruit called *ung*, or shell fish. All that she ate had to be prepared for her on a separate fire, in separate cooking vessels, by her mother. She might not talk aloud, nor might any one address her in a loud voice, or pronounce her name audibly. Every night most of the girls of the village, especially the younger ones, came to sleep with her. They came after sunset and lay down to sleep on the floor slats, one recumbent little figure curled close to another. At dawn they slipped away before breakfast, for a family has no obligation to feed this horde of visitors. If young married women come to sleep, they are fed before leaving. During the day some of the girls returned to play cat's cradle with Kiteni, or simply to lie contentedly upon the floor murmuring scraps of song.

Meanwhile all the elders of Kiteni's household were very busy. Each day tall black pots of *bulukol*, a coconut soup, had to be taken to the family of her betrothed. Extra hot stones were dropped in just as the canoe reaches the house, so that the gift arrived in a flare of steam. (Throughout the observances for pu-

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berty runs the pattern of heat and fire.) The family of her betrothed had to bring fish each day, her future mother-in-law bringing it to the house platform at dawn, but not entering the house. Kiteni's own brothers and paternal uncles had to fish for her; the heads of these fish were eaten by her father's mother and her father's sisters. After she has eaten the bodies of the fish, the skeletons were hung up above her head, as a boast to visitors of the family's success in fishing. These men had to set to work to make sago, to trade for sago, to travel overseas to collect debts of sago due to them. All of those who were parties to Kiteni's projected marriage were involved. Kiteni had a brother in the island of Mok; he had to be warned to prepare his quota of sago. This could be no mean offering. For Kiteni was to marry Kaloi, the younger brother of the dead Panau. Paleao, a man of great economic consequence, was financing the marriage. Every inland trade partner of the family was importuned for sago; the men worked sago by day and fished by night to obtain fish to pay for more sago.

At the end of five days the first feast for relieving the girl of her tabus was held. This was a feast looked forward to by all the girls and regarded by the men as particularly daring and spectacular behaviour on the part of womankind. It was held after nightfall. A great quantity of bamboo torches and large lumps of raw sago were prepared. The house was crowded with women and girls and brightly lit by torches piled in each of the four fireplaces. On this particular occa-

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sion last to arrive was Kiteni's paternal grandmother. Kiteni, who giggled and held back, was bidden to stand up and run the length of the house pursued by her grandmother, waving a burning torch over her. But Kiteni ran without conviction and the whole party laughed as the grandmother perfunctorily pursued the girl. The torch was held overhead as the grandmother pronounced an incantation over her.

Meanwhile the girls seized the bowls of raw sago and the bundles of burning torches, loaded them upon a large canoe, and set off through the village. As they went they waved the torches and showered sparks into the sea. Three small girls encountered on the way were bidden to splash vigorously as the canoe passed. At the houses of brothers, grandparents, uncles, a cake of sago and a torch were left on the platform. The village streets were empty of canoes. Attracted by the shouting or by the gleam of the torches reflected through the floor slats, people came to the doors and peered out, shouting hilarious greeting. The last sago distributed, the last glowing torch laid quickly on a doorstep, the party returned, only slightly sobered, to the house of Kiteni where a feast was spread.

Kiteni was now free to walk about the house and to go out on the platform or into the sea near by, in the dark or in the rain. She still was not allowed to go about the village or leave the house when the sun was shining.

Seven days later a second feast was held, "The Feast for the Ending of Coconut Soup." Three kinds of

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food, a taro and coconut oil pudding, cakes of sago and coconut, and puddings of taro and grated coconut, were prepared. The women of Kiteni's family took these, carefully laid out in carved bowls on canoe platforms, to the house of Kiteni's future mother-in-law, who received them formally and distributed them to all her sisters-in-law who were to help with the return payment of beadwork. For each bowl of food a bead belt was expected in return. This ended the exchange of soup and fish.

Five days later a third feast was held. This is the most thoroughly feminine and most amiable feast held in Peri. No debts are contracted, no old debts paid off. It is a feminine feast for all the women of the clan and all the women who have married into it. At the centre of the house with a mat spread before her sat Kiteni, the *piramatan*, literally, "female owner," of the feast. Over the distribution presided the wife of her uncle, who was paying for her marriage. About the fireplaces sat the women of the clan. At one end of the house sat her mother's sisters-in-law, at the other, her young sisters-in-law who had married her "brothers." Bowls of food were set aside for the girls betrothed to sons of the house. Every guest brought a bowl of food. These were spread out on the mat in front of Kiteni, and her aunt garnished each with shiny betel nuts and pepper leaves, pronouncing as she did so, "This is for the wife of Malean"—"This for the wife of Pokus." Then the bowls of each group were formally passed over to the other group. Followed a

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friendly argument between Kiteni's paternal aunt and grandmother as to which one should perform the taro feeding ceremony. The aunt prevailed and the grandmother washed her hands carefully, and taking up a large handful of taro, she worked it into a ball, saying:

"Pomai!

Tchelantune!

I take the taro of Paleiu—he is strong!

I take the taro of Sanan—he is strong!

The two grandfathers are strong!

For the descendant of Pomai,

For the descendant of Tchelantune.

She eats our taro.

May fire be in her hand.

May she kindle forehandedly the fire of her mother-in-law

In the house of the noble one who receives this exchange.

May she blow the housefire,

Providing well for the funeral feast,

the marriage feast,

the birth feast.

She shall make the fire swiftly,

Her eyes shall see clearly by its light."

(Here the grandmother thrusts a handful of taro into the girl's mouth.) Taking up another handful she continues:

"I give this to her mouth in order to brighten

the funeral fires with it,

the fire of gift exchange with it,

all that belongs to it."

(Again she feeds her taro.)



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"I give taro to the daughter of Paleiu,  
To the grandchild of Sanan,  
To the grandchild of Posanau."

(She eats our taro.)

"When she keens she must not merely cry,  
'My mother, my mother,'  
She must first cry on the names of people,  
Then all will understand."

(She feeds her taro. Then the widow Polyon, sister of Kiteni's dead father, takes up the chant:)

"I give her this food,  
I give her this taro.  
She will eat our taro,  
She will recite our mourning songs.  
By eating it her mouth will become flexible.  
She will keen because of it.  
As for us of (the clan of) Kamatachau,  
We are all dead,  
Only I remain.  
We give taro to the mouth of this one.  
I give my fire,  
She will take my fire in her hand.  
It will be the fire of the gift exchanges.  
All that belongs to the gift exchange  
She will give to her mother and her fathers, her sisters, her  
brothers."

Now it was the turn of Ngatchumu, another aunt. Ngatchumu was unaccustomed to the ceremony. She stumbled and halted, and was prompted by Kiteni's grandmother. Halfway through, she paused and said hopefully, "Is that all?"

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Her chant:

“Ponkiao,  
Poaseu,  
Ngakeu,  
Ngatchela,  
This is your grandchild.

(She feeds her taro.)

“Let her take my fire to kindle her fire with it.  
All the women of her father's side,  
All the women of her mother's side,  
Let them all give her shell money quickly.  
In her own hands there are no possessions.”

The hilarity occasioned by Ngatchumu's ignorance continued. Women began to feed each other taro and utter mock incantations; a most unusual good humour prevailed. Once a woman raised her voice to hush a group of small children who were playing under the house. When the feast was ended the women left the house to find a flotilla of canoes waiting to take them home, a flotilla of canoes punted by husbands who had the sheepish air worn by men waiting outside a woman's club house.

The kin of the betrothed later makes a feast in which the food is specially decorated. Coconut meat is cut into star-shaped flowers and fastened on the ends of sticks giving the effect of tall stiff lilies. Among them single betel nuts are placed, also on little standards. These flower and bud decorations are arranged in bowls of taro.

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This ended the small ceremonies. There only remained the great exchange with the betrothed husband's family. Kiteni had to stay about the house until that was completed. The days dragged on. The little girls wearied of sleeping in Kalat. She had fewer companions and she had to get about her business, making beadwork for her trousseau. Finally, after nearly two months the sago, the pigs, and the oil were ready. The day before the big exchange Kiteni was finally released from her tabus. The women of her household had prepared scores of sago balls, about the size of grapefruit. These were placed in large carved bowls on the canoes. Kiteni was dressed in a few simple bits of finery—dogs' teeth, beaded leglets—and carried down the ladder on her grandmother's back. The canoe was punted out into a weedy shallow far from any houses. Here all the women of the village had gathered. The flotilla of canoes stretched for five hundred feet—mothers and children, old crones and little girls. Kiteni stood in the shallow lagoon while her grandmother poured oil over her head, chanting.

Then she broke a young coconut, spilling the juice over the girl, repeating another incantation.

This concluded, all the girls leaped into the water and splashed Kiteni laughing, shouting, making as much of a foaming confusion as possible. Afterwards they swam about, damp blinking little servers passing the refreshments, balls of sago, among the different canoes. Now the whole convoy returned to the house. Kiteni was dressed in the heavy finery of a bride, and

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all the boxes of the village were ransacked to dress up the other girls in shell money or bead aprons. Finally, in a long slender canoe, Kiteni's slender charm completely obscured by her heavy trappings, they paraded the village in solemn procession. The next day all the accumulated sago was also paraded through the village, piled upon the little islet and presented to the opposite side with impressive orations.

Older girls when they speak of their own adolescence ceremony, always emphasise the same points, the number of girls who came to sleep with them, the splashing in the sea, and the size of the display of property which was made in their name. Poor Ngaleap alone in the village was betrothed after her first menstruation, so she had had a very poor ceremony indeed. It stands out in the girls' minds as a rather gay social event, an occasion for pride and display without the unpleasant connotations of the similar great display at marriage. The association with menstruation does not seem very fundamental. Menstruation is a point which is never discussed, about which young boys know nothing beyond this first event. The fact of its recurrence is locked away in the girl's mind as a guilty and shameful secret and is automatically separated from the public ceremonial of which she is so proud. A similar ceremonial, including the torchlight distribution of fire and raw sago and the water party, marks the *memandra*, a feast held just before marriage.

There is a period of tabu and a gift exchange between her father's relatives and her mother's relatives

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when a girl's ears are pierced, but this ceremony which will be described in detail for the boys, is entirely overshadowed in the case of girls by the longer, more impressive puberty ceremonial.

Past puberty, betrothed, tabu, and respectable, the girl is expected to settle down peacefully to her labours, to submit silently to eternal supervision. The slightest breath of scandal means a public scene and exaggerated ignominy. The majority of girls prefer to submit like Ngalen, to go soberly about their tasks and look forward to becoming resigned and virtuous wives. No girl can manage a long career of rebellion. While she sins, all of her kin, her betrothed's kin, her betrothed, her partner-in-sin, she herself, are in danger of death from the ever observant spirits. But occasionally tempted, a girl will become involved in a swift, surreptitious sex affair. Ngaleap was a buxom, laughing girl, stout, good-natured, quick-tongued, at eighteen quite unable to take life seriously. She was engaged to marry a boy who had been adopted into the next village, a boy whom she had never seen and whom she cared nothing about. She was sick to death of snatching up her cloak and hiding her head at the approach of someone from Patusi. Patusi was only half a mile away: Patusi men were continually coming and going, interrupting her at her fishing, making the houses of other girls intolerable to her. These were men she had known all her life; why should she not joke with them? And the village shook its head and said Ngaleap kept her tabus in a most slovenly fashion. Two years

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before Kondai had come to visit in Peri. Kondai was tall and arrogant, twenty-three and unwed, used to loose living from many moons spent upon a small trading schooner. More than once his master had had to weigh anchor quickly to escape the rage of the local natives because Kondai had been allowed ashore. Ngaleap slept in the house of her uncle, and in the early morning Kondai was seen slipping from the house. No one could prove that anything had happened, but Ngaleap was soundly whipped. Two illnesses were attributed to her sin; Kondai was bidden to go home to his own village. Two years later the little schooner anchored within the reef, and Ngaleap, Ngaoli, and a grass widow who had been away among white men, surreptitiously went out to the schooner and spent an hour aboard, while Kondai borrowed their canoe and went fishing. His boys told the white trader, who told Ngaleap's uncle. It was also said that Kondai was boasting that he was going to marry Ngaleap. The uncle shouted the girls' names through the village. They came to the little islet, abashed, sullen, wrapped in their tabu cloaks. They admitted nothing, except the visit to the steamer, out of the corners of their mouths sullenly denying all else. The uncle stormed, "This Kondai—he possessed thee before. Now I know he possessed thee before. And thou still dost think of him. Did I not warn thee that his magic was strong, that thou shouldst beware when he came into the village? Thou girl belonging to worthlessness, I have paid five pigs and one thousand sago for thy marriage.



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Who dost thou think paid these? I, even I, thy uncle. Where is thy father? He is dead. Where is thy mother? She is dead. Who will finance thy marriage if I desert thee? Wilt thou bring disgrace upon my house?"

The foster father of Ngaoli took a different vein. He was little and insignificant and unstable. His four successive wives had borne him no children. His brothers were dead. In uncontrollable hysteria he danced about on the islet, shouting to Ngaoli that he had fed her, he had cared for her, he had cherished her, and now her sin would kill him, the spirits would kill him, he would die, he, the last of his line, slain by her fault.

After these two had finished, other male relatives joined in the abuse. The crowd grew thicker. Finally almost the whole village was assembled, the women huddled in their cloaks. After the men, the women joined the girls, adding their upbraiding, lower keyed only because of the presence of so many men; the girls were sullen, defenceless, miserable. For weeks they went about with eyes cast down, especially avoiding each other's company. The village waited—no illness followed, and gradually the furore died down. The girls must have told the truth after all or the spirits would have expressed their anger. But this pragmatic test is no salve to injured feelings. A girl who has not sinned is helpless in the face of the damning evidence contained in the illness or death of a relative. Whether she confesses to an uncommitted sin or stubbornly re-

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fuses to confess is a measure of the depth of her shame.

From puberty until marriage a girl is given no greater participation in village life: she is less free but no more important. She never cooks for feasts, she makes no exchanges. In the big gift exchanges she is simply dressed up and pushed about like a dummy. Unless some overbold youth catches her alone, sneaks into the house unobserved or intercepts her between sago patch and river, the years between puberty and marriage are uneventful. She learns a little more about sago working, she learns to sew thatch, she finishes a few lots of beadwork, she does more reef fishing, she fetches wood and water.

Around her, across her beading frame, over her head, behind her bent shoulders, goes the gossip of gift exchange, of shrewd planning, anxious devices, chatter of the market place. She does not participate, she is given no formal instruction, but day by day she absorbs more of the minutiae of adult life, learns the relationship, the past economic history, the obligations of each member of the community. When a ceremony takes place she attends it perforce because she is working in the house. She sees the magicians brew their leaves and spit their henna-coloured betel juice over the sick, she sees the red paint of the property-eliciting magic poured over the head of the bride or bridegroom; she helps dress her married sisters and sisters-in-law for the birth ceremonials. Less sleepy than in her childhood, forbidden to go abroad in the dark night, she lies awake and listens to the hour-long colloquies be-

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tween mortals and spirits. She can no more learn the medium's art than she can engage in gift exchange. Marriage is required for both occupations. But perforce she listens.

Thus three or four years are spent as a rather bored, very much inhibited spectator to life, years during which she gets the culture by heart. When she marries she will know far more than her husband, especially as the woman's rôle in economics is a private one. The woman is expected to plan, to carry debts in her head, to do the quiet person-to-person canvassing for property. Upon the shrewdness, social knowledge, and good planning of his wife a young or stupid man is very dependent, for in all his dealings she is his adviser. So the young married woman who has never cooked for a feast takes her place unerringly among her sisters-in-law. She has seen each dish made a hundred times. She plans and selects the beads or the food for exchange with equal sureness. She has had four or five years of education by contemplation.

Except for the unusual intrusion of a brief, penalty-ridden sex affair, these years are not years of storm and stress, nor are they years of placid unfolding of the personality. They are years of waiting, years which are an uninteresting and not too exacting bridge between the free play of childhood and the obligations of marriage. In so many societies the late teens are a time of some sort of active sex adjustment. Whether it be the many love affairs of the Samoan, the studied social life of the *débutante*, or the audacious technique of the

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flapper, ways of attracting the opposite sex form an absorbing occupation. In Manus, a girl has no need to seek a husband; he has been found. She may not seek a lover; she is denied the outlet of close friendship with other girls. She simply waits, growing taller and more womanly in figure, and in spite of herself, wiser in the ways of her world.

## XI

### THE ADOLESCENT BOY

FOR the Manus boy there is no one puberty ceremony. At some time between twelve and sixteen, when his family finances suggest the advisability, his ears are pierced. The feasts of ear piercing pay back the great display which his father made at his silver wedding. Much property must be collected, many plans laid. The boy's size or age are relatively unimportant. But some day a boy comes home from playing with his companions, to be told that his ears will be pierced in a month. If he is the first among his age mates to undergo the tiresome ceremony, he rebels. Occasionally a father will follow his pattern of indulgence, more often he insists. The wives of the boy's mother's brothers come in a body to stay in the house with him. His father's family prepares a feast of cooked food. He himself is dressed in his very best—his small neck bristles with dogs' teeth, a gorgeous new *laplap* proclaims his special state. He sits beside his father, very stiff and straight, divided between embarrassment and pride. None of his friends come to the ceremony, only grown people and little children. His father's sisters take him by the hands and lead him down the ladder to the platform. Here his mother's brother pierces his ears with a sharpened bit of hard

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wood. Bits of soft wood are inserted in the newly made hole, and small protectors of sago bark are placed over each ear. Now the boy is under strict tabu. He cannot cut with a knife; he cannot kindle a fire; he cannot bathe for five days. He must eat only of the food which his mother's brothers' wives cook for him. When he leaves the house, he sits very erect and gaudy upon the canoe platform while the other boys punt him. His companions are very impressed with his strange state. They gladly act as oarsmen. They take him all the tobacco they can beg. At the end of the five days, he may wash, and he is free to move quietly about the village. The other prohibitions hold until his mother's relatives make a big feast for his father's relatives. Until then his ears are in danger should he be unob-servant of the tabus.

The adolescent girl observes her tabus out of a general vague fear that something will happen to her if she does not. But of the boy (or girl) at ear piercing no such vague precautions are required. If he fails in the tabus, his ears will break, his beauty will be forever marred. He can never have the long ear lobes, heavy with ornament. So he is docile, walks carefully like some one trying a broken foot after a month on crutches. During this period he is given no instruction, he is not made to feel more adult. He is simply being quiescent for beauty's sake.

If his relatives are very slow in making the feast, he becomes restive. When the feast is made, he is taken in a canoe-ful of women—his paternal grand-



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mother and paternal aunts and cousins—to the family island, and his grandmother calls on the family spirits to bless him, make him strong in war, clever in exchange, active in finance. Then he is released to go back to his companions. No new duties are required of him, no new knowledge has been given him. He returns to play leapfrog on the islet, to run races by moonlight, to catch minnows in spider web scoops. When his ears heal he sticks rolls of leaves in them as a bit of swank and the next boy for whom an ear piercing is planned will be less unwilling.

In the life of the fifteen-year-old boy only one change is shown. His play group—over which he and three or four of his age mates are petty lords—is deprived of the girls of his own age. Instead, he must lord it over twelve-year-olds, chase and pretend to capture giddy ten-year-olds. It is much easier to manage the play group than of old.

Girls of his own age who were well-developed physically, strong of arm and swift of tongue, formed a real obstacle to supremacy. These are all gone. The small boys are independent but devoted slaves. There is no work to be done, only the same old games. The boys form closer friendships, go about more in pairs, make more of the casual homosexuality current in childhood. There is much roughhouse, arm linking, whispered conferences, sharing of secret caches of tobacco.

These close friendships are broken into by the chance absence of one of the boys, who is permitted to go on an overseas voyage with his father, or on a turtle hunt

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with the young men. The boys grow taller, heavier. They are skilled in navigation; racing their canoes about the lagoons, they have learned the details of sailing. They are ready for adult life, but under no constraint to enter it.

And here at sixteen or seventeen there must come a sharp break in the description of the old way of life and the new. Twenty years ago, before government was established in the Admiralties, this group of youths was proficient in the arts of war. They had learned to throw an obsidian-pointed spear with deadly aim and dodge spears directed at themselves. They were lusty, full of life, anxious for adventure. And the motive for war was present. They cared nothing for the economic quarrels of the elders nor for the compulsion under which various adults lived to kill a man or at least take a prisoner for ransom. But they followed gladly where the older men led for the fun of it and to capture women. Their spirits forbade love-making directed towards Manus girls, but like most gods, they were not interested in the women of the enemy. Usiai girls, Balowan girls, Rambutchon girls, were fair game. Even the girls of other Manus villages with whom an open feud was maintained were fair prey. So the old men led the war parties and the young men slaughtered gaily enough and carried off a woman, wed or unwed. On some little island where the women of the village had walked in safety and the little girls danced with their grass skirts as flags, the unfortunate captive was raped by every man in the village, young and old. The

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men kept her in the boys' home; her particular captor collected tribute from the others; sometimes he even took her on a money making tour through friendly villages. The men dressed her in finery to further outrage the women, who disagreed with the spirits about the innocuousness of the whole proceeding. Everywhere the men went, they took their unhappy captive with them, afraid to leave her exposed to the vengeful hatred of the women. But the men did nothing to ameliorate her lot; they showed her neither kindness nor consideration. It is hard to describe vividly enough the exultant venom with which the respectable, virtuous married women of thirty-five and forty describe the misery of the prostitute's life. Upon her the men wreaked their hatred of women aroused by the frigidity of their wives and the economic exactions imposed by matrimony. Upon her single person the young men savagely expended all the pent-up energy of the youth which was denied the joys of courtship and flirtation. Worn and old in a year or two, or displaced by a new prostitute, she was permitted to go back to her home where she usually died soon after. Sometimes she died in captivity.

War, war dances, heartless revels with one unwilling mistress, occupied the energy of the young men before marriage in the old days. The years between puberty and twenty to twenty-four were occupied in learning no peaceful art, in forming no firmer bonds with their society. They did no work, except casually, as when a thatching bee followed by a feast or house raising

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involved the whole village. They were a group of arrogant, roistering blades, the terror of their own village girls, the scourge of neighbouring villages.

To-day this picture is entirely altered. War is forbidden. The capture of women is forbidden. The "house boy" is merely a small house where the young men of the village noisily kick their heels or hold parodies on the activities of their elders. Spears are used only to dance with, and quarrels with the bush people are settled in court. But the community has not had to devise some way of dealing with its youthful unemployed. The recruiting of the white man does that for them. Now all Manus boys go away to work—two years, five years, sometimes seven years—for the white man. This is the great adventure to which every boy looks forward. For it, he learns pidgin, he listens eagerly to the tales of returned work boys. Among themselves the small boys ape the habits of the work boys, forming partnerships for the division of spoils. Our group of fourteen-year-olds shared their weekly tobacco as the work boys, without a bank or means of saving money, share their monthly allowance. With a shilling or two shillings a month a boy can buy nothing important, so the boys form groups—each month a different boy receives the pool and with eight or ten shillings something really worth while can be bought: a flashlight, a knife, a camphor wood box. In that one far-away village, our small boys repeated this ritual, quite meaninglessly, with tobacco.

Different kinds of service, the relative advantages of

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working for Englishmen, Chinamen, Malays, are discussed endlessly in the boys' house. The small boy has three possible ambitions: to be a "boats crew" on a schooner, a "police boy," or a "child's nurse." In the first capacity one sees the world, in the second one has great power and prestige, in the third one has that dearest of playthings, a baby, and also a possible chance to go to Sydney. When one comes home laden with the purchases from three years' earnings, the drums will sound, there will be dancing and merriment over much property. One can be lordly in the distribution of property to the elders who have a right to it because they have buried the family dead and paid for one's betrothal.

Through their work years it is impossible to follow the boys. Some are police boys and return to the village with increased respect for authority, knowledge of the white man's ways of government, respect for time and efficiency. These men become government appointees, active in future dealings with government officers, active in village affairs. Others work on an isolated plantation, eat and sleep with a group of their own people, return to the village little wiser than when they went away. The boys who have been on schooners in the Admiralties return with a smattering of other languages and some new friends in near-by villages who will be useful trade connections. Every work boy dreads returning alone to his village while his former playmates are away at work. From island to island messages are sent, "How much more time have you

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signed for?"—"A year," and the boy receiving the answers consents to sign on for one year only. So by careful planning a group of three or four usually "finish time" together and the drums beat for more than one pile of boxes and trade cloth.

The sex experience of boys away from home is as varied as their other experiences. Some go to Rabaul, where there are only a few native women who almost inevitably become prostitutes. Others isolated on plantations turn to homosexuality and finish their contracts in a passion of regret. All the affection, congeniality, mutual tolerance, sharing of wealth, which is absent in marriage, is given full play in these relationships. But they provide no pattern of personal relations which can be carried over into a Manus marriage, hedged about with precedent and tabu.

Many boys learn bits of magic, paying away part of their earnings for some formulas for causing and curing illness, winning a woman's charm, or extracting other people's property. So a smattering of alien experiences, foreign learning, and material objects, birds of paradise feathers and cassowary bones, baskets from Buka and pouches from the Ninigos, a knowledge of the properties of calomel, a deep dyed hatred of all Malays, a rosary and a half remembered pidgin English pater noster, a few stolen forks and spoons, worn camphor wood boxes with the initials of some white man burned in their lids, a torn photograph of a former master, are brought to the village by the returning work boys. For three years they have lived in a men's world,



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a world with its own social traditions, its pet economics, its feasts, its feuds, its legends. But these are not of the village, they belong to the polyglot, work boy culture, which has pidgin English as its speech, tobacco and shillings as its currency, a strong feeling of unalterable difference from the white man as a bond of union, homosexual friendships as its principal romance. Its legends are mainly of the white man's world and the sorcery of strange peoples, of the glass crystals which the Salamoan natives use to cause and cure disease. Or they tell of what happened to the Buka boy who stole a bottle of cognac, of the St. Mathias woman who died from a love spell put on her by an Aitape boy, of the weird habit of the natives of Dutch New Guinea who can only visit their wives by stealth, of the boy from Kieta who had a charm which would woo money paid away to a storekeeper out of the storekeeper's lock box and back to its native owner, of the master who beat a Manus boy and was found in his bed with his throat cut by the ghostly father of the injured boy.

It is a world where the boy is often lonely and homesick, overworked, hungry, sulky, shrinking and afraid; where he is as often well fed, gay, absorbed in new friendships and strange experiences. It is a world which has nothing in common with the life which he will lead on his return to the village; it is usually no better a preparation for it than were the old days of war and rape. Furthermore, the leaders in the village, the substantial older men who have the greatest economic power and therefore the greatest social power,

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did not go away to work. Their tales are of war, not of the white man's world. In deference to them, all pidgin English must be discarded except the few terms which even the women understand, like "work," "Sunday," "Christmas," "flash," "rice," "grease." In the world of the white man there was much evil magic afoot but at least his own Manus spirits were not concerned with his sex offences. He has suddenly returned to a world of which he has a fundamental dread, the details of which he never knew or has forgotten. The spirits whose oppressive chaperonage he has escaped for three years are found to take a lively interest in his surreptitious gift of tobacco to young Komatal who has grown so tall and desirable in his absence.

His return is celebrated by a ceremony which combines a family blessing and incantation with a feast of return. The blessing is called *tchani*, for the whole ceremony there is only the hybrid term, "*kan* (feast)—he—finished—time." Food is prepared and sent to other families, who have made similar feasts in the past, and the boy is ceremonially fed taro by his paternal grandfather or grandmother or aunt, while the following incantation is recited over him:

"Eat thou my taro.

Let the mouth be turned towards dogs' teeth,

The mouth turn towards shell money.

The shell money is not plentiful.

Let the taro turn the mouth towards it,

Towards plentifulness,

Towards greatness.

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The mouth be turned towards the little transactions,  
Towards the giving of food.  
Let it become the making of great economic transactions.  
Let him overhaul and outstrip the others,  
The brothers whom he is amongst;  
Let him eat my taro,  
May he become rich in dogs' teeth,  
Attaining many,  
Towards the attainment of much shell money."

He feeds him taro, a lump so large that the boy can hardly hold it in his mouth. Then, rolling another handful in his hand, he says, calling the names of the clan ancestors:

"Powaseu!  
Saleyao!  
Potik!  
Tcholai!  
Come you hither!  
On top of the taro, yours and mine,  
I bestow upon the son of Polou,  
Upon the son of Ngamel.  
He will monopolise the riches  
Amongst all of his clan.  
Let Manuwai become rich,  
Let him walk within the house, virtuously.  
He must not walk upon the centre board of the house floor,\*  
He must walk on the creaking slats,  
He must wait below on the lower house platform,  
He must call out for an invitation (to enter),  
He must call out announcing his arrival to women  
That they may stand up to receive him.

\* Traditional phrase, i.e., he may not enter the house in a stealthy fashion, seeking to surreptitiously possess one of the women inmates. This is symbolic of any underhand dealings.

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Afterwards he may climb up into the house.  
Let him eat my taro.  
He must do no evil.  
May he grow to my stature!  
I endow the taro with the power of war!  
And I now fight no more.  
I give this taro to my grandson!  
Let him eat the taro.  
I am the elder, thy father is the younger.  
It passes to this boy.  
I give him the taro for eating,  
I give thee power.  
He may go to war,  
He shall not be afraid.  
There may be twenty of them,  
There may be thirty of them,  
He shall terrify all of them.  
He shall remain steadfast.  
He shall stand erect.  
They will behold him,  
They will drop their spears,  
They will drop their stone axes on the ground;  
They will flee away.  
Let him eat my taro.  
I give him my taro and he eats of it.  
Let him live, let him live long,  
Until his eyes are blinded  
As are mine \*  
Let him grow towards a ripe old age."

This incantation blesses him, as the parallel incantation blesses the adolescent girl, and gives him power to conform to the ethical code of his elders, industry

\* The man who performed this ceremony in both cases where it was observed was blind. This is probably an individual touch.

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leading to wealth, open and impeccable sex conduct, courage in war, health.

There are no tabus associated with this feast, nor are there important economic obligations. It is a family ceremony of blessing. The youth goes about as before, still unmarried, still free of economic or social duties, but with the shadow of his approaching marriage hanging over him.

## XII

### THE TRIUMPH OF THE ADULTS

THE way in which the jolly little tomboy has been transformed into a proper young girl has already been described. Begun much earlier, completed in the middle teens, it is not a very difficult task. But the subjection of the young men is more difficult. They have been allowed to grow up in much greater freedom than have the girls. The little boy who slapped his mother in the face, demanded pepper leaf from his father and angrily threw it back when his father gave him only half, who refused to rescue the dogs' teeth for his mother, who stuck out his tongue when he was told to stay at home and swam away under water, has grown to manhood with these traits of insubordination, uncooperativeness, lack of responsibility unmodified. He has spent all his years in an unreal world, a world organised by industries which he has not learned, held together by a fabric of economic relations of which he knows nothing, ruled by spirits whom he has ignored. Yet if this world is to continue, the young man must learn to take his part in it, to play the rôle which his ancestors have played. The adult world is confronted by an unassimilated group, a group which speaks its language with a vocabulary for play, which knows its



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gods but gives them slight honour, which has a jolly contempt for wealth-getting activities.

Manus society does not meet this situation consciously or through group action. None the less subtle is the unconscious offensive which the culture has devised. To subject the young man it uses the sense of shame, well developed in the three-year-old, and only slightly elaborated since. The small children have been made ashamed of their bodies, ashamed of excretion, ashamed of their sex organs. The adult has been shocked, embarrassed, revolted, and the child has responded. Similar response to failure to keep the tabus of betrothal has grafted the later, more artificial convention on the former. The small boy also learns that he must not eat in the presence of his married sister's husband, or his older brother's fiancée. The onlooker, the brother-in-law, the sister-in-law to be, gives the same signs of confusion, uneasiness, embarrassment which his parents gave when he micturated in public. The act of eating before certain relatives joins the category of those things which are shameful. His embarrassment over his future marriage is also intense. A boy of fourteen will flee from the house, like a virgin surprised in her bath, if one attempts to show him a picture of his sister-in-law. He will scuttle away if he sees the conversation is even turning upon his fiancée's village. All of these things are of course equally true of girls. To the boys' tabus they add the ubiquitous tabu cloak and the shamed concealment of menstruation. But with girls there is no pause—the girl is ever more restricted, more self-con-

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scious, more ashamed. It is a steady progression from the first day she wears a scrap of cloth over her head to the day she is married and sits in the bridal canoe, inert and heavily ornamented, with her head drooping almost to her knees.

But with the boys there is an interval. By thirteen or fourteen all these early lessons are learned and they are given no new ignominies to get by heart. As in the old days of war and rape, so in the more recent adventure of working for the white man, the standards of adult life are not pressed more firmly upon them. But the old embarrassments are there, grown almost automatic through the years.

Now comes the time when the young man must marry. The payments are ready. The father or brother, uncle or cousin, who is assuming the principal economic responsibility for his marriage is ready to make the final payment, ten thousand dogs' teeth, and some hundred fathoms of shell money. And in no way is the bridegroom ready. He has no house, no canoe, no fishing tackle. He has no money and no furniture. He knows nothing of the devious ways in which all these things are obtained. Yet he is to be presented with a wife. Not against his will, for he knows the lesser fate of those who marry late. He has been told for years that he is lucky to have a wife already arranged for. He knows that wives are scarce, that even on the spirit level there is a most undignified scramble for wives and the spirit of a dead woman is snapped up almost before it has left her body. He

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knows that men without wives are men without prestige, without houses of their own, without important parts in the gift exchange. He does not rebel at the idea of marriage, he cannot rebel in advance against his fiancée for he has never seen her. He knows there will be less fun after marriage. Wives are exacting, married men have to work and scarcely ever come to the boys' house; still—one must marry.

But as plan follows plan, he gets more nervous. So Manoi, the husband of Ngalen, listened to the plans made by his two uncles, his mother's brother and his mother's sister's husband. He preferred the latter's house; here he had always chosen to sleep when he didn't sleep in the boys' house. From his babyhood he has slept where he liked and screamed with rage if his preferences were opposed. But suddenly a new factor enters in. Says Ndrosal, the uncle whom he doesn't like, "You will live in the back of my house and fish for me. I am busy; your other uncle has already a nephew who fishes for him. You will bring your wife, the granddaughter of Kea, and you two will sleep in the back of the house." Embarrassment fills Manoi—never before have his future relations with his wife been referred to. He accepts the arrangement in sullen silence. After the wedding he finds his whole manner of life is altered. Not only must he feed his new wife, but also be at the beck and call of the uncles who have paid for her. He has done nothing to pay for his privileges. They have found him a woman—shameful thought—he must fish for them, go journeys

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for them, go to market for them. He must lower his voice when he talks to them. On the other hand his uncles have not completed the marriage payment. So he must go ashamedly before all his wife's male relatives. Not even to her father does he show his face. His wife's family are making a big exchange. He is expected to help them, but he cannot punt his canoe in the procession for his father-in-law is there.

On all sides he must go humbly. He is poor, he has no home; he is an ignoramus. His young wife who submits so frigidly to his clumsy embrace knows more than he, but she is sullen and uncooperative. He enters an era of social eclipse. He cannot raise his voice in a quarrel, he who as a small boy has told the oldest men in the village to hold their noise. Then he was a gay and privileged child, now he is the least and most despised of adults.

All about him he sees two types of older men, those who have mastered the economic system, become independent of their financial backers, gone into the gift exchange for themselves, and those who have slumped and who are still dependent nonentities, tyrannised over by their younger brothers, forced to fish nightly to keep their families in food. Those who have succeeded have done so by hard dealing, close-fisted methods, stinginess, saving, ruthlessness. If he would be like them, he must give up the good-natured ways of his boyhood. Sharing with one's friends does not go with being a financial success. So as the independence of his youth goes down before the shame of poverty, the generous

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habits of his youth are suppressed in order that his independence may some day be regained.

Only the stupid and the lazy fail to make some bid for independence and these can no longer be friendly or generous because they are too poor and despised.

The village scene is accordingly strangely stratified—through the all-powerful, obstreperous babies, the noisy, self-sufficient, insubordinate crowd of children, the cowed young girls and the unregenerate undisciplined young men roistering their disregarding way through life. Above this group comes the group of young married people—meek, abashed, sulky, skulking about the back doors of their rich relations' houses. Not one young married man in the village had a home of his own. Only one had a canoe which it was safe to take out to sea. Their scornful impertinence is stilled, their ribald parodies of their culture stifled in anxious attempts to master it; their manner hushed and subdued.

Above the thirty-five-year-olds comes a divided group—the failures still weak and dependent, and the successes who dare again to indulge in the violence of childhood, who stamp and scream at their debtors, and give way to uncontrolled hysterical rage whenever crossed.

As they emerge from obscurity their wives emerge with them and join their furious invective to the clatter of tongues which troubles the waters daily. They have learned neither real control nor respect for others during their enforced retirement from vociferous social

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relations. They have learned only that riches are power and that it is purgatory not to be able to curse whom one pleases. They are as like their forebears as peas to peas. The jolly comradeship, the co-operation, the cheerful following a leader, the delight in group games, the easy interchange between the sexes—all the traits which make the children's group stand out so vividly from the adults'—are gone. If that childhood had never been, if every father had set about making his newborn son into a sober, anxious, calculating, bad tempered little businessman, he could hardly have succeeded more perfectly.

The society has won. It may have reared its children in a world of happy freedom, but it has stripped its young men even of self-respect. Had it begun earlier, its methods need have been less abrupt. The girl's subjection is more gradual, less painful. She is earlier mistress of her cultural tradition. But as young people, both she and her husband must lead submerged lives, galling to their pride. When men and women emerge from this cultural obscurity of early married life, they have lost all trace of their happy childhood attitudes, except a certain scepticism which makes them mildly pragmatic in their religious lives. This one good trait remains, the others have vanished because the society has no use for them, no institutionalised paths for their expression.



PART TWO

REFLECTIONS ON THE EDUCATIONAL  
PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY IN THE LIGHT  
OF MANUS EXPERIENCE

XIII

BEQUEATHING OUR TRADITION GRACIOUSLY

BECAUSE Manus society is so like our own in its aims and values, we may compare its methods of education with ours, put current theories to the test of Manus experience. American children are as a rule very lightly disciplined, given little real respect for their elders. This increasing lack of discipline has been hailed by some enthusiasts as the type of what all education should be. There are theorists to-day who, proceeding upon the assumption that all children are naturally good, kind, intelligent, unselfish and discriminating, deprecate any discipline or direction from adults. Still others base their disapproval of disciplinary measures upon the plea that all discipline inhibits the child, blocks and mars his development. All of these educators base their theories on the belief that there is something called Human Nature which would blossom in beauty were it not distorted by the limited points of

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view of the adults. It is, however, a more tenable attitude to regard human nature as the rawest, most undifferentiated of raw material, which must be moulded into shape by its society, which will have no form worthy of recognition unless it is shaped and formed by cultural tradition. And the child will have as an adult the imprint of his culture upon him whether his society hands him the tradition with a shrug, throws it to him like a bone to a dog, teaches him each item with care and anxiety, or leads him towards manhood as if he were on a sight-seeing tour. But which method his society uses will have far-reaching results in the attitudes of the growing child, upon the way he phrases the process of growing up, upon the resentment or enthusiasm with which he meets the inevitable social pressure from the adult world.

The Manus teach their children very young the things which they consider most important—physical skill, prudery and respect for property. They teach them these things firmly, unrelentingly, often severely. But they do not teach them respect for age or for knowledge; they enjoin upon them neither courtesy nor kindness to their elders. They do not teach them to work; they regard it as quite natural if a child refuses to rescue a lost necklace from the sea, or retrieve a drifting canoe. When a new house is thatched the children clamber over the scaffolding, shouting and useless. When they catch fish they do not bring them home to their parents; they eat them themselves. They are fond of young children and enjoy teaching them, but refuse to take

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any responsibility for them. They are taught to control their bodies but not their appetites, to have steady hands but careless tongues. It is impossible to dose them with medicine for all their lives they have spat out anything which they disliked. They have never learned to submit to any authority, to be influenced by any adult except their beloved but not too respected fathers. In their enforced servitude to their older brothers and uncles, they find neither satisfaction nor pride. They develop from overbearing, undisciplined children, into quarrelsome, overbearing adults who make the lagoon ring with their fits of rage.

It is not a pretty picture. Those things which the children learn young, which they are disciplined into accepting, they learn thoroughly and well. But they are never taught participation in adult life nor made to feel themselves an integral part of adult life. When participation is thrust upon them, they resent it as slavery. They are never taught to respect age or wisdom, so their response to their elders is one of furious inferiority. They have learned no humility while they were younger; they have little dignity when they are older. Manus elders have climbed to a place of authority upon the unwilling shoulders of resentful young men; they strut, but they have no peace there.

In many ways this picture is like our society to-day. Our children are given years of cultural non-participation in which they are permitted to live in a world of their own. They are allowed to say what they like, when they like, how they like, to ignore many of the

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conventions of their adults. Those who try to stem the tide are derided as "old fogies," "old fashioned," "hide bound" and flee in confusion before these magic words of exorcism. This state of discipline is due to very real causes in American society. In an immigrant country, the children are able to make a much better adjustment than have their parents. The rapid rate of invention and change in the material side of life has also made each generation of children relatively more proficient than their parents. So the last generation use the telephone more easily than their parents; the present generation are more at home in automobiles than are their fathers and mothers. When the grandparent generation has lived through the introduction of the telegraph, telephone, wireless, radio and telephotography, automobiles and aeroplanes, it is not surprising that control should slip through their amazed fingers into the more readily adaptable hands of children. While adults fumbled helplessly with daylight saving time, missed appointments and were late to dinner, children of six whose ideas of time had not yet become crystallised rapidly assimilated the idea that ten o'clock was not necessarily ten o'clock, but might be nine or eleven. In a country where the most favoured are the ones to take up the newest invention, and old things are in such disrepute that one encounters humourless signs, which advertise, "Antiques old and new" and "Have your wedding ring renovated," the world belongs to the new generation. They can learn the new techniques far more easily than can their more culturally

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set elders. So the young in America seize their material world; almost from birth, without any practice in humility, and their parade of power becomes a shallow jugglery with things, phrases, catchwords.

To this rapidly changing material world, we have added one other phenomenon which makes it easy for the veriest babe to outbid experience and training. This is the money standard. The result is a society very like Manus, an efficient, well-equipped, active society in which wealth is the only goal, and what a man has is substituted for what he is. Respect for the old has no logical place in such a scheme of values. In a world in which individuals are pigeon-holed among a multitude of possessions in which the very personality is defined in terms of clothes, it is the pigeon-holes which count, not the individuals. And our pigeonholes are very dull ones, houses, automobiles, clothes, all turned out wholesale. These define a man's position in the social scheme, and it takes nothing but money to buy the way from one cranny to the next. The people in one pigeonhole are too like the people in the next one. The variations which occur in this money defined culture are very slight and unimportant. Differences between social groups are like differences between apartments in the same building. Our ideas of individuality are like those of the woman living in apartment 18a in a large apartment house, who accused her poorer neighbour living in apartment 2a, of having "put the bed in the wrong place." Wealth is separable from age, from sex, from wit or beauty, from manners or morals. Once

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it becomes valued as a way of life, there is no respect for those things which must be learned, must be experienced to be understood.

It is idle to talk about disciplining children, about inculcating a respect for authority which will give them a sense of proportion, as if it were a matter which could be settled by the purchase of a leather strap or its equivalents. The difficulty is much more deeply rooted in the very organisation of our society. Much has been written about the disappearance of the craftsman and his supercession by the machine which can be manned by an eighteen-year-old boy with a week's training. This is significant of the whole trend of modern American ideals. In the past there have been societies in which the elders have been craftsmen in life, wise in its requirements, loving in their use of precious materials. The young men have felt they had something very precious, which must be learned slowly, carefully, with reverence. Their voices have been lowered in real respect and their children's voices were hushed also, not merely muted sullenly as in Manus. But in Manus as in America, life is not viewed as an art which is learned, but in terms of things which can be acquired. Those who have acquired them can command those who have not. And in Manus and in America it is not with respect that youth views age. Youth grants the aged neither greater wisdom nor greater prowess. They vote them richer and therefore in the saddle.

We may tighten up here and there in America, force our children to salute or courtesy, but we can expect



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to have no real discipline and hence no real dignity until we shift our valuations from having to being. When the emphasis of a society is upon what people are—as individuals—even though it be only good hunters, clever swordsmen, or skilled horseback riders, much more so if it be as artists, scholars or statesmen, then discipline is in that people. The young are taught not only the rudiments of techniques and avoidances, how to handle a canoe or a telephone, judge the distance between houseposts or dodge an oncoming automobile, bargain over dogs' teeth or over preferred stocks, but are taught to value beauty of speech and gesture, the understanding of fine arts which can come only with age and experience. When the Samoan child said "o le ali'i" "the chief," he means some one who possesses certain qualities of leadership, of dignity or wisdom, for which he has been singled out above his fellows. But the Manus child who says: "He is a strong man for he has many dogs' teeth," the American child who says, "Gee, he's a rich guy," is speaking not of the man but of his possessions. They do not conceive the man as in any way better than themselves. They give his wealth envious admiration, to him they give only the lip service which is accorded one who accidentally and through no particular merit is in a strategic position. Hilaire Belloc has counted it a virtue that in America a rich man is never worshipped slavishly as he is in Europe. But a deeper probing reveals this as really symptomatic of a loss. In Europe rank and breeding and responsibility have for so long



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been the accompaniment of wealth, that the European who bows before the rich men, thinks that he is honouring those things. In America, where wealth has become disassociated from any standard of behaviour, youth looks, not at the possessor that he may admire, but at the wealth, that he may covet it.

We can never discipline our children into respecting us as the owners of things, we can only keep them in temporary subjugation by withholding those things from them. By lashing them, essentially undisciplined as they are, with the whip of economic inferiority, as the Manus do, we can make them conform. Ashamed of being poor they will work, day in and day out—as the Manus do—that they or at least their children may have the things which gave power to their elders and “betters.” And we have as a result a dismal spectacle like “Middletown,” with each economic class working desperately to push its children into the next class; a frantic driven climb through a series of pigeonholes which are essentially alike.

In such a picture there is little discipline and less dignity. The children take and take from the parents, of their effort, their health, their very life; take it as their due, accepting their parents' valuation that the child's rise to the next economic pigeonhole is the greatest good in life. Taking this tribute from the older generation, they do not respect the givers of the tribute. And yet the arrangements of life are such that the mature in years will always be in possession of those things which the society values, whether they be wealth

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or knowledge, printing presses or the engraver's art. We may thrust the very old from their seats, an occasional youth may climb to a place far beyond his age mates, but there still remains a vast adult body who are the possessors, while the majority of the young are the unpossessing. From the conflict between those who have mastered the culture and those who have yet to master it, there comes a kind of strain which seems so germane to the whole course of human development as to be inevitable. Only if a culture lacks intensity in every respect, as does Samoa, can this strain be eliminated. Where to the conflict between the old and the young is added the conflict between an old way and a new, as in a complex rapidly changing modern culture, the difficulties are greatly increased. It will not change this condition to relax all discipline, or to lower the age of marriage without parental consent. The age at which the conflict comes may be varied; the form which the conflict takes may be varied, but it will be present in some form whether the individual accepts his society with enthusiasm, with reluctance or only when coerced. All attempts to blink this fact fail as did the mother who abhorred the idea of status implied in the word *mother* and taught her child to call her "Alice," only to find the child referring to the other children's mothers as their "Alices." The parent-child situation is not so easily evaded.

But if it cannot be evaded, it can be met. We can so phrase the process of growing up that it will have graciousness and dignity. If we can teach our children

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admiration for their elders, concentrate their attention upon what their elders have that is worthy of praise, we can equip them to feel humility, that fortunate feeling in which the virtues of the other person are in the foreground and the self in the background. If we can give them no attitudes other than envy and negligence towards those who are in power we develop in them instead only a feeling of inferiority, the miserable emphasis not upon what others *are*, but upon what they, themselves, have not. Without admiration for their elders they can give them no homage; their attention is turned back upon themselves and they, the unpossessing, feel inferior.

In modern America, the shift in techniques, the changes in material culture, the great immigrant invasions whose descendants are inevitably better adjusted than were their parents, the emphasis upon the possession and control of a fluid undifferentiated material like money, have all undermined the respect for the aged as such. It would probably be impossible and equally undesirable to return to an attitude which bows to grey hairs and gives deference to parents no matter what their character or just deserts. Once the myth of the innate superiority of age is overthrown, no matter how irrelevant the agents of its downfall—in America these agents have been different language groups, the sudden growth of mechanical invention and the money dictated fluidity of class lines—it cannot easily be reinstated. It is because they do not realise this that parents and teachers who insist upon respect to-day are met with

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mocking eyes and shrugging shoulders. They insist upon respect given to status and the young people have tested the quality of status based upon the possession of wealth and found it wanting. If we wish to re-establish some sort of discipline which will make it possible for our young people to grow up less ungraciously, we must sacrifice the old insistence upon respect for *all* parents, *all* teachers, *all* guardians. We cannot deceive the perspicacity of present-day youth, but we can utilise it. The acumen which has been displayed in finding out some of its elders, may be turned to honouring others of them if only the elders will change their line of battle. The adult world to-day is like a long and straggling battle line, weekly defended by the advocates of an old fashioned respect for those in authority. The defenders of this line are too few, too scattered. Too many of those who would once have stood beside them have gone over completely to the young invaders, admitting miserably that they have no bulwark worth defending. The remainder stretch their depleted ranks along too long a line, a line the defences of which are all known to the enemy. In defending all the bulwarks they lose the entire battle. It is time to admit the worthlessness of the present claims, to admit that neither age nor status nor authority are capable of commanding real respect unless they are joined with definite qualities worthy of admiration. Then those who have deserted the battle line—in laziness, desperation, or real humility—can return to defend a modified and more exacting dogma of superiority.

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In so doing, in rewriting the relationship between youth and age so that some of the aged will always outrank the finest youths, while admitting that many of the aged have earned no guerdon of respect, the elders will serve youth more than themselves. In offering them nothing they do them only injury. If children were moved by great internal drives which drove them into manufacturing a new heaven and a new earth, then the elders might benefit them by standing aside and letting the experiment have free play. But the children have no such creative gift. They have no stuff to build with except tradition. Left to themselves, deprived of their tradition or presented with no tradition which they can respect, they build an empty edifice without content. And come to maturity, they must make terms with the culture of their adults, live on the same premises, abide by the same values. It is no service to them to so rear them that they take over the adult life sullenly, with dull resentment. The perpetuation of the given culture is the inevitable fate of the majority of any society. We who cannot free them from that fate may at least give them such a phrasing of life that it may seem to them important and dignified. To treat our children as the Manus do, permit them to grow up as the lords of an empty creation, despising the adults who slave for them so devotedly, and then apply the whip of shame to make them fall in line with a course of life which they have never been taught to see as noble or dignified—this is giving a stone to those who have a right to good bread.

## XIV

### EDUCATION AND PERSONALITY

ALTHOUGH education can not alter the fact that the child will be in most important respects like the culture within which he is reared, methods of education may have far-reaching effects upon the development in the child of that sum total of temperament, outlook, habitual choice, which we call personality. Because the Manus have carried the development of personality to such extreme limits for a people bound within the narrow walls of a single tradition, the way in which each Manus baby is differentiated from each other Manus baby throws vivid light upon the problem. Within a homogeneous culture the problem of personality is seen stripped of all the trappings and superficial elaborations which a complex culture inevitably gives each individual born into its hybrid tradition. The result of these secondary elaborations we often take for personality differences when they are nothing of the sort. Let us compare for a moment the possible cultural variations permitted to a Manus adult male with those variations which are part of the individuality of every man in our society. Taking first the minor matters of appearance, a Manus man may wear his hair long and arranged in a knot, or short; he may wear earrings or not, similarly he may or may not wear a thin pearl shell



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crescent or an incised bone in his nose. But in any case ears and nose will be pierced to receive these ornaments. His breech clout is of brown breadfruit bark, or of trade cloth. His jewelry is dogs' teeth, shell money and beadwork. The dogs' teeth may be strung with beads in between, they may be strung single or double; the shell money may have red beads in it, or red and black beads—very minor variations at best. Compare this with the variations implied in our range from the overalls of the working man through the important nuances described in the Theatre Programs as "What the well dressed man will wear." And when it is a question of possible tastes, beliefs, opinions, the contrast is overwhelming. The most aberrant man in Peri, and he is yet a young man, proclaimed his difference from his fellows as a boy by the unique act of hanging a charm on the back of a cousin whom he had seduced so that the spirits could not punish her. In later life, he used a vocabulary filled with obsolete words carefully collected from old men in different villages, and he laughed aloud at his sister's funeral. In all other respects he was very like his fellows, he married, his wife left him, he married again. He fished and traded for garden products, he engaged in economic exchanges, he observed the name tabus of his affinal relatives, as did all the other men in Peri. Another man in Peri was conspicuous on a different count; he had wept sincerely and lengthily for his wife when she died and he had kept her skull and occasionally talked to it. This made him a marked individual, unique in the ex-



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perience of his kinsmen and neighbours. But in the bulk of his beliefs and practices he differed not at all from all the other men of the village.

Now let us consider a brief sample of the kinds of individuals which we find among ourselves. Among two men of the same general personality traits—i.e., both may be dominant, aggressive, originative, self-confident—one may believe in the Trinity and the Doctrine of Original Sin, the other be a convinced Agnostic; one may believe in free trade, state's rights, local option; the other in tariffs, big navies, national legislation on social questions; one may be interested in collecting prints of early New York, the other in collecting butterflies; one may have his house done in Queen Anne furniture, the other have a house with furniture assembled from half a dozen sources; one an ear trained to distinguish the most elaborate fugues, the other a knowledge of Picasso which enables him to date every Picasso painting; one a preference for Cabell, the other for Proust. And so one could go through the entire range of possible tastes and to complete the picture compare either of these men with a young clerk in a small city, whose only amusements are driving a Ford, going to the movies, reading the comic strips; whose house has been furnished in standard ugliness on the instalment plan and who is a Republican because his father was. Both antithetical tastes of the same kind, and the difference between complex and simple tastes, serve as a background against which the individual can stand out far more sharply than would ever be pos-

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sible to any one in a simple culture. In Manus musical taste consists in being able to play a pan pipe or a nose flute, well or badly; artistic interest in carving or not carving perfectly traditional forms which have been developed by neighbouring peoples. But within this narrow range of cultural choices and possibilities there is as much difference in actual personality traits among Manus children as there is among American children, the recessive and the dominant, the calculating and the impetuous, the originaive and the imitative types, can be seen quite clearly. And just because complex differences in tradition, training, reading, are not present to blur the picture, Manus is a good place to study the way in which these fundamental aspects of personality are developed in the young child.

This is a problem that has as much significance for us as it has for any primitive people. How are these special tendencies to make one kind of choice rather than another developed in the growing individual? A superficial survey of present day civilisations reveals the immediate relevance of the relationship between culture and temperament. The meditative person concerned with other world values is at a complete discount in America where even a parson must be a go-getter and the premium is always to the energetic. Conversely, the active-minded type which sees no fascination in thought and scoffs at philosophical perplexities would have been at a disadvantage in a society like that of ancient India. Among the Zúñi Indians the individual with undisguised initiative and greater drive than his

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fellows is in danger of being branded as a witch and hung up by his thumbs. The man who sought all his life for a vision and could not obtain one even by tearing his muscles from his back was helplessly handicapped among those fundamentalist Plains Indian tribes who had not yet adopted the device of buying and selling religious experience. Each society approximates in its chief emphasis to one of the many possible types of human behaviour.\* Those individuals who show this type of personality will be its leaders and its saints. Those who have developed the dominant traits to a slighter extent will be its rank and file; those who have perversely seized upon some perfectly alien point of view, it will sometimes lock up in asylums, sometimes imprison as political agitators, burn as heretics, or possibly permit to live out a starveling existence as artists. The man who is said to have been "born at the right time" or "born for his age" is simply one whose personality is thus in tune with the dominant note of his society and who has also the requisite endowment of intellect. Societies are kept going, are elaborated and expanded by those whose spirit is akin to their own. They are undermined and superseded by the new faiths and new programmes worked out in pain and rebellion by those who find no spiritual home in the culture in which they were born. Upon the former group lies the burden of perpetuating their society and perhaps of giving it even more definite form. Upon

\* For a theoretical development of this point of view, see Benedict, Ruth. "Psychological Types in the Culture of the South West." Proc. XXIII International Congress of Americanists.

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the gifted among the misfits lies the burden of building new worlds. Obviously upon the balance of these three types depends part of the fortune of the culture. Without creating enthusiasts for the present régime or new forms of the same régime, a society or a section of social life will be leaderless, will sink into dulness and mediocrity. An example of this is to be found in American political life to-day which is neither led by the best type of American, that is, the personality type which best embodies American emphasis, nor given vigour and vitality by the presence of forceful individuals whose temperament makes them unsympathetic to correct American ideals. The fortunes of any society are influenced by the type of material its misfits feed upon, whether they build their philosophies of change from ideas sufficiently congruent with their culture so that real change can be brought about or whether they feed from sources so alien that they become mere ineffectual dreamers.

Any society, therefore, even if it be islanded from all contact with other cultures, is dependent at any moment upon the personality trends which the new born babies will eventually develop. In the case of the few really gifted individuals born into each generation, it will be of the utmost importance whether they have an enthusiasm for the continuation of present conditions or spend their lives in a restless driven search for something different. So the fate of any culture may be said to be dependent upon the calibre of its people, not in the sense that the intelligence of one people dif-

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fers from another, but in the way in which its ideals appeal to the gifted in each generation, either stunning them into acquiescence or firing them with a violent zest for change.

Yet of the mechanisms by which one child becomes an enthusiast within the pattern, another responds with apathy, a third with positive aversion, we know very little. Perhaps the most fruitful attacks upon the problem have come from the psycho-analysts whose unwearied desire to subsume the whole of life under one rubric has led them to attempt the solution of problems which the orthodox psychologists have left strictly alone. One of their most useful conceptions is the idea of Identification, the way in which one individual identifies himself so strongly with another personality, either known, read about or imagined, that he makes the choices, the attitudes of that person his own. The psycho-analysts have used this concept to explain dozens of situations varying from identification with characters in a play or a book, to the process by which an identification with a parent of the wrong sex can produce inverted sex attitudes.

Among ourselves, the possibilities of variation through identification are many and contradictory. Either parent, the teacher, the favourite movie actor, the baseball player, a character in a book of play, a hero of history, a favourite playmate or God himself may be the point of focus. The asylums are filled with those who have carried these identifications beyond the borders of sanity and firmly believe themselves to be Na-

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poleon or Jesus Christ, maltreated by a blind and hostile world. And that this process in its more extreme forms is not merely a phenomena of our own society is proved by its occurrence in Samoa, where I found a man who held firmly to the delusion that he was Tufele, the high chief of the island, and demanded that he, a poor commoner, be addressed in the terms reserved for the highest chiefs. In its less pathological forms, the tendency to identify is found in every fan, every ardent follower of an individual leader, every one who seeks to reproduce, meticulously although in little, the behaviour of some immensely admired person.

In Manus the child has no such range of choice. Without important differences in rank, without religious leaders, without great characters of history or myth, the child has no gallery in any way comparable to that from which our children can choose their models. Furthermore the culture and the willingness, perhaps one may say tendency, of a child to pick a model has fitted closely in Manus into the pattern of the father-son relationship. The reader will remember how close is the companionship between father and young son, how the child follows his father through every phase of his daily routine, watches him as he schemes, quarrels, works, lounges, entreats his ancestral spirits or harangues his wife. We have seen how the children of older successful men can be distinguished from the children of young or unsuccessful ones. And most significant of all, we have seen how the correspondence between the personality of father and adopted son is as great as that



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between father and own son, and greater than that between a man and his blood son who has been adopted by a man of different temperament or status in the community. This evidence suggests that whatever the hereditary disposition—a factor which we at present have no means of measuring—it is greatly influenced by this close association with a mature personality. In the close fostering care of adult men for their children, the Manus have an excellent social mechanism by which personality traits may be perpetuated in the next generation.

Nor is this merely a way of preserving in the next generation the balance of the last between decisive and undecisive, aggressive and meek. If a strong man has five sons, they will be born to him at different stages of his career. The child of his youth will be of a milder temperament than the child of his assured maturity. This may be one of the reasons why primogeniture has so little practical effect in Manus, why younger brothers so often definitely dominate older ones. (A difference of intelligence is of course the alternative explanation in any particular case.) The proportion of each temperament may shift slightly from generation to generation, according to accidents of birth or adoption. Paleao, the aggressive, has only one son; Mutchin, his brother, mild, unaggressive, conservative, has four. Paleao has now adopted one of Mutchin's sons, but too late to appreciably alter the child's personality. Where only ten or fifteen men decide the fortunes of the com-



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munity, three or four aggressive and initiating people more or less can make a great deal of difference.

It is interesting to compare these Manus methods, not only with our own, but also with those used by another South Sea Island people, the Samoans.\* In Samoa, the idea of rank serves as a stimulus to children, but they receive little individual stimulus because men of importance never permit children to come near them. Children are shooed away from the presence of their elders and turned over to the care of immature children or old women. There is no guarantee that a strong man's son will have a personality in any way like his. But the idea of rank has some influence in forming the child's personality. If he is the son or the nephew of a chief, higher standards are enjoined upon him and he responds by making somewhat greater efforts than do his playmates. But "You are the son of chiefs" is an incentive to effort, not like our fatal emphasis upon the success of the father which frightens and stunts the development of the son. The effect upon the Samoan child's personality is relatively slight; small boys differ only slightly from one another, much less than Manus children. When they become young men, the chiefs take more interest in their possible successors and the young men have a chance for imitation after their characters are pretty well formed. But for sixteen or seventeen years the principal human determinant of a young Samoan's behaviour has been the standard of his age

\* For a discussion of Samoan conditions, see "Coming of Age in Samoa."

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group, not the personality of any adult. So strong is the tradition of conformity to the age standard, that the idea of rank and the late association with men of maturity and habits of command makes little headway against it. Samoan men are very much alike when compared with Manus men. The carefully fostered habits of moderated impersonal behaviour appropriate to status rather than to natural tendencies or shades of endowment, have fitted them far more into one mould.

In Manus the age group is of little importance among children. As individuals they respond to the distinctions among their fathers, the distinctions based immediately upon age, economic status and success, the last of which is dependent in some measure upon intelligence, but more upon aggressive initiative and energy. So in Manus we find three main types of personality, the aggressive, violent, overbearing type found in older rich men and in the children whom they are fostering and who have not yet reached marriageable age, the definitely assured but less articulately aggressive type found in young men who have not yet attained economic security but who were given a good start in childhood and the immature children of these men; and the mild unaggressive meek type—the older unsuccessful men who were presumably given a bad start or who have very little natural ability, and their children. The community is assured of having a certain number of successful men with drive and force in each generation. As in over half of the cases the successors of successful men are their own sons or at least blood relatives, this

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system creates a sort of aristocracy of personality which is certain of perpetuating itself. It produces strong individual differences between the men of even very small villages, and makes for a dynamic atmosphere absent in Samoa, even though personality there is bolstered up by chieftainship. This alert restless people are alive to the cultures with which they come in contact, quick to take advantage of the white man's ideas and use them to their own advantage. The Samoan use of white civilisation has been based, not upon the action of particular individuals but upon the flexibility of a pattern of life in which the individual counts for very little and there are no strong passions or heavy prices to be paid. In Manus on the other hand, there is much conflict, much friction between one type and another, and the development of much stronger feelings. The Samoan system is a very pleasant way of reducing the rough unseemly aspects of human nature to a pleasant innocuousness. The Manus is a device by which personality may be capitalised and used by the society.

In America we follow neither the one system nor the other. The degeneration of the father's rôle into that of a tired, often dreaded, nightly visitor has done much to make his son's happy identification with him impossible. When the child does attempt to identify with his father he usually has to seize upon the more conspicuous, more generic aspects of his father's character, his clothes, his physical strength, his deep voice, the very aspects which a small boy of five has the most difficulty in imitating successfully. As one small boy once

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told me dolefully, he could never be a big man like his father because he couldn't make a big noise when he blew his so much smaller nose. A father is the man who can lift one in his arms, who comes home at night, who is home on Sunday, who drives the car, who makes money, who has to shave every day, who has a bass voice. Such characteristics do not distinguish among any hundred of men in a given community. The child is forced to identify with a lay figure in trousers. He is not permitted the more intimate contact which would enable him to grasp his father as an individual, rather than as a member of a sex.

The conventions of our society are such that to an alarming extent bringing up children is regarded as women's work. Witness the overwhelming feminine interest in problems of education, hygiene, etc.—the almost complete neglect of such subjects by men. The boy is his mother's province until he is six or seven, and this produces difficulties of adjustment somewhat like those of Manus girls. Identification with members of the opposite sex is a precarious business in a heterosexual world. At six or seven the boy is handed over to other women. Mother, nurse, teacher, leader of play group, they pass in a long procession between him and any real contact with men. Their influence is a smoke screen through which the father's image filters distorted, magnified, unreal. And the child who responds strongly to a dominant father responds not positively and eagerly, as in Manus, but negatively with a feeling of inadequacy and inevitable failure. The

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Manus would look with pity upon our long array of failures whose fathers were famous, often indeed of failures *because* their fathers were famous. Whether one places one's faith in inheritance of native ability or in the effect of early conditioning, a strong man's sons should be strong, every gain made by an individual should be conserved for the next generation, not dissipated nor paradoxically allowed to poison the lives of his unfortunate offspring. It is a very pitiable picture to see how, in contemporary life, without either the Manus training of young boys or the Samoan device of rank, the gains of men in one generation are so often unrepresented among their descendants.

The failure of children to identify with their fathers is intensified in this country by the rapidly shifting standards and the differences in outlook between parents and children. The evidence in "Middletown" \* is confirmatory of this in showing the very few children who wished to follow their father's vocation. The child responds to a conception of his father as an unknown force hard to reckon with, as a recalcitrant bread winner who sometimes refuses to dispense the desired amount of pocket money, as a usually indifferent member of the household who suddenly exercises a veto supported by superior strength and economic superiority, as an old fogey whose ideas are mocked by the new generation. But the male child must, if he is to make any sort of happy adult adjustment, identify himself somewhat with his father or with some other grown

\* P. 59.

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man. No matter how close, how affectionate, how deserving of admiration and allegiance his mother may be, she does not offer the male child a way of life. If his allegiance to her is too close, it will stunt his emotional development; if he identifies himself with her it is at the risk of becoming an invert, or at best of making some fantastic and uncomfortable emotional adjustment. The heaviest prices which family life demands from children are those which result from an antagonism to the father and an overdependence upon the mother, for a boy child, and the opposite set for a girl. Manus demands these prices of the little girl who identifies herself with her father at the expense of any attachment to her mother, and who makes the pitiable discovery at seven or eight that she has made a mistake, that the ways of manhood are not for her.

We arrange things equally badly for the boy, a more serious blunder when the bulk of cultural achievement falls to the unhandicapped male. We muffle him in feminine affection, and present his father to him as an animated whip to enforce his mother's rôle of affectionate ruler. All through his most impressionable years he associates with women whom he can not take as models, interesting and admirable as they often are. This being so, without being able to identify with the only adults he knows, denied the stimulating companionship of men, he falls back on the age group—that standardising levelling influence in which all personality is subordinated to a group type. More and more in this country the young people depend upon the applause



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of their equals, scoffing at the judgments of those maturer than themselves, without thought or sense of responsibility for the younger ones. The whole finely tempered mechanism by which the gains of one generation are transmitted to the next is being lost. The grown men, completely uninterested in children, neither show any concern for the children themselves nor stimulate older boys into showing an interest. Each age group becomes a little self-satisfied coterie, revolving endlessly, dully about its own image.

That this age group system will work is shown by the conditions in Samoa. It is possible to let the age standard override every consideration of personality, individual gift and temperamental difference to substitute these meagre cross sections of human life for the complete picture which includes individuals ranging from those just born to those who are on the point of death. But this age standard is accepted at the expense of loss of individuality. It is the type of standard most easily diffused, most easily acquired, least productive of initiative or originality. Adult standards which have been differentiated by years of self-conscious intense living, can be passed on from father to son, from teacher to pupil, but hardly distributed wholesale through the movies, the radio, the daily press. An appeal which must strike an answering note in thousands of listeners or readers can seldom be intense enough to select out certain aspects of a child's temperament and give them form and coherence. Personal contact with mature individuals who are acutely concerned that the young

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people in whom they are interested shall develop personality and initiative is probably the only influence which can stem the flood of publicity directing "How the nineteen-year-old will feel" and "What the High School Senior will think."

So we have the disadvantages of both the Samoan and the Manus systems of education and we have the advantages of neither one. In Samoa the child owes no emotional allegiance to its father and mother. These personalities are merged in a large household group of fostering adults. The child unfettered by emotional ties finds sufficient satisfaction in the mild warmth which is the emotional tone of the age group. So the Samoan child suffers neither the reward nor the penalty of intimate family life. Manus children, on the other hand, are bound so closely by family ties that outside adjustments are not expected of them and may well be impossible to them. But in return the boy child receives the best that such a close association has to offer—a living sense of his father's personality.

American boys are not, like Samoan children, free from all demands for strong feeling, free to find contentment in the diluted amiability of the approving age group. Nor are they, like Manus children, rewarded by the close companionship with the father and the possibility of a happy identification with him. They are tied to a family group where the mother absorbs their affections and yet furnishes them with no usable model, where the mother makes too strong claims to let them be completely happy in the age group. The shadow

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of the father falls just far enough across their young activities to spoil them.

Our girls often get a better time of it. When the differences between the points of view of mother and daughter are not too great owing to shifting social standards, the daughter can make a first identification with her mother which offers her a workable pattern of life. Antagonism to the father does not necessarily have the same blighting effect upon her that it has upon her brother. Very often she develops less of an antagonism to her father because he does not necessarily play an absentee Roman father to his daughters also. It may also be hazarded that possibly the daughter's emotional life is left freer than is her brother's; where their mother presents to the daughter a way of life she presents to the son only an emotional obstacle which he must overleap.

In the school as in the home, the girls are again more fortunate than their brothers. It is not without significance that interest in the arts and the considered use of leisure time and the development of the personality are all found almost exclusively among women in this country. It is not without significance that the English literature courses show a tendency to attract the superior women and the inferior men. The records of other countries do not show any special aptitude of women for the arts, in fact the exponents of the theory of feminine inferiority can find plenty of proof to the contrary. But in this country the arts are discredited as a male pursuit; and it may well be that one of the

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great causes of their low estate is that they are taught by the sex with whom the boy students can not possibly identify themselves.

No society can afford to so neglect the ways in which children make their choices and to deny to the sex which has the greatest freedom to make permanent contributions, the stimulus which can be given only in close personal association. The American boy's conceptions of manhood are diluted, standardised, undifferentiated. His choices are as generic as his vision. He chooses to make money, to be a success, he makes no more particularistic allegiances. The contrast between what we might make of our boys and what we do make of them is like the contrast between a series of beautiful objects made by individual loving craftsmen, and a series of objects all turned out by a machine. Whatever arguments may be advanced for the enrichment of life by the labour saving of the machine, can hardly be applied to human beings as well as to furniture. But those who argue that it is because this is a machine age that individuals are becoming standardised in this country may be overdrawing the analogy and seeing a complete explanation in what is only a partial one. The diluted personal contacts of the American boy may well be as important a handicap as the ubiquity of the machine.

Although there are a few trends away from this intensive femininity of education, more boys' schools with men teachers, more explicit statements from social workers and psychiatrists who plead for the child's need

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of a father, the bulk of our male children are still caught in the net. Our boys are condemned to approximate to a dull generic idea of *manhood*, rather than to a number of interesting, known *men*.

## XV

### GIVING SCOPE TO THE IMAGINATION

IN the last chapter I have been discussing ways in which the personality of normal children is built up, the loss to the community when men who have been strong and effective fail to produce sons with similar drives. The identification with living people is a way of preserving the strong points in the culture, of assuring to the next generation strong captains in the causes for which they are enlisted at birth. Of equal, perhaps even greater importance, is the process by which those personalities are shaped who are destined to change their societies, to build new edifices of art or ideas, sometimes even to embody their aberrant dreams in new social and political forms. These temperamentally restive persons who stand in the vanguard of new causes or create new art forms, have not usually been given their drive by identification with some well understood person of their close acquaintance (though occasionally rebellion against a father or guardian may have directed their choices). Instead they have built up, in their need, fantastic and strange conceptions of life; they have drawn on hints from past periods and different civilisations, and from these curious combinations they have fashioned something new. Even the very gifted among these innovators have been dependent upon two



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things, the socially defined lack in their own lives, and rich materials from which to build. Without the felt need, the imaginative potentialities will go unstimulated, without the material it will go unfed. It is therefore interesting to compare the possibilities for these imaginative creations which Manus and America offer their children.

By a socially defined need, I mean the presence in the society of a special pattern of human relationships which the child can learn about and which he can feel is wanting in his own case. These may be of different sorts, the society may teach the child that every one should have a father and mother, or a nurse or a French governess, or school teacher, or a sweetheart or a God. The dictated needs may be of the most diverse nature, but whatever they are, some children will respond to their presence by building up imaginative structures. The invisible playmate, the fabulous parent, the imagined love experience are all familiar enough to us. But what is not always clearly recognised is that none of these are basic human needs. A society which depends upon the manipulation of impersonal magic power will not teach its children the need for a personal god, nor for special religious experience; a society which does not recognise romantic love will produce no James Branch Cabells and conversely no Aldous Huxleys. The children of the poor will boast of no non-existent French governesses, nor lament their non-existence.

One of the most frequent blank spaces which may be

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offered to a child for elaboration is that afforded by the death of a parent, occasionally by the real parent's failure to conform to the socially dictated standards of what a parent should be. This last happens when a child under the influence of literature, or of other children, finds his parent wanting and makes up myths about being an adopted child, or a child who was stolen as a baby. Child psychologists testify to the frequency of such fantasies in young children among ourselves. In Manus the child who is socially fatherless is almost unknown. The infant death rate is so high, and children are so loved and valued, that there are always eager candidates to adopt orphan children. There was just the one small boy, Bopau, in Peri, whose father was dead and who had found no substitute. He was the one child who claimed to talk with spirits, declaring that his father, Sori, had talked to him. But even he did not cling to his father's memory to the extent of refusing to admit a substitute, instead, it will be recalled, he eagerly welcomed Pataliyan's temporary adoption, and previously he had dogged the footsteps of his older cousin with wistful, hopeful attention. The social pressure in Manus to have a devoted father is stronger than among ourselves, but the habit of adoption and the small number of children makes the presence of fatherless children very rare.

Similar social pressure and one harder to satisfy is felt by fatherless children among ourselves. The most striking case which has come to my notice is that of a eugenic baby whose mother was demonstrating the right

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of unmarried women to bear children. The little girl had been told nothing about her father; she had never seen him nor heard him mentioned. Yet as soon as she went to kindergarten and heard the other children talking about their fathers she began an endless stream of imagining a father for herself. She would say: "Oh, mother, why do I have to go to bed? My father never makes me go to bed until it's midnight." "In my father's house they stay up all night." "My father gives me handfuls of money to spend as I like." This instance shows very nicely the double rôle which such imaginative pictures play, it compensated her for her sense of difference from the other children, and it gave her a device for criticising her mother and her mother's régime. But in Manus, a dead or absent parent is compensated for by a new father, who fills the gap in a solid realistic fashion and does not provide any such lay figure to drape in imaginative trappings.

Another little girl of three was the daughter of writers. In and out of her parents' home passed groups of literary people; an only child, she was much with adults and heard nothing but literary talk. In order to take her place adequately in this exacting world, she had to invent a whole troop of imaginary literary friends, setting them over against her novel-writing parents by proclaiming them poets, "uninterested in prose." Her creations were of astonishing complexity for a child of three. The day after her family arrived in England, she had created an English critic named, by a stroke of genius, "Mr. Stutts Watts"; on arriving

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in France she immediately furnished herself with a group of French people with names eminently French in sound and with manners to match. Because she was such an unusually gifted child, she illustrates this filling-in process particularly well. Her social group demanded important literary friends; she supplied them where other children are supplying muscular little playmates or nurses in uniform. And the materials for her imaginative pictures were drawn from the brilliant talk which went on all about her.

Another little girl had only a brother when all her friends, all the characters in books which she read, seemed to have sisters. She accordingly made up a long tale of a twin sister who had been stolen at birth by robbers, and might eventually be recovered. For four years, the search for this twin sister occupied most of her day dreaming and sometimes extended into the exploration of deserted groves and tumble-down buildings which were thought to shelter the robber band and the sister, so desired as a companion and confidant.

In Manus, with rare exceptions, children have no such gaps in their social lives. There is no child without a playmate, and so there are no imaginary playmates; the spirit children are scorned. They are less vivid than real children; they were constructed to meet no need, to satisfy no lack. Mothers are less important and equally present. Nor does the group of children feel a lack of desirable adult patterns of social life; taught to ignore them, they feel no more need to construct an adult world in miniature, than do the children

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of the rich need to make up the patterns followed by the poor and despised. And the result is that neither individually nor in groups do they show any signs of building imaginative edifices. Their play, their conversation is quite barren. Yet this is not due to lack of imaginative ability. A little Manus boy who was in the employ of white people at the government station was overheard by his mistress giving an innocent visitor the most highly coloured account of an imagined trip to Sydney, a job on a Burns Philps boat, wonderful clothes and uniforms which he had been given by the people of Sydney for his remarkable cricket playing, and his final return to Manus because he disliked the Sydney climate. But this child had felt the need to be an important returned work boy; working on his only island, a few hours from his native village, he was very small fry indeed and he seized the first opportunity to convince at least one gullible visitor of his greater claims. The tales of other work boys, returned from visits to Sydney as white children's nurse boys, provided him with the necessary material.

It is not until Manus boys reach their teens that any need is felt. But after losing their fathers they do feel definitely bereaved, socially maimed, so to speak. And it is at this age that the only imaginative play takes place. The young men hold long mock séances in the boys' house. (They also give dramatic reconstructions of the adulteries which in a former golden age they would have been permitted to commit with impunity.) Upon the father in the spirit world the imag-

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ination is permitted free range and here occurs what little fantasy there is in Manus life. Their myths are dull hand-me-downs, bits of the common stock of tradition of their race. Their everyday life is a matter-of-course, highly practical, realistic affair. Their social relations, so largely defined by economics, are equally realistic and unimaginative. Their bare, clear language, stripped of metaphor or analogy, provides them with no stimulus to creating poetry. Their dance is strictly conventionalised; it permits the innovator no interesting range. Only upon the unknown world of the spirits can their imaginations play. This play is slight enough. To the spirits they ascribe a strong and conscientious solicitude for the proper conduct of society, for the honourable behaviour of their descendants. The picture of the father as an upright, moral, sin-shunning, debt-paying person is given far greater intensity after the father has been translated. And this ascription of moral qualities to the spirit world is the principal source of moral behaviour in Manus. They idealise the remembered personalities and endow them with supernatural prowess to express their will. (I am not claiming the origin of Manus religion in the flights of fancy of any generation or group of men; but the peculiar form which Manus spiritualism has taken, its individualisation among related cults which have sprung from a common historical source, makes it reasonable to allow this margin to individual creativeness.)

In addition to the outstanding moral vigilance attributed to the spirits, the mortals engage in minor



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flights of fancy. The spirits practise the levirate, that is, a man may marry his brother's wife, or his father's wife; there is also a tendency for the old men spirits to capture all the available spirit maidens. Both of these practices are found in full swing among the land people, but are severely disapproved of by the Manus living. Whether these are customs which the Manus once practised and have since given up or are merely forms of behaviour the possession of which they envy their neighbours is immaterial—they are known forms of forbidden behaviour which they in imagination permit to the dead. Similarly some people say that the spirits do not have to observe the wearisome rules of avoidance between in-laws which forms such a check upon freedom of movement in Manus. In fact, in the spirit world, a father can marry his son's dead wife. (This was the alleged cause of one man's death. It was reported by the medium that his dead wife objected to his senile father as a spouse and killed her former husband in order to rid herself of his father as a husband.) The absence of these tabus between in-laws is known to the Manus to occur among the Matankor people of the near-by island of Balowan, where engaged people may meet each other face to face and chatter amiably and parents-in-law are present at the public consummation of the marriage of their children. So, members of the Manus community, irked by their tabus, imagine their dead as unhampered by them.

Similarly the contact with the white man which nearly always leaves the native worsted and often leaves

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him humiliated, takes on a different colour in the spirit world. There is one large family group in Peri which has as guardian spirits the spirits of dead white men. As each new male member of the family grows to manhood, the original white spirit, a white man killed years ago on the island of Mbuke, is ordered to recruit another well-behaved, quiescent, anonymous white man who does the native's bidding with all of the white man's superior efficiency but without any of his arrogance. Members of other families also sometimes have white men's spirits. Still others have fabricated for their satisfaction white wives for their dead native guardians. The unsatisfactory contact with white culture is rewritten in the spirit world.

Women similarly compensate for their complete absence of claim upon their male children. Little boys who in life stuck out their tongues at their mothers, spat and pouted and sulked, or struck fiercely at their mothers' slightest attempts at discipline or constraint, become immediately they enter the world of the spirits, subservient, meek, tireless at errand running. And also, the spirits of dead women do not live in the houses of their blood kin, who claim their bodies and perform their burial rites, but with their spirit husbands. The marriage tie which is so weak and unsatisfactory on earth is given a place in heaven.

Compared with the amount of elaboration of unknown worlds permitted to us, these are slight indeed. They are entirely the work of adults, not of children. It is upon the Manus adult, not upon the Manus child

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that the culture presses in such a way as to stimulate his imagination. These slight imaginative attempts serve to illustrate how this blank space, this undetailed life of the dead, is used by the Manus for putting down borrowed or compensatory ideas. And it is reasonable to suppose that the continued ascription to the spirits of a puritanical and exacting morality is one of the most potent mechanisms by which the Manus cultural ideal has been built up. The neighbouring peoples whose culture resembles the Manus in so many respects, do not share this puritanism. Their dead care only about the proper performance of funeral ceremonies. So the Usiai maidens before their marriage to old and powerful men who could afford to buy young girls as their second or third wives, were given first a year of license and leisured dalliance in institutional houses for young people of both sexes. And from the light-laughtered island of Balowan, our boys brought back just one phrase in the Balowan language, "Come into the bush and lie with me." The neighbouring peoples who have heard of Christian teachings about sex call the Manus "all the same missionary" and laugh at their puritanism. The Manus see their puritanism as a new development. Their golden age, just before the memory of each oldest generation, was the time when the spirits felt less keenly on the subject. But, they explain, when men once began to die for adultery, their hearts were hardened after death, and they took care to punish the next offenders. And so, by projecting this very human desire for revenge upon the dead, the tradition of stern

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morality is stiffened and extended. Similarly the anxiety over unpaid debts and financial obligations which must be met, has been ascribed to the spirits, who thus become a force for the enforcement of commercial honesty. (And the high commercial standards of the Manus would compare favourably with those of almost any other known people in the world; there is a great deal of disagreement as to the amounts of debts, due to the absence of a system of records, but remarkably little attempt to evade or falsify economic obligations.) Upon the emptiness which is death, the Manus have written a new chapter which shapes their lives and makes them so different from their neighbours.

By a similar but infinitely more complex process are the dreams of civilised man sometimes engendered. Where the Manus can draw only upon the few differences between their culture and that of their neighbours or that of their new and little understood white conquerors, we can draw upon the history, the literature, the art of centuries. The Manus can endow his dead father and through him, the spirit world, with the intensification of qualities developed among the Manus themselves or with the daring and exotic customs of the Usiai and Balowan peoples. But the fatherless or motherless child among ourselves, the child disgruntled with its parents, the lonely child who desires a playmate, or the man who finds no human being who will fit into our culturally dictated patterns of romantic love, may reconstruct the unknown parent or lover from the lives of Napoleon or Christ, the Iliad or Shakespeare,

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the paintings of Michael Angelo and the operas of Wagner, or the poetry of Keats. He can have a father as beautiful as the Apollo Belvedere, a mother like Raphael's madonna or one of Leonardo's angels. His father may be given the heroism of William Tell or Robert the Bruce, the gentle asceticism of Saint Francis or the prowess of Cæsar or Alexander. Where the genius of generations has gone to creating an image of Christ, he may borrow it to fill in his father's face. And he may set this idealised figure in a world made up from reading Greek history, Irish epics, Arabic poetry, or Veddic legend. The most discrepant concepts, the most impossible dreams, the records of cultures that have been and the work of creative artists who have tried to escape from them, may all be jumbled together to fill in the place left vacant by a father or a mother; in adult years to fill the gap felt between the society in which he lives and the world which his imagination has engendered. When such dreams make the real world seem too unbearably drab in contrast they may lead to madness or suicide. They are always dangerous, but upon them can be built visions of such power as to startle or transfix the imagination of a people—if only the complex and shining vision be discovered by one who has the gift of the artist or of the leader of men.

Any social frame which calls for the fulfilment of certain requirements, whether they be those of a father and mother, companions, or lovers, will not always be able to meet the demands which it has created. There

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will be gaps in the lives of some, gaps which they will seek to fill in so that they may live in the sense of peaceful completion which their society has defined as the proper estate of man. The Manus have but slight material from which to rebuild the estate of their dead, the only serious gap which is offered them by a society which provides parents and playmates for all and has no idea of vivid friendship or romantic love. But we have the most diverse and varied materials for building new conceptions, and upon them, upon these pictures built by man which have the power to make him forever homesick for the land of his own dreaming, lies the burden of bringing important changes into our patterned existences.

If we generalise human relations too much, demand too little of them, we will lose the sense of gaps and deficiencies which set some children to dreaming. We may lose the valuable imaginative creations of those who must search the whole of history for materials to build up an absent father or an ideal love. For this is not an automatic matter, as some theorists believe. The child is not born wanting a father, he is taught his need by the social blessedness of others. No Samoan child, in a society where the parent-child relationship is diffused over dozens of adults, would dream of creating an ideal father; nor do the Samoans, finding such quiet satisfaction among their uncritical equals, build a heaven which reverberates on earth. Neither does the Manus child or adult build pictures of the ideal wife or mother, for his society does not



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suggest to him that it would be possible to find one. If we substitute for father-to-child, teacher-to-child relationships, only contacts with adults of the opposite sex and the applause of the age group, if we erect standards of casual relations between the sexes, relationships without strength or responsibility, we have no guarantee of so stimulating individuals to use imaginatively in new ways, the rich and diverse materials of our cultural inheritance.

Furthermore the Manus material suggests the need of giving children something upon which to exercise their imagination for it shows that they do not produce rich and beautiful results spontaneously, but only as a response to material provided them by the adult world.

With the automatic nature of this basic education taken for granted, and greater proficiency in teaching the three "r's," the schools are faced by increasing amounts of unfilled time. Just as we realise that it is not necessary to teach children the history of the American Revolution every year for five years, and that time spent in learning the conventional grade subjects can be enormously shortened by proper methods, we also realise that the time spent under school supervision is tending to need extension rather than curtailment. City life makes unsupervised play dangerous and virtually impossible. City apartments offer children no proper playgrounds. The increasing urbanisation of the country, the increasing number of families who live in apartments instead of houses and the greater employment of married women—these and numerous other

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factors are contributing to make the rôle of the school more important because of the ever larger number of hours of the child's life which must be spent under school supervision. Progressive schools are trying to fill these gaps left vacant by improved teaching of the old routine requirements with materials from other societies—Greece, Egypt, Mediæval Europe. The teaching of the necessary techniques is sandwiched into play activities centred about building a Greek house or making papyrus. Whatever popular objections to this type of education, it has recognised one important point, the need of content in the children's lives. It is in sharp contrast to such tendencies as those described in "Middletown," where content is being increasingly neglected in favour of instrumental courses which simply bind the children more firmly to life as it is lived in "Middletown." It is not enough to give children American culture as it is to-day and the details of its necessary techniques. American culture is too levelled; the conflict between alien groups bringing in contrasting and only partly understood European traditions, has neutralised the contribution of each. If art and literature and a richer, more creative culture is to flourish in America, we must have more content, content based, as all new ideas have always been based, upon the diverse experiments of older, more individualised cultures.

If the children's imaginations are to flourish, they must be given food. Although the exceptional child may create something of his own, the great majority of children will not even imagine bears under the bed

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unless the adult provides the bear. The long years during which children are confined in school can be crammed full of rich, provocative materials upon which their imaginations can feed. Those children who find life to their liking will be the better perpetuators of their own culture for their greater understanding of the riches of other societies. Those who find a need to build over some aspects of their lives, to fill in places which have been left vacant, can use this material to create visions which will leave their culture richer than it was when they received it from the hands of their forebears.

## XVI

### THE CHILD'S DEPENDENCE UPON TRADITION

WE have seen how the Manus, like ourselves, give their children little to respect and so do not equip them to grow up graciously, how bringing up children to envy and despise their elders is doing those children scant service. We have seen how well the Manus develop personality in their children, especially in their boys, and how we neglect our boys and give them no intimate association with men whom they can take as models. And we have seen how infinitely richer we are in the traditional materials upon which the temperamentally restive, the specially gifted child may draw; realising at the same time that we are in danger of so attenuating and standardising human relationships that no one will feel a need to draw upon this rich material. All of these are special points, points upon which Manus has seemed to offer special illumination. But what of education as a whole? What does the Manus experiment suggest?

We have followed the Manus baby through its formative years to adulthood, seen its indifference towards adult life turn into attentive participation, its idle scoffing at the supernatural change into an anxious sounding of the wishes of the spirits, its easy-going generous communism turn into grasping individualistic acquisi-

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tiveness. The process of education is complete. The Manus baby, born into the world without motor habits, without speech, without any definite forms of behaviour, with neither beliefs nor enthusiasms, has become the Manus adult in every particular. No cultural item has slipped out of the stream of tradition which the elders transmit in this irregular unorganised fashion to their children, transmit by a method which seems to us so haphazard, so unpremeditated, so often definitely hostile to its ultimate ends.

And what is true of Manus education in this respect, is true of education in any untouched, homogeneous society. Whatever the method adopted, whether the young are disciplined, lectured, consciously taught, permitted to run wild or ever antagonised by the adult world—the result is the same. The little Manus becomes the big Manus, the little Indian, the big Indian. When it is a question of passing on the sum total of a simple tradition, the only conclusion which it is possible to draw from the diverse primitive material is that any method will do. The forces of imitation are so much more potent than any adult technique for exploiting them; the child's receptivity to its surroundings is so much more important than any methods of stimulation, that as long as every adult with whom he comes in contact is saturated with the tradition, he cannot escape a similar saturation.

Although this applies, of course, in its entirety, only to a homogeneous culture, it has nevertheless far-reaching consequences in educational theory, especially in the

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modification of the characteristic American faith in education as the universal panacea. All the pleasant optimism of those who believe that hope lies in the future, that the failures of one generation can be recouped in the next, are given the lie. The father who has not learned to read or write may send his son to school and see his son master this knowledge which his father lacked. A technique which is missing in one member of a generation but present in others, may be taught, of course, to the deficient one's son. Once a technique becomes part of the cultural tradition the proportions to which it is common property may vary from generation to generation. But the spectacular fashion in which sons of illiterate fathers have become literate, has been taken as the type of the whole educational process. (The theorists forget the thousands of years before the invention of writing.) Actually it is only the type of possibilities of transmitting known techniques—the type of education discussed in courses in the “Teaching of Elementary Arithmetic,” or “Electrical Engineering.” When education of this special and formal sort is considered, there are no analogies to be drawn from primitive society. Even if, as sometimes happens, a new technique may be imported into a tribe by a war captive or a foreign woman, and a whole generation learn from one individual, this process is of little comparative interest to us. The clumsy methods and minute rules of thumb by which such knowledge is imparted, has little in common with our self-conscious, highly specialised teaching methods.



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It must be clearly understood that when I speak of education I speak only of that process by which the growing individual is inducted into his cultural inheritance, not of those specific ways in which the complex techniques of modern life are imparted to children arranged in serried ranks within the schoolroom. As the schoolroom is one, and an important, general educational agency, it is involved in this discussion; as it teaches one method of penmanship in preference to a more fatiguing one, it is not. This strictly professionalised education is a modern development, the end result of the invention of writing and the division of labour, a problem in quantitative cultural transmission rather than of qualitative. The striking contrast between the small number of things which the primitive child must learn compared with the necessary educational attainments of the American child only serves, however, to point the moral that whereas there is such a great quantitative difference, the process is qualitatively very similar.

After all, the little American must learn to become the big American, just as the little Manus becomes the big Manus. The continuity of our cultural life depends upon the way in which children in any event receive the indelible imprint of their social tradition. Whether they are cuddled or beaten, bribed or wheedled into adult life—they have little choice except to become adults like their parents. But ours is not a homogeneous society. One community differs from another, one social class from another, the values of one occupational

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group are not the values of those who follow some different calling. Religious bodies with outlooks as profoundly different as Roman Catholicism and Christian Science, claim large numbers of adherents always ready to induct their own and other people's children into the special traditions of their particular group. The four children of common parents may take such divergent courses that at the age of fifty their premises may be mutually unintelligible and antagonistic. Does not the comparison between primitive and civilised society break down? Does not education cease to be an automatic process and become a vital question of what method is to be pursued?

Undoubtedly this objection is a just one. Within the general tradition there are numerous groups striving for precedence, striving to maintain or extend their proportionate allegiances in the next generation. Among these groups, methods of education do count, but only in relation to each other. Take a small town where there are three religious denominations. It would not matter whether Sunday School was a compulsory matter, with a whipping from father if one didn't learn one's lesson or squandered a penny of the collection money, or whether Sunday School was a delightful spot where rewards were handed out lavishly and refreshments served by each young teacher to the admiring scholars. It would not matter, as long as all three Sunday Schools used the same methods. Only when one Sunday School depends upon parental intimidation, a second uses rewards and a third employs

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co-educational parties as its bait, does the question of *method* become important. And at the same time the process under discussion has ceased to be education and become—propaganda.

So, if education be defined as the process by which the cultural tradition is transmitted to the next generation, or in exceptional cases to the members of another culture—as is the case when a primitive people is suddenly brought within the sway of the organised forces of civilisation—propaganda may be defined as methods by which one group within an existing tradition tries to increase the number of its adherents at the expense of other groups. Outside both these categories falls the conscious teaching of techniques, reading, writing, riveting, surveying, piano playing, soap making, etching.

America presents the spectacle of all three of these processes going on in great confusion. The general stream of the tradition—language, manners, attitudes towards property, towards the state, and towards religion—is being imparted effortlessly to the growing child, while the complex of minute and exacting techniques are being imparted to him arduously, through the schools. Here and there the propagandists range, Christian Scientists, Communists, vegetarians, anti-vivisectionists, single taxers, humanists, small compact groups in respect to religious or social philosophies, mere participators in the general American cultural stream in most other respects. And the rapid assimilation of thousands of immigrants' children through the

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medium of the public schools, has given to Americans a peculiar faith in education, a faith which a less hybrid society would hardly have developed. Because we have turned the children of Germans, Italians, Russians, Greeks, into Americans, we argue that we can turn our children into anything we wish. Also because we have seen one cult after another sweep through the country, we argue that anything can be accomplished by the right method, that with the right method, education can solve any difficulty, supply any deficiency, train inhabitants for any non-existing Utopia. Upon closer scrutiny we see that our faith in method is derived from our assimilation of immigrants, from the successful teaching of more and more complicated techniques to more and more people, or from the successful despoiling of one group's rôle of adherents by some other group of astute evangelists. In both of these departments method counts and counts hard. Efficient teaching can shorten the learning time and increase the proficiency of children in arithmetic or bookkeeping. A judicious distribution of lollypops, badges, uniforms, may swell the ranks of the Baptist Sunday School or the Young Communists. The parent who rigorously atones for his own bad grammar by tirelessly correcting his son may rear a son who speaks correctly. But he will speak no more correctly than those who have never heard poor English. By method it is possible to speed up the course of mastering existing techniques or increase the number of adherents of an existing faith. But both of these changes are quantitative not qualita-

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tive; they are essentially non-creative in character. Nor is the achievement of making Americans out of the children of foreign parents creating something new; we are simply passing on a developed tradition to them.

Those who believe in the changes which have been wrought by education point proudly to the diffusion of the theory of evolution. But this is a mere quantitative comment again. The gradual change in human thought which produced Darwin's type of thought instead of Thomas Aquinas' took place in the library and the laboratory, not in the school room. Mediæval schoolmen and their deductive approach had first to be ousted from the universities before the inductive method could be taught in the schools. And meanwhile whether induction or deduction was taught with a whip or a sweet smile or not consciously taught at all, made relatively little difference in the accuracy with which the mental habits of children conformed to the mental habits of their teachers and parents.

Those who would save the world by education rely a great deal upon the belief that there are many tendencies, latent capacities, present in childhood which have disappeared in the finished adult. Children's natural "love of art," "love of music," "generosity," "inventiveness" are invoked by the advocates of this path of salvation in working out educational schemes through which these child virtues may be elaborated and stabilised, as parts of the adult personality. There is a certain kind of truth in this assertion, but it is a negative not a positive truth. For instance, children's "love of

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music," with the probable exception of those rare cases which we helplessly label "geniuses," is more likely simply an unspoiled capacity to be taught music. Manus children under the age of five or six could hear a melody and attempt, clumsily, to reproduce it. But children above that age were to all intents and purposes what we would call tone deaf. In the same melody which the small child would sing with a fair degree of success, the older children and adults heard only a changing emphasis. They would repeat it with great stress upon the syllables denoting the high notes, but without any change in tone, and believe quite ingenuously that they were reproducing all that there was in the song. Only one Manus native could really sing melodies and he had been away at school continuously for six years.

So that if by "natural to children" we mean that a child will learn easily what an adult, culturally defined, and in many ways limited, will not learn except with the greatest difficulty, it is true that any capability upon which the society does not set a premium, will seem easier to teach to a child than to an adult. So our children seem more imaginative than adults because we put a premium upon practical behaviour which is strictly oriented to the world of sense experience. Manus children, on the other hand, seem more practical, more matter-of-fact than do the Manus adults who live in a world where unseen spirits direct many of their activities. An educational enthusiast working among Manus children would be struck with their "scientific potentialities" just as the enthusiast among ourselves is struck



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with our children's "imaginative potentialities." The observations in both cases would be true in relation to the adult culture. In the case of our children their imaginative tendencies nourished upon a rich language and varied and diverse literary tradition will be discounted in adult life, attenuated, suppressed, distorted by the demands for practical adjustment; while the Manus children's frank scepticism and preoccupation with what they can see and touch and hear will be overlaid by the canons of Manus supernaturalism. But the educator who expected that these potentialities which are not in accordance with the adult tradition could be made to flower and bear fruit in the face of a completely alien adult world, would be reckoning without the strength of tradition—tradition which will assert its rights in the face of the most cunning methodological assault in the world.

Let us take a Manus example of one of the things which we attempt to develop by special systems of education—drawing. Individual educators who feel that our culture is lamentably deficient in artistic interest or achievement, take groups of American school children, provide them with materials, give them leisure and encouragement and bid them draw. On the walls of the school room, in their books, the children see copies of the famous paintings of the European tradition. After their initial struggles with problems of perspective, they settle down to draw within the rules worked out by the concentrated attention of gifted adults in ages which valued painting and gave it high rewards. Set-

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ting aside the accidental good effects which are so frequent in the drawings of children, good effects based on freshness, naïveté and fortuitous but happy arrangements of lines, there will be found good work among the efforts of such a group of children. The teacher will point proudly to what can be done as soon as the artistic impulse is allowed to flower under favourable conditions.

In contrast, take the drawing which was done by my Manus children within a culture which had no tradition of drawing or painting. The children were given perfect freedom. I provided them with pencil and paper and smooth surfaces upon which to do their work. They were neither praised nor blamed; the very small children were sometimes encouraged but only in the most general terms. For months these children avidly covered sheet after sheet of paper, throwing themselves whole-souled into this new and amusing occupation. In their work most of the tendencies which we find highly developed in the arts of different people were present in the efforts of individuals, conventualisation, realism, attempted perspective, symbolism, arbitrary use of design units, distortion of the subject to fit the field, etc. But, and this is the decisive point, there was no work produced which could be called art. On the canoe prows, on the betel spatulas, on the rims of bowls were carvings of real beauty made by neighbouring tribes. But the children had no precedent for drawing, and their work shows this lack. Working without a guiding tradition their efforts are interesting but they lend no

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support to the theories of those who hope for great things when the potentialities of children are pitted against the adult world. And yet there is no reason to argue from any racial theory of ability that these people simply lacked an artistic gift, because the wood carving of their neighbours of the same race ranks with the finest work of its kind. Had every child been set to work with a penknife the results would in all probability have been far higher.

To return now to the group of child artists within an American experimental school: Under the stimulus of a good tradition, given leisure to draw, an opportunity to master the mechanics of the technique at an early age, and social recognition of success such as is accorded no artist in our adult national life, it may be possible to develop artists who will have to battle miserably with non-recognition in their own communities or flee to live as half aliens in Europe. Because of the accessibility of other traditions, traditions which have so much body and vitality that they can be transplanted from their own countries and set down among a group of school children, it is possible for us to bring children up in sympathy with a culture other than our own. This would be almost impossible among a primitive people. But the teacher who develops a child's sympathies with another tradition at the expense of the child's adherence to its own culture is not creating something new. She is simply diverting the stream of tradition so that the child drinks with complete unconsciousness from an alien source. The child is muffled in the

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material trappings, the ideology, the standards of a different world until it comes to belong to that world rather than to the tradition of its own country. This child grown to manhood and looking about him with no recognition upon the culture in which he has no part will seem to point vividly the moral that education can accomplish anything.

But this is only partly true. Had the Manus children been shown the work of good artists, encouraged to admire and imitate this work, condemned for failure, praised for success, the work of children whose parents knew nothing of drawing or painting might show the discipline, the style, the conventions of an art—the art to which they had been exposed. Proficiency and interest in graphic art would not necessarily carry with it a complex of associated ideas which would make the artist socially acceptable in Manus. If his absorption in the execution of his work could be cultivated to the point where he refused to fish or trade, build canoes or houses, he would probably become a cultural misfit.

When we look about us among different civilisations and observe the vastly different styles of life to which the individual has been made to conform, to the development of which he has been made to contribute, we take new hope for humanity and its potentialities. But these potentialities are passive not active, helpless without a cultural milieu in which to grow. So Manus children are given opportunity to develop generous social feeling; they are given a chance to exercise it in their play world. But these generous communistic sen-

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timents can not maintain themselves in the adult world which sets the price of survival at an individualistic selfish acquisitiveness. Men who as boys shared their only cigarette and halved their only *laplap*, will dun each other for a pot or a string of dogs' teeth.

So those who think they can make our society less militantly acquisitive by bringing children up in a world of share and share alike, bargain without their hosts. They can create such a world among a few children who are absolutely under their control, but they will have built up an attitude which will find no institutionalised path for adult expression. The child so trained might become a morbid misfit or an iconoclast, but he can not make terms with his society without relinquishing the childhood attitudes for which his society has no use.

The spectacular experiment in Russia had first to be stabilised among adults before it could be taught to children. No child is equipped to create the necessary bridge between a perfectly alien point of view, and his society. Such bridges can only be built slowly, patiently, by the exceptionally gifted. The cultivation in children of traits, attitudes, habits foreign to their cultures is not the way to make over the world. Every new religion, every new political doctrine, has had first to make its adult converts, to create a small nuclear culture within whose guiding walls its children will flourish. "Middletown" illustrates how art and literature and music, history and the classics are taught in the schools, but completely neglected in adult life by the

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male members of the community. They are undoubtedly taught by teachers sadly lacking in real knowledge or enthusiasm, but even given the best possible teachers, the results of the teachings would not be able to hold out against the contrasting pressure of "Middletown" life. The little groups of painters and writers who cluster forlornly together in out of the way spots in America or gather in the cafés in Paris are earnest of this. Exposure to the ideas of other cultures has given them an impetus towards the artist's life which they cannot live out within their communities. And although the production of gifted artists who must flee the tradition which has but half nourished them, is better than the production of no artists at all, it is but a sorry cultural result when compared with what can be accomplished within the walls of a rich and vital tradition.

So, although it is possible to induct a few children into a cultural tradition to which they are not the lineal heirs, this is not a process by which the children are educated above their cultural background in its widest sense. The tradition of Italian painting is exchanged for the tradition of commercial success in Des Moines, Iowa; the canons of German musical life substituted for the canons of jazz. But the children have not developed a new thing; they have taken that which some adult wished to give them out of his cultural richness. Only by the contributions of adults are real changes brought about; only then can the enlistment of the next generation have important effects.

The truth of this conclusion has vivid illustration in



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Manus, where although the society neglects so many of its educational problems until manhood, and permits rebellious youths to mock at its sanctities, or sulk at its commands, the youth has no resource in the end except conformity, because his culture has become, in spite of himself, woof and web of his being. The child will receive the general content of his culture no matter how it is transmitted to him; he will absorb the content in any event, but he is hopelessly dependent upon the quality of that content.

Our general neglect of content for method, our blind trust that all we need is a mechanical formula, is illustrated sharply in the kind of courses taught in teachers' training colleges as compared with courses in the Liberal Arts. The prospective teachers are taught how to teach everything under the sun, but they are taught very little about the art, literature, history, themselves. A slight, ill-comprehended body of material is transmitted from teacher to pupil in a most elaborate and unrewarding fashion. In the training colleges, the "value of teaching with dates," "the use of charts" takes the place of actually reading history. And thirty hours of pedagogy, courses in how to teach history or biology, are regarded by school boards as more valuable than academic distinction in these subjects. Prospective teachers, often coming from homes with a very slight cultural tradition, enter a college where they are given nothing to make up for their deficiencies. And yet we continue to depend upon the individual teacher to transmit the rich content of literary and scientific tradition

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which is available to us to-day. If we are to use these materials, if we are to have a richer culture, we must either abandon the dependence upon the individual teachers or give them a far better background during their years of training. If the teachers are to be the advance guard of civilisation they must first be given a genuine feeling for and understanding of that civilisation.

An alternative course is to relinquish our dependence upon the teachers and turn to other methods of diffusing cultural content. This method is symbolised by a recent educational plan of a large museum in an Eastern city. The museum sends out sets of slides to a series of city high schools. The children in each high school are then shepherded into the school auditoriums at a given hour, and a highly trained expert on the museum staff gives a radio talk which is illustrated by the slides. Even the signal for change of slides is given over the radio. Methods such as these, using the radio, the lantern, the motion picture and a far larger and more available supply of books, could be used to place great masses of good material before children. A comparatively small body of highly intelligent educators could direct the content prescribed and administered to millions of school children. Unlike the old text book, these new methods would teach themselves. The teachers would have to be little more than good disciplinarians and good record keepers. A dependence upon good material diffused mechanically, impersonally from remote but reliable centres is preferable to the present

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method in which a teacher who knows nothing of poetry herself is expected to interpret Shakespeare to her students. Such mechanical methods may be necessary to adopt as emergency measures, until we can revise the course of training in teachers' colleges and provide for our schools teachers who can combine knowledge of rich materials with personal leadership.

In either case, those who wish to alter our traditions and cherish the Utopian but perhaps not impossible hope that they can consciously do so, must first muster a large enough body of adults who with them wish to make the slight rearrangements of our traditional attitudes which present themselves to our culturally saturated minds. This is equally true of those who wish to import part of the developed tradition of other societies. They must, that is, create a coherent adult culture in miniature before they can hope to bring up children in the new tradition—even if they expect them to be brought up by radio. Such changes in adult attitudes come slowly, are more dependent upon specially gifted or wise individuals than upon wholesale educational schemes.

Besides encouraging a most unfounded optimism, this over-valuation of the educational process and under-valuation of the iron strength of the cultural walls within which any individual can operate, produces one other unfortunate result. It dooms every child born into American culture to victimisation by a hundred self-conscious evangelists who will not pause long enough to build a distinctive culture in which the grow-

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ing child may develop coherently. One such group negates the efforts of another and the modern child is subjected to miseries which the Manus child never knows, reared as it is with unselfconscious finality into a Manus adult. Not until we realise that a poor culture will never become rich, though it be filtered through the expert methods of unnumbered pedagogues, and that a rich culture with no system of education at all will leave its children better off than a poor culture with the best system in the world, will we begin to solve our educational problems. Once we lose faith in the blanket formula of education, in the magic fashion in which education, using the passive capacities of children, is to create something out of nothing, we can turn our attention to the vital matter of developing individuals, who as adults, can gradually mould our old patterns into new and richer forms.

## APPENDICES

### I

#### THE ETHNOLOGICAL APPROACH TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

THIS investigation was conducted upon the hypothesis that it is impossible to study original nature directly except in such very simple and undifferentiated terms as those studied in the basic experiments conducted by Watson. It is based upon the assumption that the original nature of the child is so subject to environmental influences that the only way to arrive at any conception of original nature is to study it as modified by different environmental conditions. The repetition of such observations will in time give us a far better basis of generalisation than can be obtained by the observation of individuals within the confining walls of one type of social environment. Observations may be made upon thousands of children within our culture; tested and re-tested within our society, they may hold good, but once taken beyond those bounds they will often be found to fail.

It is realised that in transferring an investigation from within our society where all the instruments of research, particularly language, are under perfect control, to a primitive society where controlled conditions are practically impossible and a new language has to

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be learned, certain sacrifices of methodological exactness are necessarily made. But it is felt that such disadvantages in method are more than compensated for by the advantages which result from a homogeneous culture. In our society we can study large numbers of cases of a known chronological age but we have constantly to make allowances for a cultural background so heterogeneous that no investigator can hope to control it. In a primitive society, the student has fewer cases, their chronological age, age of parents at their birth, order of birth, method of delivery, etc., are relatively unattainable. But the manners and morals, beliefs, avoidances, repugnances, enthusiasms, of their parents all conform very closely to the cultural norm. For studies of personality, social adjustment, etc., that is, for all those investigations where the social environment is the most important factor, research in primitive society is rich in its rewards. The religious beliefs, sex habits, methods of discipline, social aims, of those who constitute the child's family, can all be arrived at by an analysis of the culture itself. The individual within that culture does not differ importantly in these matters from others of his age or sex. For it must be remembered that in a culture like Manus, with only a sex division of labour between individuals (division of labour between localities does, of course, occur), without any priesthood with a great body of esoteric knowledge, without any method of keeping extensive records, the cultural tradition is simple enough to be almost entirely contained within the memory of an average adult member of the society. An investigator who enters such a society with ethnological training



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which makes it possible to refer the phenomena of Manus culture to convenient and well understood categories, and with the immense superiority over the native of being able to record in writing each aspect of the culture as it is learned, is in an excellent position for research in a comparatively short time. The fact that my husband was working on Manus ethnology made it possible to still further reduce this preliminary time period. A primitive culture is therefore less perplexing as social background than would be even the most isolated of rural villages in our society, for into these drift echoes and fragments from a hundred different kinds of complex cultural elaboration.

The study of human development in a primitive society has then these two advantages: contrast to our own social environment which brings out different aspects of human nature and often demonstrates that behaviour which occurs almost invariably in individuals within our own society is nevertheless due not to original nature but to social environment; and a homogeneous and simple social background, easily mastered, against which the development of the individual may be studied.

The anthropologist submits the findings of the psychologist who works within our society to the test of observation within other societies. He never seeks to invalidate the observations of the psychologist, but rather, in the light of wider social data, to test the interpretations which may be placed upon those observations. His is a special technique for the rapid analysis of primitive society. In order to acquire this technique, he has devoted a great deal of time to the study of dif-

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ferent primitive societies and the analysis of the social forms which are most characteristic of them. He has studied non-Indo European languages so that his mind will adjust easily to linguistic categories which are alien to our own. He has studied phonetics so that he may be able to recognise and record types of sound difficult for our ears to distinguish and even more difficult for our organs of speech to pronounce, accustomed as they are to different phonetic patterns. He has studied diverse kinship systems and gained speed in handling kinship categories so that the Manus scheme, which results, for instance, in individuals of the same generation addressing each other by grandparent terms, is not a perplexing obstacle but falls readily into a clear and easily comprehended pattern of thought. In addition, he is willing to forsake the amenities of civilised life and subject himself for months at a time to the inconveniences and unpleasantness of life among a people whose manners, methods of sanitation, and ways of thought, are completely alien to him. He is willing to learn their language, to immerse himself in their manners, get their culture sufficiently by heart to feel their repugnances and sympathise with their triumphs. In Manus, for instance, it was necessary to learn a very real horror of the meeting of two tabu relatives, to guard one's tongue against ever uttering a tabu word and feel embarrassed contrition if one had made a slip; to learn to greet every news of illness or misfortune with the question of what spirit was involved. Such investigations as these involve a fairly drastic rearrangement of thought and daily habit. The willingness to make them, and the knowledge of the special tech-

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niques necessary to ethnological research, are the equipment which the ethnologist brings to the solution of psychological problems. He says to the psychologist who has made long and careful investigation within our society, from which he may or may not have drawn conclusions which he regards as final, "Let me take your results and submit them to a new test. You have made such and such generalisation about the thought content of young children, the relationship between mental and physical development, the connection between a certain type of family life and the possibility of happy marital adjustment, the factors which go to the formation of personality, etc. These results I find significant and important. Let me therefore submit them to the test of a different social environment, and in the light of such observation, on the basis of our combined research, on the basis of your initial definition of the problems and observations within our society, and my check observations in a different society, come to conclusions which will successfully withstand the accusation that the effect of social environment has not been properly allowed for. It will then be possible for you to divide your observations upon individuals within our culture into two parts: data upon the behaviour of human beings modified by present-day culture, which will be of the utmost importance in handling educational and psychiatric problems of individuals with the same cultural background, and second: theories of the original nature, the potentialities of man, based upon your observations and mine."

To the psychologists who are genuinely interested in the solution of fundamental theoretical problems

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such an offer cannot but make an appeal. The psychiatrist, the social worker, the educator, whose concern is with the immediate adjustment of individuals, may possibly say, with justice, "I accept your evidence that many of the phenomena of human nature in our society which we treat as biologically determined, are really socially determined. Theoretically, I think you are right. Actually, I have five cases of maladjustment which I must deal with to-day. The bulk of accumulated data upon the kind of behaviour of which these cases are a sample, even though it is based upon individuals in our society, in fact just because it is so local in time or space, is just what I need. The first case I have is a case of exhibitionism. It is very interesting to know that exhibitionism could hardly develop in Samoa, where our habitual tabus are not observed. But meanwhile John is an exhibitionist and must be dealt with in the light of other case material on exhibitionistic children in our society." With the comment of such hard pressed practical workers, one must have the greatest sympathy. But the same thing does not apply to those who stand behind these workers, those who evolve theories of human nature upon which educational schemes and schools of psychology are built up.

It is most important that the psychologist should be fully aware of the possibilities of research in other cultures, that he should be in intimate contact with modern ethnological research. For ethnology is in a peculiar position.

In many sciences the neglect of a field of research by one generation of investigators is not ultimately important. The research neglected by one generation may

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be taken up with equal and perhaps greater advantage by the next. This is the case, for instance, with experiments in animal psychology, on white rats reared in captivity. Presumably the supply of available rats will be as great in the next generation as it is now; the rapid rate of multiplication of the rats will make them equally good subjects for experiment. But if the animal psychologist were to find that experiments upon primates in a wild state were very valuable at the same time that he found that progressive invasion by civilisation of the wild parts of the world was diminishing their number and threatening to extinguish these primates altogether, he would have great cause for alarm, cause for urging other psychologists and scientific institutions to undertake the study of primates in the wild state before it was too late. And even so, his predicament would not be as serious as that of social psychology, for from one pair of wild apes the numbers of wild apes might be again recruited.

But in social psychology this is not the case. Because we must study, not only human beings, but human beings as modified by environment, a variety of check social environments is of the greatest importance. With the rapid diffusion of Western civilisation over the surface of the earth, societies are coming to conform more and more closely to the same cultural type, or if they are too divergent from the reigning type, to die out altogether. Good test cases are being eliminated week by week, as Western civilisation with its Christian ideology and industrial system penetrates Japan and China, and into the hitherto railless interior of Afghanistan, or on the other hand, as the last remaining Mori-

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ori or Lord How Islander dies, the only remnants of one-time living cultures which could not withstand the shock of white contact. It is of course idle to expect that the mores of the whole human race will become so standardised that differences between local groups will not always exist, but it may be that with improved methods of transportation and communication, comparatively isolated human societies will never again occur. No one small group of people may ever again be permitted to develop a unique culture, with little or no outside contact, over a period of hundreds of years, as has been the case in the past. No continent will be permitted to solve its own environmental adjustment problems, without outside influence, as the American aboriginals solved the problem of the cultivation of maize. The cumulative nature of our material tradition is such that we may well be coming to the end of an era which will never be repeated. Meanwhile, in New Guinea, Indonesia, Africa, South America, and parts of Asia, there are still in existence groups which can be used as invaluable checks upon all scientific attempts to understand human nature. The social psychologist of five hundred years from now will have to say: "If we could submit this conclusion to the test of investigating people brought up within a completely different social framework, we might get different results. That, however, is now impossible. There are no such societies where the problem could be studied; we cannot, if we would, create test societies and produce these necessary conditions of contrast experimentally. Our hands are tied." But we are in no sense so handicapped. The different contrasting societies are



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there ready for study. There are an increasing number of ethnologists with the necessary techniques for investigating them. Upon the co-operation of psychologist and ethnologist, the success of any such venture depends. If the training of the ethnologist is to be utilised to the full, he should spend most of his time, at least during his early years, in the field collecting as fast as possible this rapidly vanishing, priceless evidence of human adaptability and potentialities. Upon the psychologist in the laboratory and in the library develops the posing of problems to which the ethnologist's contribution will be important.

The student of human society to-day looks back hopelessly upon the beginnings of culture, realising that such problems as the origin of language can never be solved, that one guess is as good as another and that they must all remain in the realm of speculation. To the curious minded this is felt as a definite handicap, but hardly a point upon which our scientific progenitors of the stone age need our forgiveness. It is an incontrovertible assumption that they could not record these important and interesting experiments in speech which differentiated early man from his less accomplished ancestors. But we have no such alibi to offer. There are now in existence social experiments which we have only to study and to preserve. There are now in existence laboratories for research such as future ages will not have. Only by the co-operative effort of psychologist, psychiatrist, geneticist, can the problems be posed for which these societies offer laboratory methods of solution. Without the stimulation of the psychologist, the work of the ethnologist is far less valuable than it might

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otherwise have been. If the psychologist will take account of ethnological data, if he will familiarise himself sufficiently with ethnological material so as to realise its potentialities, if he will formulate his theories with regard for the influence of cultural environment, the ethnologist's task will be immensely simplified. He does not wish to confine himself to the negative activity of exploding theories which have been framed within one society and collapse when submitted to a check, nor has he the time nor the training to retire into the library and the laboratory and frame new psychological theories for himself. This, moreover, he cannot do without disloyalty to his own science. His first obligation is to use his training to record data of primitive society before these societies disappear. Field work is arduous and exacting. The ethnologist should do his field work in his youth and his theorising after his fitness for active work is diminished. Meanwhile the psychologist should offer suggestions for research. Many field trips which are now only historical investigations, of extreme value in adding to our knowledge of human society and the lengths to which it can influence human behaviour, are only half as valuable as they might have been if definite psychological problems could be attacked simultaneously.

I present this study as a sample of the kind of conditions which exist in primitive society and a suggestion of their bearing upon problems of education and personality development. I am far more anxious that the fertile thinkers in other fields should examine this material in the light of possible problems which data of this kind could solve, than that they should agree

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with my particular conclusions. Social psychology is still in its infancy. It is of the greatest importance that every available approach, especially those approaches which are only temporarily available, should be utilised to the fullest extent.

### *Background of This Study*

This investigation of Melanesian children was undertaken to solve a special problem which is but lightly touched upon in this book: i.e., the relationship between spontaneous animism and thinking characteristic of mentally immature persons, especially children under five or six. The results of this research were negative, that is, evidence was found to support the view that animism is not a spontaneous aspect of child thinking nor does it spring from any type of thought characteristic of immature mental development; its presence or absence in the thought of children is dependent upon cultural factors, language, folk lore, adult attitudes, etc., and these cultural factors have their origin in the thought of individual adults, not in the misconceptions of children. These results will be presented with full discussion in another place.

Melanesia was chosen for this study because it is an area which contains many relatively unspoiled primitive groups and has been conspicuous in ethnological discussions as a region filled with the phenomena usually subsumed under the head of "Animism." The choice of a local area was made on the basis of what regions were relatively unknown, thus narrowing it down to the region of the Bismarck Archipelago, later narrowed to the Admiralties as the part of that territory about which

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we had the least information. The Manus tribe were chosen for a multitude of chance reasons, because a district officer recommended them as easy to deal with, because a missionary had published some texts in the language, and because we were able to get a school boy in Rabaul to act as interpreter at the beginning. Where nothing was known of any of the many diverse tribal groups in the Admiralties, the choice was at best a blind one. I document this matter because the peculiar relevancy of Manus attitudes and the Manus language to my results is the more striking. I did not choose this culture because of its attitudes towards children, because of its bare non-metaphorical language, because of the kind of results which I attained. I simply chose a Melanesian culture in a primitive state in which I could study the education and mental development of young children.

The method followed was primarily one of observation of the children under normal conditions of play, in their home, with their parents. For the study of the special problem, I collected the children's spontaneous drawings, asked them to interpret ink blots, collected interpretations of events and posed problem questions which would throw light upon their animistic conceptions. The children had never held a pencil before; I began by giving the fourteen-year-olds pencils and paper and suggesting that they draw, leaving choice of subject to them. The next day the next younger group were provided with drawing materials and this went on until the three-year-olds were enlisted. I felt that this was the closest approximation to normal methods of learning which I could make without permitting

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the adults to draw, which would have changed the terms of the investigation. The drawings were preserved with name, date, and interpretations when there were any. Their detailed analysis is a problem for future work.

This study has also as a background a detailed knowledge of the culture, of the social organisation, the economic system, the religious beliefs and practices. All current events in the village were followed with careful attention to their cultural significance and the rôle which they played in the lives of the children. The relationship between parents and children was noted and recorded in the light of detailed knowledge of the paternity and history of the child and the social status and personality of the parent. In each case, the child was studied with his social background, that of his own home and kin being known in detail, that of his culture being known also. This may be said to be a study in which the total situation approach is arrived at in the sense that a simple culture, a population of two hundred and ten people formed a background which could be controlled as a larger community in a complex civilisation could never be.

The native language was used throughout, although I was of course also familiar with pidgin English and so able to follow the conversation and play of the boys in both tongues. With the women and girl children, and with the very little ones, all communication was in the native language. Records of conversations, interpretations, etc., were all taken down in the Manus language. Translations when necessary were checked through our school boy interpreter, who understood

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a good deal of English and spoke perfect pidgin, and cross-checked between my husband and myself.

This book presents the aspects of my study which I feel bear directly upon educational problems. A description of the educational methods pursued consistently by an entire people and the results in adult personality should be of use to educators who must formulate theories of the inherent potentialities of human beings and the way in which these potentialities may best be developed by society through education.

I should like to add an explanatory note about the terminology which I have used. I have avoided as much as possible the use of technical terms. This is not because I do not realise that a science may have much to gain by the use of special and exact terminology. But I do not feel that there is any one terminology among the many in use by different psychological schools which has established itself sufficiently so that one may predict its survival at the expense of all the others. In the meanwhile such a study as this has a certain finality. In a few years the village of Peri will be invaded by missionaries; schools will be introduced; it will no longer be a primitive culture. It therefore seems advisable to couch this description in the language which has been developed outside the realm of controversy—in the field of the novelist—in order that it may be intelligible when some of the present dialectic points and their terminological disputes have been outmoded. Such a course has the additional advantage of making the material more accessible to students from other fields.



## II

### ETHNOGRAPHIC NOTES ON THE MANUS PEOPLES

A COMPLETE ethnology of the Manus culture is being written by Mr. Fortune. Those who wish to place the observations in this book in a more detailed cultural setting will be able to do so by referring to his monograph. I shall only give here a brief summary discussion in order to make the material in this book more immediately intelligible to the Oceanic student.

The Admiralty Islands include about forty islands near the Bismarck Archipelago, north of New Guinea. They lie between  $1^{\circ}$  and  $3^{\circ}$  S. and  $146^{\circ}$  and  $148^{\circ}$  E. The Great Admiralty which forms the centre of the archipelago is about sixty miles long. All the islands of the archipelago, taken together, have an estimated area of about six hundred square miles. The population is estimated at about thirty thousand. The inhabitants are divided for convenience of classification into three main groups: the Manus, or sea-dwelling people, the Usiai, who inhabit the Great Admiralty, and the Matankor peoples who live on the small islands and build their houses on land but make some use of canoes. The Manus people are the only homogeneous group among these three; both Usiai and Matankor peoples include tribes speaking many mutually unintelligible dialects and showing great divergences in custom. This blanket classification is one which the Manus

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people make; as the most enterprising group in the archipelago they have imposed their terminology upon the white man.

The Manus build their houses on piles, in the lagoons near the Great Admiralty or in the lee of small islands. Their some two thousand people are divided among eleven villages: Papitalai on the North Coast, Pamat-chau, Mbunai, Tchalalo, Pere (Peri for purposes of this study as the latter spelling is misleading to those not familiar with Oceanic languages), Patusi and Loitcha, in the lagoons along the South Coast, and settlements near the islands of Mbuke, Tauu, Mok, and Rambutchon, all islands off the South Coast. The language spoken is divided into two dialects, one in which the l sound is used exclusive of the r, the other which uses both l and r. (The latter is spoken in Peri.) This is a mere phonetic shift and the two dialects are mutually intelligible. The villages which speak a common dialect have, however, a vague feeling of unity as over against those which speak the other dialect. There are no political connections between any of the Manus villages, although Government has recently placed a Mbunai man of outstanding leadership in nominal charge of the relations of all these villages to the Administration. The different villages met as units in two ways—in very rare inter-village feasts, only one or two of which were held in a generation, and in occasional warfare. In some cases women of one Manus village were carried off by another Manus village as prostitutes. But the usual form of inter-village relationship was neither the large feast, which, with its ritual of challenge and competitive display, partook somewhat

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of the nature of war, nor war itself, but rather a network of interrelations between individuals and families in the different villages. There was much inter-village marriage and each new marriage contract set up a host of economic and social obligations between the affinal relatives involved.

The Manus peoples, with the exception of the people of Mbuke who are too far away from the main island, live by fishing and trading their fish for the garden products of their Usai or Matankor neighbours. Daily markets are held for the exchange of foodstuffs and the purchase of other necessities such as bark for cord, baskets, spears, etc. Each local group among the non-Manus peoples specialises in some particular manufacture which is traded to the nearest Manus village for fish, or pots in the case of Mbuke, and then carried far and wide to other Manus villages and their neighbours, by Manus canoes. The large, single outrigger canoes, which carry two lug sails and a snug little house, distribute the material culture far and wide. The Manus people control the trade of the South Coast. Except for the Mbuke people who make pots, they make nothing beyond houses and canoes for their own use, cord for their own beadwork, and part of their fishing apparatus. Their finer fish nets, however, are made in Lou and other more distant Matankor settlements. They depend upon the daily markets and the less regular overseas trade for everything else which they use. With the Usai they trade for sago, yams, taro, taro leaves, betel nut, pepper leaves, lime gourds, lime spatulas, paraminium nut used as gumming material, bark for rope and string making, paraminium nut-covered

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baskets, oil strainers, carrying bags, etc. From their own people of Mbuke they get pots. From the people of Balowan and Lou their Manus neighbours get yams ("mammies"), carved bowls, and other fine woodwork, fish nets, lime gourds, oil containers, spears, and tools of obsidian. From Rambutchon and Nauna they get carved beds, from Pak war charms of carved heads and frigate bird feathers, from all of the islands coconuts and coconut oil. Peri is the largest of the villages near the mainland; the inhabitants have the additional advantage of having sago swamps of their own, obtained from the Usiai by marriage and conquest, so they are less immediately dependent upon the local market than most of the other Manus peoples. The shell money used by all the Admiralty Island peoples consists of strings of shallow white shell disks, resembling the shell necklaces in use among the Southwest Indians to-day. It is made by the Matankor people of Ponam on the North Coast and traded all over the island. The North Coast Matankor also have a monopoly of dugong fishing and excellent turtle fishing. In the old days, wars used to be fought between them and the Manus because the Manus poached on their fishing rights. The North Coast has its own pottery centre at the island of Hus, where a white pottery is made, while the South Coast depends upon the black ware made on the island of Mbuke.

While the Manus practically control the trade of the South Coast, they have rivals on the North Coast who build good canoes and are excellent fishermen. In their own part of the Admiralties, however, they are the middlemen; they control the fishing, the traffic on the

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seas, and they are the carriers between Usiai and the island Matankor. Although a few individuals have learned to carve from some relative in another tribe, the Manus as a group produce no single item of art except beadwork nor, with the exception of Mbuke pots, any articles for export. Neither are they collectors; although their shelves are loaded with a greater variety of articles than any Usiai or Matankor house can boast, these are all there for purposes of trade. They will sell the most beautiful Balowan bowl, the finest bit of Usiai carving, with alacrity. After they have sold all the fine work which they have bought from their neighbours they will offer a white man the bones of their dead, or the beaded hair of the dead, for a price.

Although money is perfectly understood, and the shell money and dogs' teeth are in constant use, barter is frequently resorted to both in the daily markets and in the overseas trade. It is used primarily to compel the production or sale of the kind of article desired. So a canoe from Mok will load up with coconuts from the trees of the Matankor peoples on the near-by islands and sail into Peri, demanding sago and refusing to take either money or any other valuable in exchange. The burden of turning money into sago is thus shifted to the Peri people; the Mok people who have made the voyage simply wait until their demands are met. Or the people of Balowan who furnish mud hen eggs to the South Coast trade will give three eggs for two dogs' teeth, but ten eggs for a bundle of sago which can be bought for two dogs' teeth on the mainland.

With this traffic in material objects which results in

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the distribution of the products of all the different localities all over the archipelago goes also a traffic in charms; charms to produce or cure disease, charms to make one's debtors anxious to discharge their debts, charms to induce one's relatives to contribute generously to some undertaking, charms to make a husband come home on time for meals or think lightly of his other wife. (Polygamy is unusual, but does occur.) These are traded from people to people and seem to be the more valued the more times they have changed hands—for a profit. Aspirant mediums from one village will go to a famous medium of another village to be trained. The canoes which are carrying people and trade articles and charms, gossip of births and of deaths, tales of the latest séance, are constantly coming and going from one Manus village to another.

Occasionally one of the loosely organised paternal clans splits in half and the disgruntled section moves to another village. When this occurs a nominal relationship is kept up between the members in the two villages; the kinship is claimed if it is desirable in arranging a marriage, etc. But the rule is for the clans to be confined to one village. The clans are small, a few have as many as ten adult members, others only two or three. If they become reduced to as few as two adult male members, however, the clan is either merged into another small clan or vanish entirely in a large one. So in Peri at the present time, Malean is the only survival of the clan of Kapet, and he has been adopted by Ndrosal and will probably always function as a member of Peri. Pokanas and Poli are the only two surviving members of Lopwer, and Kea is the only



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male member of Kamtatchau; all three of these men act with the small clan of Kalō and people are beginning to speak of them as belonging to Kalō. Where the clan names could be explained at all in Peri they were found to be taken from various types of fishing apparatus which the members of that clan had the hereditary right to make. Theoretically the members of a clan build their houses close together, but the custom of moving a house after a death breaks into this localisation (this can be seen on the map).

The whole attitude towards clan membership and towards kinship is very loose in Manus. Kinship is counted bilaterally, but a child usually belongs to his father's clan, unless, as is often the case, he is adopted by his mother's own or clan brother. The children of two sisters call each other by the same term as do the children of two brothers, adding, if it is necessary to be explicit, "of a different house." House is regarded as the equivalent of "father's line" and "place" is regarded as the equivalent of "Father's clan." This well reflects the feeling that the important point is residence. Difference in age is reflected in the kinship system: older siblings are classed with the parent generation, younger siblings with the child generation. The whole kinship system is organised around the relationship of brother and sister relationships between their descendants. The father's sister and her descendants in the female line are joking relatives and have the power of cursing or blessing the descendants of the brother. Male cross cousins are regarded as potential business partners through the preferential marriage of their children. Although the system is rigid, every fiction is

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permitted in order to fit an individual into the proper category to arrange or contract a marriage. So a man may be conceived as being sister's son to the clan of his father's second wife or his older brother's wife, and thereby having a right to return there to that clan to demand a wife for his son. Only first marriages are arranged in terms of the kinship system and these are the marriages which, having the least regard to the persons concerned, have the least duration. Discrepancies in intelligence are the commonest reasons for the disruption of a marriage, especially by the man's kin. Occasionally, however, they will influence a man to divorce a stupid wife, if he himself is stupid, so that he may marry an intelligent one, in order that she may advise him and enable him to play some rôle in the community. It is worth noting also that the richest and most influential men in the community have all been married for a long time to the same wife. There are various interpretations to put upon this. One may argue that they have stayed married because they were of equal high intelligence and that the high intelligence and drive has produced their success. (This would be borne out by the fact that there are occasional men who have been married a long time and had many children by one wife, but who are stupid and timid and play no rôle in the community.) Or it may suggest that constant change of marriage partners is a terrific economic drain on a man. A marriage which ends in a death is then decently liquidated in the death exchanges, but marriages ending in divorce leave a great many loose ends and result in a good deal of loss to the individuals who have contributed to the affinal ex-

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changes. A man who is frequently divorced becomes a bad investment and people prefer to put their property into the exchanges centring about marriages which have proved stable.

There are faint echoes of rank in the privileges claimed by certain families who are called *lapan* in contradistinction to other families which are called *lau*. Both classes may occur within one clan. The privileges of the *lapan* are largely ornamental: the right to hang shells on his house, his canoe and his belt; the right to string one hundred dogs' teeth instead of fifty on a string, the right to build his house near to one of the little islets, and most importantly the right to boast of his *lapanship* and insult the *lau* in the course of quarrels. From one *lapan* family in each village, a war leader, known as the *luluai* is chosen; he is the man of most prestige within that family. He also represented the village in the occasional inter-village feasts. Aside from these functions and the prestige of his title, he had no power to control the members of his village or to demand anything from them. The village unit is a loose democracy, characterised ably by one informant in pidgin as a place where "altogether boy, he talk." It is an aggregate of loosely organised paternal exogamous clans, all bound together by mutual economic obligations incurred through marriages between their members, obligations which are enforced by the spirits of the dead acting through the mediums. A single puberty ceremonial may agitate all the inhabitants of a village, but each one is acting as the member of a family or a clan, not as a member of the village.

### III

#### CULTURE CONTACT IN MANUS

A GOVERNMENT station was established in the Admiralties in 1912. Since that date the archipelago has been under government control, taxes have been collected, war, head hunting, capturing foreign women for purposes of prostitution, the maintenance of a public prostitute in the men's house, are all banned by law and offenders subject to punishment by imprisonment. Government officers make patrols several times a year, sometimes for purposes of medical inspection, once a year for tax collecting, and at other times. Civil cases are heard during patrols. A native is furthermore permitted to take complaints either criminal or civil to the district officer at any time.

Administration is represented in the native villages by appointed officers, a *kukerai* (or executive), a *tultul*, interpreter and assistant to the executive in dealing with government, and a doctor boy. The village of Peri was divided into two administrative units, owing to civil strife which arose some ten years ago because the young men of one section carried off an Usiai woman who was related by marriage to the *kukerai* of the village. Separate administrative units were subsequently formed so that Peri has two *kukerai*s, two *tultuls*, and two doctor boys. These native officials are presented with policemen hats and exempted from the ten shilling tax. As men of personality are usually chosen, the government appointment increases their influence in the vil-

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lage. But village life is not appreciably altered through this agency, although if they are clever politicians they can often turn their positions to their own advantage. Native theories of disease and its cure are as heartily subscribed to by the doctor boys as by any one else in the community. The wearers of hats have simply added a few touches of elaboration to the social scene. When a "boy he got hat" dies, all other wearers of hats mourn for him by observing some tabu, such as a pledge not to smoke Capstan tobacco until after his final death feast is made by his relatives. Important *kukerais* give feasts known as *kan pati yap*, the "feast belonging to the foreigner," at which tables are made from planks spread out on logs, pieces of calico are spread as tablecloths and whatever enamelware or cutlery the village possesses is called into service; the feast is principally of rice and "bullamoocow" (bully beef). These feasts are however a rare occurrence and represent the final ceremonial effort of the natives to represent symbolically the connection between native officials and the august administration of the white man. The tendency of New Guinea natives to symbolise white culture by tablecloths and flowers on the tables, which has been remarked in Papua also, is the result of the frequent contact of bush natives with civilised domestic arrangements in their capacity of house boys.

The elaboration of the positions of boys with hats, their tendency to regard themselves as a fraternity with mutual interests and ambitions, their pride in their hats and desire to surround them with an aura of political piety and ritual are all fertile soil upon which administrative effort can work. The Manus have the idea of

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rank, of hereditary leadership in war, of blood carrying certain prerogatives of dress and privilege. Unfortunately this tradition of rank has nothing to do with ordinary everyday government in the village. As a result village life is anarchic, held together only by the stream of economic exchanges which bind all the families loosely together. This system is not suited to any sort of communal undertaking. But the idea of officialdom, instituted by the government, therefore falls on good land. The old ideas of rank and war leadership, the respect accorded certain families, can easily be mobilised under this new system, and a more coherent and efficient system of local government encouraged with very little disruption of the native life.

In speeches on important occasions prominent natives refer solemnly to the passing of warfare, the present peace and prosperity of the country since the "hat" descended upon them. Traders to the core, the Manus people have welcomed the government régime which made intertribal trade safer and more frequent; litigious and legalistic of mind, they delight in the opportunity to take disputes to the district officer's court. The endless circumlocutions of pidgin English combined with the exceedingly complex nature of native economic affairs often leads, however, to unfortunate misunderstandings in court. A dispute will be taken to the district officer's about a pig for which one man claims he has never received compensation. This said pig, which A paid to B as part of a marriage exchange, has since changed hands some thirty times, each party in the exchange passing on the obligation rather than eat the pig and have to replace him in the currency system. For



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until a pig is eaten he is virtually currency. The defendant B tries to explain that he is waiting for the value of the pig to be returned to him along this chain of thirty creditors, all of whom have had transitory possession of the pig. "Now me sell 'em along one fellow man, he man belong one fellow sister belong me fellow. All right. This fellow man he sell him along one fellow man, he belong Patusi, he like marry him one fellow pickaninny mary \* belong 'em. He no pickaninny true belong 'em that's all he help 'em papa belong this fellow mary. All right. Now this fellow pig he go along this fellow man. This fellow man he no kaikai pig, he sell 'em along one fellow man, he sister belong mary belong 'em. All right. This fellow man he got one fellow brother, liklik brother belong 'em, he work along one fellow station belong Malay. Close up now he like finish 'em time belong 'em. Suppose he finish 'em time now he catch 'em plenty fellow money, 3 fellow pound, he bring 'em along this big fellow brother belong 'em, one time along plenty fellow altogether something. Now this fellow sister belong mary belong man belong pickaninny mary belong sister belong mary belong me he no—" † At this point

\* "Mary" means any native woman.

† This being translated is: "Now I gave the pig to a man, a man who is my sister's husband. This man gave the pig to a man in Patusi who was planning to marry a daughter of his. She was not his own daughter, but he had inherited her father's position. This pig was accordingly given to this man. This man did not eat the pig but gave him to the brother of his wife." ("Sister" in pidgin means sibling of the opposite sex; "Brother," sibling of the same sex. This distinction which we do not make is felt by the native as essential and he has distorted our kinship terminology to preserve it.) "Now this man has a brother, a younger brother, who is working on

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many a harassed district officer is likely to break in with, "Mâskie, brother belong mary belong brother belong mary, this fellow pig be belong whose that?" If the conception of pigs as currency which changes hands in the same way as does a bank note were more vivid to officials they would not feel such righteous resentment over the unlimited peregrinations of mere pigs. Similarly, cases are taken to court where a man has paid a large betrothal fee, and now that the marriage arrangements have been for some reason upset, wishes to recover his fee. In the normal course of events this debt would have been liquidated by the bride's family over a number of years, the dogs' teeth and shell money in the bride price being scrupulously returned in terms of pigs, oil, and sago. The disappointed bridegroom, however, wants no slow return with which he is powerless to initiate negotiations for a new wife, but his original payment back. The district officer, if new to the territory and untrained in anthropology, attempting to follow this payment through its subsequent trips to Mok, Rambutchon, back to Peri, etc., is likely to exclaim, "You fellow throw away plenty too much money along mary. This fellow fashion he no good. More better you catch him mary straight all the same fashion belong white man."\* Here again a more detailed

a plantation which belongs to a Malay. Soon he will finish his time of indenture. When he finishes his time, he will receive a lot of money, he will receive three pounds, together with many other things. Now this brother of the wife of the fiancé of the daughter of the brother of my wife, he—"

\* "You people pay too much for your wives. This is a bad way to do. It would be better if you simply got married the way the white men do."

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knowledge of native custom would show that there is no wife purchase, that in every item of bride price fixed valuables are matched by dowry payments of food, and that upon this constant interchange of valuables the whole structure of Manus intra- and inter-village relations is built. Under the stimulus of these constant showy exchanges, food is raised, pigs are purchased, pots and grass skirts are made in large quantities, ensuring the people a high standard of living and a firm economic basis for their lives. Interference with this system would have the most serious effects in disintegrating and demoralising the native life. Perhaps, however, the highest boon that formal education could bring to Manus culture in its present form, is the knowledge of arithmetic and facility in keeping accounts. Records of each exchange which would take financial matters out of the sphere of dispute would do much to smooth out the present irritability and quarrelsomeness of village life. At present, only the contested cases are recorded by government; if every case could in some way be recorded by the natives there would be far fewer court cases. For the Manus are exceptionally honest people ridden by an anxiety neurosis on the question of debt. We found it a far more efficient way of ensuring a steady supply of fish to advance tobacco against future catches rather than simply announce our willingness to pay for fish. The natives paid back the advances; sometimes when fishing was poor they would bring the few shillings in their small hoards and tender them in payment, unwilling to have the debt longer upon their consciences. If this anxiety to be out of debt could be coupled with an efficient method of re-

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crediting debts, a most excellent economic system would be the result.

To the native currency of shell money and dogs' teeth, English money and tobacco have been added as subsidiary currency. That is, their value in terms of the old money and of goods is fully understood; money is used to pay small ceremonial debts, as for the performance of some small magical service, and also in the ordinary trading relations between people of different tribes. Tobacco has been given a more defined place in the ceremonial currency. It has become a definite part of the mourning ritual; at the feast ending mourning, each mourner who has slept in the house of death is paid in tobacco. (These feasts were the ones for which the natives desired to borrow tobacco from us. Foresighted as they are, preparing for big economic events sometimes months in advance, they cannot foresee death, nor easily collect the tobacco necessary for this ceremony which follows close on the heels of the death itself.) Those who assist at a house building are also now paid with a stick of tobacco in addition to the betel nut and pepper leaves which are placed on their bowls of food. Tobacco seems to have a tendency to displace betel nut on ceremonial occasions and to be used in the same way as individual dogs' teeth in small transactions. Shillings, on the other hand, seem to replace strings of shell money when made in ceremonial payments. Neither tobacco nor money have yet gained any importance in the large affinal exchanges when thousands of dogs' teeth change hands on one occasion. Money smaller than a shilling the natives have no use for. The tiny sixpences slip too easily

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through their fingers. But the native contempt for small change leads to their paying higher prices than would otherwise be necessary. Articles priced at 1/6 to a white man are sold to a native for a flat 2/. Money is obtained through the sale of thatch and sago to traders, through occasional sales of tortoise shell and pearl shell used in button manufacture. Returned work boys also sometimes bring money as well as goods with them. This is partly expended in trade with the distant stores—all five or six hours away by canoe—and partly saved for the tax—ten shillings for each able-bodied man, except officials who are exempted from the tax. Contrary to the attitude present in many native communities, the Manus do not resent the tax, but boast of the amount of taxes which they pay each year, pointing to their tax record as successful business men may do among ourselves as a sign of wealth and prosperity. To a group as wealthy as the Manus the tax is not a hardship; they reap a full return in the freedom from war which the presence of the government ensures them. Upon the poorer Usiai the tax sometimes falls more heavily and many of them have to work it out as a sort of *corvée* labour.

The two most important ways in which their material culture has been altered by white contact has been through the introduction of steel and cloth. Knives, adzes shod with iron, augers, saws, have completely replaced the older, clumsier tools of stone, shell, and obsidian. This has been accomplished without injuring any basic industry. Houses and canoes are still built in the old styles. The delicate art of making tortoise shell filigree, worn on a round shell disk, has

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practically vanished. The introduction of knives has not encouraged the finer carving; the large bowls which were one of the most distinguishing marks of Admiralty art are no longer made, and most of the smaller bowls are made less skilfully. Although a few agate and enamel dishes have crept into the villages, these have not to any extent displaced the large black earthenware pots used to hold oil and water, nor the shallow pots used for cooking. The formal use of pots in the marriage exchanges is probably a strong factor in encouraging their continued manufacture. Bark cloth has practically disappeared among the Manus, although the land people, richer in bark and poorer in purse, still retain it for daily and ceremonial use. The bark cloth was always of a poor quality, breadfruit bark beaten out on the severed bit of log. It withstood the water badly and cloth was therefore the more welcome to the sea-dwelling people. So the man's G-string of bark cloth is now replaced either by a G-string of cloth or a full loin cloth, known in pidgin as a *laplap*. The women retain their curly grass skirts, but have substituted cloth cloaks for their old clumsy tabu garment, a rain mat, merely a stiff square mat, folded down the centre and sewed together on the narrow edge, forming a sort of stiff peaked head and back covering. (These are still used as rain capes, which has mercifully prevented the introductions of umbrellas to distort the appearance of native ceremonies.) The calico cloak is simply two lengths of cloth, sewed together along the edge, and tied in a bunch at one end so as to fit the woman's head. The sewing is of the crudest sort and the material is usually not hemmed. A few immersions in the



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water turn the vivid reds and purples into drab dull colours, so that it is only on feast days that foreign colours relieve the brown monotony of the village scene. Blankets, of which each house has one or two, are also used by women as tabu robes.

Mirrors, knives, forks, and steel combs have drifted into the village and been seized upon as part of the bridal costume. They are never used, but they are stuck in the bride's armbands, or held in her arms on ceremonial occasions. Camphorwood boxes have been a boon to a people as interested in the care of property as the Manus are; now on many a naked breast dangles, suspended from the beaded headbands of the dead, a bunch of heavy iron keys. The locks are made so that it is necessary to give the key several revolutions and each revolution plays a little tune which betrays a thief. Boxes and axes are part of the conventional goods which returned work boys bring back to the village. Some boys also bring lanterns, soon hung up and disused for lack of kerosene—although usually one house in the village will have some kerosene—or flash lights which lie about unused after the first battery has burned out. Broken watches are sometimes flourished as ornament.

Perhaps the greatest real change, one which is more than the mere substitution of metal for stone, or cloth for bark cloth, has been brought about by the introduction of beads. The Manus possessed a tradition of tying their shell money disks together with a fine cord manufactured from bark. In this way whole aprons of shell money were made, and the edges of armbands and anklets were ornamented with shell money and red and black seeds. Trade beads found a technique ready

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for them, and among the Manus, to a less extent among other peoples of the Admiralties who had already absorbing handicrafts of their own, beadwork has been taken up with great enthusiasm. All the old decorative positions once held by the shell money and seeds have been taken over by beads, and many new ornaments devised. The hair of the dead is sewed into the back of a flat beaded bag, worn suspended from the shoulder of the widow. The widow's mourning hat, the bark cloth worn by the dead, armlets for holding the breast-bone flaps which are also beaded, all come in for elaborate decoration. The patterns are geometric, non-symbolic, and either directly derived from European patterns imported by traders or taken from textiles. While new, they make slight claim to any artistic distinction; after the salt water has faded and mellowed the colours, they are quite attractive and lend a very festive appearance to a village gathering. The use of beads has centred about the elaboration of the mourning costume, the ornamentation of the bride, and incidentally the groom, and the complication of the currency system. Bead belts, which are simply a number of strands of beads joined together at intervals with beads of another colour, have become a regular item in the exchanges between affinal relatives. They are a minor item, not commanding a return in pigs and oil, as do dogs' teeth and shell money, but commanding only raw sago or cooked food. This new feature of the affinal system illustrates neatly the indirect influence of foreign trade upon Manus internal economics. The Manus buy beads and make new belts which are given away in the affinal exchanges, swelling the amount

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which the man's side proudly contributes. To meet these bead belts, more sago must be manufactured. This extra sago is bought up by a trader who comes through the district every month or so. With part of the money which they receive for the sago, the Manus buy more beads, which are worked into belts, introduced into the exchange system, and still further increase the supply of sago worked. So without actually altering the standard of living, these trade conditions do alter the size and splendour of the display which any family can make at a ceremony.

During the German administration, dogs' teeth from China and Turkey were introduced in great quantities, inflating the currency possibly eight hundred or nine hundred percent. To some extent, this inflation resulted in increased prices for commodities; in other cases the old price was retained in the affinal exchanges which results in disparities between the two contracting parties; in others it has merely increased the amount of wealth which changes hands. Where a man once paid one thousand dogs' teeth to his son's wife's father, now he can pay ten thousand. The greater number of boys working for white men and the consequently greater amount of money with which to purchase pigs from the white man, has of course also raised the number of pigs in the community so that the women's side can meet these large payments of dogs' teeth.

Where the white culture has made a really important alteration in the native mode of life is in the prohibition of war and war-captives. This abolition of the customary interests of the young unmarried men in a society which permitted no love making for its young

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girls or its married women, might have had serious consequences had not the abolition of war coincided with the growth of recruiting. The young men are taken out of the village during these years when the community has no way of dealing with them. They become an economic asset instead of a military one of doubtful value. In some native societies where there are rare treasures of magic lore and esoteric knowledge to be handed down from the elders to the young men, this removal of all the young men from the village is a serious matter. The young men come back after their fathers are dead and find themselves forever cheated of their birthright. Although the matter was not investigated extensively, there seems reason to believe that this is the case among the agricultural and more magically dependent Usiai, of the Great Admiralty. An agricultural people also sometimes suffers through the diminution in the store of seeds while the young men are away instead of at home working their gardens. Also all communities which rely upon an early induction of their young boys into the ceremonial and industrial life of the group, suffer when the boys are suddenly reft away from their normal educational routine. When this disturbance of the customary education pattern is coincident with missionary attempts to disrupt the native culture, the two factors work together to produce social disorganisation and maladjustment. Fortunately in Manus among the Manus sea peoples none of these lamentable results follow the present system of recruiting. By the time the boys go away to work they have received all the training which the community ever gave boys before marriage, except upon matters of war and

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prostitution, now erased from the social scene. They would only menace the existing moral and economic arrangements if they remained at home. As magical material which requires long and patient application to memorise is not part of the Manus system, Manus boys do not lose a magical inheritance and with it their power of agricultural or economic or social success as do boys who come from societies depending upon charm and ritual. The Manus boys return to their villages rich, and therefore in a position to command far more respect from their elders than if they remained at home. They begin paying off one of their debts at once, the debt which they owe to those who have made funeral payments for their fathers or other close relatives. Although the debt of marriage will hang about their necks for many years, nevertheless the present system by which a work boy's accumulated earnings are appropriated to a big initial payment to his creditors, is thoroughly in keeping with the Manus financial system. It also brings desirable foreign goods, such as new tools and cloth which have become a necessity, into the village.

If Oriental labour should ever be imported into the Mandated Territory with its probable displacement of the far less efficient Melanesian labour, so that Manus boys remained in the villages from puberty until marriage, some readjustment of native custom would be necessary. The present insistence upon absolute chastity for Manus women could not exist side by side with a government prohibition of prostitution and the present custom of late marriage. The re-introduction, even surreptitiously, of prostitution is improbable because

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Manus respect for the virtue of their own women demands that the prostitute be a war captive, and war cannot be pursued without coming immediately to the attention of government. The alternatives will be either a marked lowering of the marriage age for both men and women, but especially for men, or the modification of the present exacting system of morals. The neighbouring Usiai, with whom the war prostitute was a less frequent phenomenon, solved the problem by a method of carefully supervised license in which young people were given a year of freedom with the mate or mates of their choice in a large house for both sexes which was maintained by some rich headman for his own daughter and others of her age group. There was always chaperonage in the house to see that no outrages were committed against the unwilling, and that behaviour was at all times decorous. This year also served as a sort of training school in manners and social attitudes. At the end of the year, the girls returned to their villages to marry older men who had finally completed the payments for them, and the young men married the widows of their deceased elder male relatives. Licensed freedom before marriage, combined with early marriages in which one partner was so much the senior as to play the leading rôle in matters requiring experience and wisdom, was the Usiai solution. It was a completely dignified and serious solution, well integrated in their whole pattern of social relationships. It is at present unfortunately interdicted. Representations of immorality made by the missionaries to government were responsible for its suspension at the same time that the Manus prostitution house, most unfor-



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tunately called by the same name, "house bomak," was forbidden.

The greatest effect which white culture has had upon the lives of the Manus people has been, as we have seen, in the realm of economic life. Religiously white culture has not yet touched the Manus people importantly except in the case of the natives of Papitalai and the very recent introduction of services by a catechist in Mbunei. Papitalai is on the North Coast, too far away to have any influence in the villages of the South Coast; the beginnings of mission work in Mbunei by a native catechist occurred while we were in Peri. A few boys have returned from work, nominal adherents of some religious faith, but too unversed in its ways to teach it to their people. A few scattered phrases, as "Jesus he like cook 'em you fellow," "Jesus will burn you" (in the flames of Hell)—give the natives a peculiar notion of what Christianity means. They know the two great missions in the north of the Territory, Roman Catholic (*Lotu Popi*) and the Methodist, *Talatalas*, and have made definite choice between them upon two reported attitudes of the missions. For the *Talatalas* they have no use, because they put a strong emphasis upon tithes and expose sinful church members to public censure and confession of faults. But the coming of the *Lotu Popi* they anticipate with approval because they exact no tithes. The Roman Catholics, having realised the magnitude of the task of converting the hundred diverse peoples of New Guinea, have settled down to a task which will last through several generations and established large and prosperous plantations, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Ltd., etc., to sup-

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port the brothers and sisters while they do their mission work. Also they have heard of the auricular confession practised by Roman Catholics and think this will afford them welcome relief from the present custom by which every one's sins are proclaimed loudly to his neighbours. They also believe that with the coming of the Mission they will learn to read and write. The Roman Catholic mission has purchased an island in Peri so that it is reasonable to expect that the natives will ultimately have the Mission among them which gossip has made them believe to be the most desirable.

A few reflections of Christian contact also occur here and there, as in the belief in the island of Mbuke that the white man worships the sun because he always looks up when he prays. But aside from such distortions of accidental observations their religious life remains untouched except by the occasional comforting thought that eventually when they have embraced the new faith, they will be able to pitch their capricious spirits into the sea. In the meantime the sway of the spirits is undisturbed.

The government regulation against keeping the corpse for twenty days while it was washed daily in the sea, has been enforced with very little difficulty because of the feuds between individuals and villages which lead to any derelictions being reported. The time for keeping the corpse has been shortened to three days; the old requirement of killing a man to end mourning, or at least taking a prisoner and using his ransom in the funeral payments, has been abridged to the requirement of killing a large turtle. The bodies are exposed on the more remote little islands until the

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bones have been washed clean, when the skull and certain other bones are recovered and installed in the ceremonial skull bowl. Mourning custom and economic arrangements have been somewhat rearranged, but in the old pattern, to meet these conditions.

To summarise, Manus contact with the white man has to date been a fairly fortunate one. War, head-hunting, and prostitution have been eliminated. Recruiting has prevented these prohibitions creating new social problems, the recruiting period and its rewards have been fitted into the social economic scheme; trade with the white man has provided the natives with beads which have developed a new decorative art and furnished new incentives to the production of foodstuffs; the peaceful régime has produced more favourable conditions for inter-tribal trading. The Manus at the present time are a peaceful, industrious people, coping admirably with their environment, suffering only slightly from preventable diseases. Their ethical system is so combined with their supernatural beliefs as to receive great force and intensity from them. They are not taking any measures to reduce their numbers, being apparently ignorant of medicinal abortifacients (as they are ignorant of most herbal properties owing to their water life), and seldom resorting to mechanical methods. From the standpoint of government they are making a most satisfactory adjustment to the few demands which white contact makes upon them. (This is quite aside from the type of personality which is developed by their methods of education and their attitudes towards family life and marriage. These are subtler points which government will have no time to deal with.)

OBSERVANCES CONNECTED WITH PREGNANCY,  
BIRTH, AND CARE OF INFANTS

IT is characteristic of Manus society where all the important ritual is cast in economic terms, that, although pregnancy, birth, puberty, etc., are marked by such conspicuous festivities, the individuals concerned are subject to very slight tabus. The kind of pre-natal tabu which depends upon imitative magic for its inspiration and forbids a woman to eat a paired banana for fear she will have twins, etc., is limited in Manus to the prohibition that a pregnant woman must not cut fish or wood with a knife or an axe for fear she will cut off one of the limbs of the child. All other malformations, blindness, deafness, club feet, etc., they attribute to the father's or mother's carelessly breaking one of the property-protecting tabus. These latter tabus are called *sorosol*. The owner of a tree will himself put a *sorosol* upon it if he owns one, if not he will pay some one else to do it. The *sorosol* carries a magically enforced penalty for transgression which takes various forms. A number of *sorosol* carry the penalty of causing a miscarriage or a stillbirth. Stillbirths are also sometimes attributed to the malevolent action of spirits of the dead. If a mother dies during childbirth and the infant dies soon after, the mother will be said to have "taken the child."

The nature of physical paternity is understood; the

## APPENDIX IV

child is believed to be a combination of semen and menstrual blood. The men believe that they cause menstruation in their wives and then, by making their wives conceive, cause the blood to clot. There is some obscure belief among the women that their fertility is dependent upon the spirits of their husband's houses. If the spirits wish descendants they will declare that the women shall become pregnant. They exercise this power in the same way that spirits control the supply of fish, that is, by working in co-operation with natural forces. A man expects only that his guardian spirit should drive the already existent fish into the near-by lagoon. Similarly, he believes vaguely that the spirits can facilitate the matter of conception, but he does not think the spirits could make an unmarried girl pregnant without the intermediary of intercourse. Intercourse is not forbidden during menstruation nor during pregnancy. It is forbidden for thirty days after birth, but as the wife is not allowed to even see her husband during this period, this prohibition follows naturally.

Women count ten moons to pregnancy, counting from the last menstruation. They keep little bundles of sticks as counters. The date is kept in mind by every one concerned because of the large economic preparations which have to be made. A few days before the expected birth, the "brother" of the woman divines or has divined the proper place for the delivery. In this case the "brother" is the male relative who is taking the financial responsibility for the economic exchanges with the husband. He may actually be the woman's father or cousin or uncle, etc. As every individual has to plan all his economic activities so that they dovetail,

## GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA

so that he gives sago and pots to-day and receives bead-work to-morrow, it does not always suit the same relative to handle the exchanges surrounding a birth. Some women have had their feasts made by different relatives for each of four or five children; in other cases, two men will alternate the responsibility. The divination for the place of birth decides whether the husband shall move out of his abode and let his brother-in-law and his wife and family move in, or whether the pregnant woman shall be taken to the brother's house. This is supposed to depend upon the will of the spirits, actually it often conforms to the exigencies of the brother's immediate plans.

Only women who have borne children are present at the delivery. Men, young girls and children are excluded. The feeling against the presence of a woman who has not had a child is so strong that I was unable to break it down. To fly in the face of such feeling would have prejudiced my work severely, so I did not see a birth in Manus and the following information comes from informants.

The woman is said to squat and support herself by a bamboo rope which is suspended from the ceiling. The cord is cut with a piece of bamboo. The cord is considered to be good and the afterbirth a bad and unlucky object. The cord, *katchaumbotoi*, is cut into small pieces; one piece is wrapped, together with the afterbirth, *mbut*, in a small pandanus mat. The rest of the cord is smoked and preserved for good luck. No customs of disposal of the cord in order to influence the future of the child were discovered. The mother is placed in a small log framed square on the



#### APPENDIX IV

floor, with mats under her, a mat hung up to screen her from the rest of the house, and a fire right beside her. This is her personal fire and she has also personal cooking vessels in which only her food can be cooked. The little mat containing the afterbirth and bit of cord is stuck up on the wall back of her. Afterwards it is thrown away.

The child is washed and tended by the older women of both the mother's and father's kin. The mother is fed a mixture called *bulokol*, made of coconut milk and taro. The child is not fed until twenty or twenty-four hours after birth, when it is given milk by other nursing mothers and a bit of taro which its own mother has chewed fine. The mother doesn't suckle the baby herself until three or four days after birth. The other women suckle it in turn and are all rewarded for this service afterwards. If the mother is ill and cannot entirely nurse her baby for some time, then she is expected to return milk to these wet nurses' babies if she gets her health back.

Barrenness is believed to be accomplished by resort to the supernatural cursing power of a father's sister or a father's sister's daughter. This power to make the line of one's brother, or one's mother's brother, fail is essentially a curse, but a husband and wife who wish no more children may invoke it as a blessing. This paternal relative also ceremonially blesses the new mother and decrees that she shall have no more children until this one is old enough to walk and swim. A barren woman is called a *pilalokes*; the Manus group together women who have never had children and women who have not had any children for many years.

## GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA

Such women are said to be *fastened up*. The menopause is described by a word which means "she can do nothing more." A married woman is said to be "finished." She will not grow any more.

Miscarriages, *ndranirol*, are treated as real births; the child is named and all the economic ceremonies are gone through. The women distinguish the time when they first feel life: "It has become a human being. Its soul is there."

Twins occur occasionally. They have never heard of triplets, and one woman on being told of one of our freak births of five, gasped out in the little pidgin which she knew (Manus was inadequate to the occasion): "Oh, you number One."

Children are fed taro from the beginning. The absence of coconuts in any great plenty is a serious handicap to feeding children. Sugar cane is also not plentiful. Papayas are regarded as good when they can be obtained, but taro is the mainstay. Sago is too heavy and fish is regarded as indigestible until a child is about three. They are given cigarettes and the outer skin of the betel nut from the time they are two and a half or three. A child is seldom weaned before this age unless the mother is pregnant again. If the second child dies, the older one often resumes suckling. Mothers, in order to wean their children, tie bundles of human hair to their breasts.

The death rate among little babies is enormous. Genealogies are at best an unreliable method, especially where the mother tends not to distinguish between miscarriages, stillbirths, and death a few days after birth. But in many cases the assertion that the child died be-

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fore the thirty day feast was made is probably correct. This feast involves the return of the wife to her husband, or his return to her, and is a sufficiently marked and invariable event to afford some basis for dating. I give a sample of the births reported by the women in one end of Peri, whose reports I was able to re-check with other informants.

The genealogical evidence suggests that the highest mortality is within the first few months after birth, and between thirty and forty years of age. In both cases there is a high differential death rate for males. Among adults this can be accounted for by the greater exposure which the men have to undergo in all-night fishing and at sea. A certain number of the early deaths in the older genealogies were due to war.

Malarial fever is a constant drain upon the natives' health. In some cases this develops into cerebral malaria with resulting death; in other cases pneumonia sets in. The Manus have no conception of medicine. All curing is in supernatural terms, either by placating the spirits or by the recitation of set charms, usually by the person whose charm is believed responsible for the illness. Broken bones are treated by keeping the injured member in a natural position and by the application of heat. Heat is also applied to cuts, bruises, etc., and to girls at first menstruation and women after delivery.

I believe the high death rate among young children can be laid especially to insufficient and unwise feeding (the mother's milk is depleted after years of nursing older children), no sunlight, and no protection against changes of temperature. The houses with slat floors

## GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA

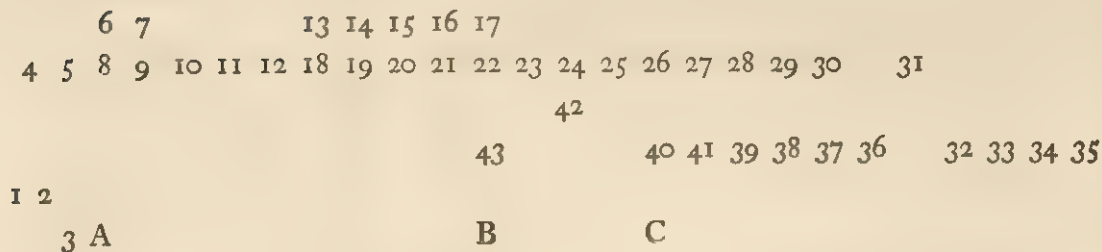
admit continual draughts, and a drop of a degree in temperature sets the whole community shivering. They have no adequate clothing for a change of weather. Little babies are also subject to bad sores. On the other hand, the children who survive the first year of life, seem to be fairly strong. There is relatively little illness among the children's group, with the exception of attacks of malaria and occasional tropical ulcers. The high infant death rate and the numerous deaths in middle life all serve to focus the attention of the anxiety-ridden Manus upon their sins. Each slight illness means confession and propitiatory payments, and hardly a night passes that the medium's whistle is not heard in some house where there is illness. Malaria is particularly well suited to stimulating recurrent anxiety over small sins; amends are made and the patient usually recovers, proving that the spirits' wrath is appeased.

# V

## DIAGRAM OF THE VILLAGE SHOWING HOUSE OWNERSHIP, CLAN MEMBERSHIP, RESIDENCE

### *Village Plan of Peri*

[ 327 ]



<i>House No.</i>	<i>House Owner</i>	<i>Clan</i>	<i>Head of Subsidiary Household</i>	<i>Clan</i>	<i>Relationship to House Owner</i>
1.	Pomalat	M			
2.	Topas	M	Polau	M	Parallel cousin paternal line
3.	Pokanau	Po.			
4.	Luwil	M	Sat	P	Half brother by Peri father
5.	Tchaumutchin	M			
6.	Dropal	Po.			
7.	Ngandiliu	Lo.	Drauga	Pat.	Husband of wife's sib paternal aunt?
8.	Deserted				
9.	Maku	Pat.			
10.	Kampwen	Po.			
11.	Ngapo	Kt.			
12.	Selan	Po.			
13.	Ngamoto	Kt.	Pongi	Pat.	Husband of widow's daughter
14.	Pope	M	Nganidrai	Po.	Daughter's husband
15.	Pomele	Lo.			
16.	Kalowin	Po.			



<i>House No.</i>	<i>House Owner</i>	<i>Clan</i>	<i>Head of Subsidiary Household</i>	<i>Clan</i>	<i>Relationship to House Owner</i>
17.	Poiyo	M			
18.	Tunu	P			
19.	Bosai	M			
20.	Pomat	M			
21.	Pwisio	P			
22.	Paleao	P			
23.	Ngapotchalon (widow)	Kt.			
24.	Nane	Lo.			
25.	Banyalo	P.			
26.	Pondramet	M	Pomo	M	Daughter's husband
27.	Ndrosal	P	Sisi	Loitcha	Niece's husband
28.	Pokanas	Lp	Malean	Kp.	Adopted son. Member of an extinct sib
29.	Kea	Km.			
30.	Talikawa	P	Kala	Km	Distant maternal relative
31.	<i>House boy</i>				
32.	Tchanan	Kt.			
33.	Ngapolyon (widow)	Km.	Kaloi	Kt.	Son of widow

<i>House No.</i>	<i>House Owner</i>	<i>Clan</i>	<i>Head of Subsidiary Household</i>	<i>Clan</i>	<i>Relationship to House Owner</i>
34.	Kalat play house				
35.	Sanau	Kt			
36.	Tuain	Ko.			
37.	Poli	Lp.			
38.	Ngamasue	Ko.			
39.	Ndrantche (widow)	Lo.			
40.	Kemai	Lo.	Polin	Rambutchon	Adopted son
41.	Talikai	P			
42.	Koroton	P	Tcholai	P	Son
43.	Ngamel	P			
A. Pontchal Islet—Barrack			B. Peri Islet—our house		
Our Residence from two months			C. Peri Islet—No. 2		

*Abbreviations used for Clan names*

M.	Matchupal		
P	Peri		
Po	Pontchal		
Lo	Lo (offshoot of the sib of Tchalalo which had moved out		
Ko	Kalo	Lp	Lopwer
Kt	Kalat	Km	Kamatachau
		Patusi	
		Kp	Kapet
			Member of village of Patusi

## APPENDIX V

### *Comment*

In the residences of the younger men there is a distinct cleavage between the rich successful lines whose young men live with the father or adopted father or elder brother, and the members of the poorer families who live where they can. Among the poor or the irregularly married (e.g., Sisi, House 27, who had stolen his wife from another man and not yet paid for her properly. He had fallen out with his older brother over this match and so had no house to go to in his own village of Loitcha), there is often a tendency towards matrilocal residence, a system which makes the man's position very difficult as the mother-in-law tabu can never be obviated. In discussing the marriage system I have adhered to the conditions which are regarded as usual, for in these irregular and poorly financed marriages so many different factors enter in to complicate the picture.

## VI

### VIEWS OF THE VILLAGE AS SEEN BY TWO CHILDREN, AGED FIVE AND ELEVEN, AND EXPLANATORY COMMENTS

NEITHER boys nor girls can tell the exact clan affiliations of the owners of each house. They all recognize the houses of Kalat because they stand off by themselves and Kalat is used as a definite place name. Pontchal is also known to them, used to designate the part of the village where the houses of the members of the clan of Pontchal and Matchupal stand. Pontchal has been made an administrative unit by the government, with its own officials, and it is in this light that the children see it. They do not know who owns houses, nor do they know the clan affiliations of women. They do not know the guardian spirits of other houses than their own and sometimes, if their own houses have several guardians, they do not know their names.

The preceding map shows the village as a mature man or woman is able to describe it. It is impossible to show what rôle self-interest or attention plays in an adult's view of the village because the adult will report many things in which he is not interested. He views the clan locations and memberships in his village in much the same formal fashion as we think of states and their capitals.

## APPENDIX VI

### *Views of the Village\**

Table showing the village of Peri as it appeared to Kawa, aged five (House 12); the way these same houses appeared to Ngasu, aged eleven (House 22), and some accompanying notes upon the households in question.

\* The records of girls are given in both cases. It will be understood that boys give little of this type of comment; spending less time with the women they know less of what is going on.

House Number	<i>Kawa's View. Kawa is the daughter of Selan, a member of the clan of Pontchal.</i>	Comment	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. She is the daughter of Panau, who is dead. She and her sister, Salikon, have been adopted by Paleao, Panau's adopted father's adopted son. (See Chapters II and VI.)</i>
4.	<p>1. Father's sister lives here</p> <p>2. Piwen lives here</p>	<p>1. Refers to Molung, wife of Luwil. Molung was adopted by Ngandiliu, Kawa's father's older brother. She is really the daughter of Kali, an uncle who financed Ngandiliu's marriage. Selan, Kawa's father, calls her "sister," and Kawa calls her <i>patieien</i>, "father's sister."</p> <p>2. Piwen is a small girl of three, Molung's adopted daughter. Molung's son Kalowin of nine Kawa doesn't mention.</p>	<p>House of Paleao's brother Luwil. Luwil's part of the house is in front. Kalowin and Piwen live there. Saot lives in back. "The wife of Luwil" and "the wife of Saot" run away from Paleau. They are his tabu relatives.</p>



3. Pwendrile lives  
here, I think

3. Pwendrile is a baby boy of two, the son of Saot, Luwil's younger half brother, who lives with his wife in the back of House 4. Pwendrile is being adopted by Pokanas and his wife, Nyambula, who is the clan sister of Saot's father's first wife. Pwendrile spends much of his time with Nyambula, who will take him for good as soon as he is weaned. She cannot take him sooner, because she is a barren woman, not a recently bereaved mother who could suckle him at her own breast. Pwendrile is Saot's only child and he is very devoted to him, but Nyambula and Pokanas have helped to finance his marriage. They are rich and can early begin payments for Pwendrile's future wife.

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
5.	<p>1. Itong lives here</p> <p>2. Ngaleap used to live here</p> <p>3. Mutchin broke his wife's arm</p>	<p>1. Itong is a little girl of five.</p> <p>2. Ngaleap is the daughter of the son of a clan brother of the father of Mutchin's adopted mother. When her father and mother died, he adopted her and she lived in his house. She was a jolly girl, much liked by the younger children. After she got into a scandal, however, another uncle took her to live with him, believing that Mutchin was too mild a mentor.</p> <p>3. Mutchin broke his wife's arm because of a quarrel over a bowl of food which she wanted to send to a birth feast of her brother's wife, and he wanted to contribute to a feast for laying the house piles for a boy house for his half brother's</p>	<p>"Grandfather's" house. He's Paleao's brother. Yesa, Kapamala, Pindropal, Itong, and Songan live there. Ngaleap broke her knee open swinging and Sain tells Popoli (Paleao's adopted son) that he will break his too if he never goes to bed.</p>

		<p>adopted clan's young boys. He carried his point but the next day she failed to go and collect the dish in which the food was sent. She replied to him with unaccustomed venom when he told her that the bowl was being taken home as her own by the woman next door, so he broke her arm.</p> <p>4. Pindropal is a little girl of seven, Mutchin's daughter. (There are also in this house three boys, aged three, ten, and twelve, whom Kawa doesn't mention.)</p>
4.	Pindropal lives here	
1.	Knows nothing about this house	

The doctor boy of Pontchal lives there. His wife has a baby and Paleao made the feast for the birth. (See Chapter VII.)

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
9.	1. Alupwa lives here	<p>completing her mourning. All the relatives were distant ones; the house was old and falling to bits. Poiyo took refuge there for a while when the quarrels between his two wives made it impossible for him to keep them in one house. He was too poor to build a new house for his second wife.</p> <p>This is the house of old Maku who has had five wives and no children. His first four wives are all dead. His fifth wife, Melen, was married twice before. To her first husband she bore no children. She ran away from him and married Talikake of Matchupal, to whom she bore six daughters.</p>	<p>House where Poiyo's cross-wife lives. Alupwa lives there but she is always going away to visit in Mbunei.</p>

One is married in Mbunei and has had six children; the two girls are dead and four boys living. One is married in Patusi and has borne two girls, one is living. Two of Melen's daughters died of the flu (from the spirits of the foreigners) and two live with her. Of these, the eldest, Kompon, is the heroine of two illicit affairs, had one illegitimate child by Selan, Kawa's father. This was before Selan was married. He fled to the north of the Admiralties after confessing his sin to Paleao. When Kompon's pregnancy became obvious, they dressed her as a bride and took her to the house of Ngandiliu, Selan's older brother, with whom he lived. Ngandiliu, advised of their coming, fled to the bush, first barring the house door.

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
		<p>The baby was born and died soon after. Then Kompon got into an affair with Poiyo, who was already married, with several children. He married her under pressure, their child is Topal, who lives part of the time here with his mother, oftener with his father, although his father's other wife does not treat him well. Kompon has two other children, Kilipak, aged three, and a baby girl. She and Poiyo have quarreled so that she has left the deserted house of Sakaton (House 8) where they were living and moved back into the house of her mother's third husband, Maku. Her younger sister Lompan is</p>	



10.

1. Kandra lives there. She is a bad girl

disordered mentally, afraid of men, has never married.

1. Alupwa, of whom Kawa speaks, is a little girl of ten, the daughter of Melen's dead brother's dead son.

This is the house of Kampwen and his wife Ngaten. Kampwen had in his youth married Sasa of Patusi, who bore him four girls, all of whom died as infants, and then died herself. He then married Aluan of Mok, who died childless. Then he married Ngaten, who had been previously married to Talikotchi of Patusi. To him she had borne two children, a boy and girl, both of whom died as infants. She left him and married Kampwen, so she was his third wife, he her second husband. To Kampwen she bore

House where Kandra lives. Kandra is a "dumb" girl.

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
	2. Manuai lives there	<p>first a son who died as an infant. The death of this child she attributed, like the death of her two children by her first marriage, to the evil charms of her grandfather, who had never forgiven her for robbing his fish traps as a girl. (2) Then she bore Kampwen a son, Manuai, who was still living, a sickly child of three.</p> <p>1. Kandra, the younger daughter of Poiyo's first wife by Pampai, the dead brother of Kampwen, has been adopted by Kampwen. She is a peevish, ill-tempered child, the butt of much teasing because she greets it with great fury. Her father died when she was about five. She does not like Kampwen,</p>	

bullies and intimidates Ngaten with tantrums, and divides her time between the house of Kampwen and the home of her mother. Her marriage has already been arranged with a Patusi boy.

In this house there also lives an old woman named Kamwet, who has been married three times, to a Mantankor man in Lombrum, to whom she bore one daughter, who is dead; then to a Manus man in Papitalai to whom she bore no children, then to a brother of the second husband of the mother of Ngaten, the wife of Kampwen. With her she brought her sister's daughter Iamet, who is married to one of the chief men of the village, Talikai, but refuses to live in the house with his other wife. Talikai has sworn not to yield and

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
12.	My house. Father and Mother and Kiap live there. Mother is pregnant.	<p>build her another house, so she sulks and divides her time between this house, where her mother's sister, Kamwet, lives, and the house of her own mother, where her son lives with his grandmother.</p> <p>Selan is married to Mateun of Tau. Her mother belonged to the island of Mbuke so she has no close relatives in Peri and stays much to herself. In times of trouble she takes refuge in the house of Pokanau on the attenuated plea that Pokanau is <i>lom pen</i> (child through the distaff line) to some people in Patusi who are <i>lom pen</i> to Tau and whom she calls <i>polepol</i>, cross cousin. Selan had not married</p>	<p>Kawa lives there. Her mother is pregnant. Her father had a fight with the Luluai. Father heard the Luluai talking a charm before it was light.</p>

anyone else but he had committed two sex offences, one with Kompon, the wife of Poiyo, and one with Main, the five times widowed sinner of the sib of Tchalalo. In Selan's own background his mother, Pwoke of Patusi, had married Popot of Taui, who was called lapan and had some special privileges, such as wearing dogs' teeth diagonally across the breast. Pwoke bore eight children, three sons who are still living, and five daughters all of whom are dead. Three died after marriage, one bore a male child which lived, one died pregnant, and one bore a male child which died. The oldest brother stayed in Taui. But when Popot died, Pwoke returned to Patusi with the two other sons, Ngandiliu and Selan, and mar-

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
		<p>ried Kali of Tchalalo. To him she bore Molung (House 4). Kali financed Ngandiliu, who later adopted and financed his young half sister Molung. Selan was adopted by Tchokal of Tchalalo, who was no relation to him. Selan's guardian spirit is Topal, a foster brother who was also adopted by Tchokal. Now Selan acts as a medium with Topal as his control. Tchokal also left Selan the right to work his sago lands. But when Tchokal died, the financing of Selan's marriage was arranged by Ngandiliu, to whom he gave his oldest son, Topal.</p> <p>Next after Topal comes Kawa, oldest child in the household. Then</p>	

18.

House where Alupwa is going to die. Then there will be some tobacco.

there was a baby girl Ipwen, who choked to death as a small child. It is believed she was strangled by the spirit of a Tau'i man. (Selan's father and Mateun's mother both belong to Tau'i. This is the mother's version of the death. It is most frequent for the deaths of children to be attributed to the malice of the father's spirits, if the mother is talking.) Kiap, the baby, is about three and Mateun is expecting a baby in a few weeks.

This is the house of Tunu, the son of Komatol and Potik and his wife Alupwa. They are the parents of Piwen (House 4), who was adopted by Luwil, Tunu's younger brother, whose wife, Molung, has just lost a child and could suckle Alupwa's child when she was too ill to do it herself. Alupwa has just borne a

House of "Father's" younger brother Tunu. Tunu is the brother of Luwil, too. The "wife of Tunu" is dying. The Usiai said she got a snake in her



<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
		<p>child which is being cared for by her husband's mother who lives in the back of Ngandiliu's house. Alupwa is very ill from an infection following birth and all of her family's resources have been drained in an attempt to pay Usiai dreamers, Matankor practitioners and angered Manus spirits whom various mediums have designated. Alupwa has confessed every sin she ever committed including an accidental physical contact with Panau when a boat was upset. Panau has been dead two years.</p> <p>Pwasa, the nine-year-old sister of Alupwa, also lives here. She calls her older sister "mother," and her</p>	<p>belly from climbing a betel nut tree.</p> <p>Pwasa lives here. Pwasa went to sea with Talipot-chalon and nearly drowned. They lost all their food. Pwasa cried.</p>

- |     |  |  |  |
|-----|--|--|--|
| 43. | House where Ponkob and Nauna live              | <p>old mother, Ndrantche, "grand-mother."</p> <p>This is the house of Ngamel, an elder of Peri, who lives with his wife Ngatchumu. See Chapter II.</p>   | House where Ponkob and Nauna live. Nauna is going to marry Sapa who belongs to Kalo.                       |
| 42. | House of the Luluai. He's fighting with father | <p>The old blind Luluai of the village is making use of his superior magic and his blindness, which makes him immune from government imprisonment, to default on his debts. He and Selan have had a furious altercation over a pig, which Selan paid him, he ate, and never made the return payment for. The Luluai has threatened Selan with death and Selan has employed Pataliyan who has much strong magic to make him immune from the Luluai's magic.</p> | House of the Luluai. He eats all his pigs and never pays his debts. He hasn't paid for Tcholai's marriage. |

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
		With the Luluai lives his son Tcholai who was married early that his rapidly failing sight might see the match; Tcholai's wife who comes from Tau, and their two children, Salieyao of three and a baby boy. Tcholai goes about in much embarrassment because his father does not pay his debts and has not paid properly for Tcholai's wife. With the Luluai lives also Taliye, the daughter of the Luluai's dead wife, the sister of Main. Taliye is her father's guide wherever he goes. Her older sister, Ngakakes, has been adopted by Nyambula, the wife of Pokanas.	
40.	House of Po-	This is the house of Kemai and Isali.	House of Pop-

pitch. House of  
mourning

Popitch, the middle son of Nane, Kemai's father's father's brother's son's son, has died and the mourning is being conducted in the house of Nane's older "brother" whom he calls father. In all the seances surrounding Popitch's illness and death, Isali has been the medium, communicating with the spirit world through Tchaumilo who died because of Main's, Kemai's father's brother's daughter, intrigue with Selan, Kawa's father. In the house of Kemai lives Kisapwi, the daughter of Iamet by her third marriage. Kisapwi is fifteen, has been engaged and the negotiations broken off several times. Her father belonged to Tchalalo, the clan of Kemai, so Kemai has adopted her. Here also lives Lauwiyen, the daughter of

itch. The house of mourning. We went to sleep there and Isali held a seance and she said Tchaumilo said that father hit Popitch on the back of the neck with a hatchet. Then mother and Ngasu and I left. Isali said there was blood on our floor, but that wasn't Popitch's blood, it came from Nauna's foot when he cut it on a clam shell. Lauwiyen lives

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
		<p>Kemai and Isali (see Chapter VIII) and Pomat (Chapter VI), the son of Isali's dead sister.</p> <p>Here also is Main, and Nane and his wife and their sons, Kutan, Posuman, Tchaumilo, and Mwe, who all moved in to mourn for Popitch, and here also lives Kalowin, the son of a Tchalalo mother. Before Popitch's death, Posuman, the son of Nane, had fallen ill and the spirits, speaking through Isali, had commanded Kalowin (who used to have mad fits when he used to go out to the reef and start building it up with stones after the fashion of the women who built up the little islets) to take Posuman back to Nane and</p>	<p>there. Noan made away with her. Now she has shaved her head. That's why Popitch died. Isali doesn't like Pal-eao. All the people who belong to Lo are no good.</p>

go and live there himself with his wife, Tchomole, and their two small children, Selemon and Inong. Only old Kali, the father of Nane and Molung, the second husband of Selan's mother, was left in the house of Nane, where Popitch had died, where Nane's guardian spirit had betrayed the house in letting Popitch die, the house which was to be torn down and rebuilt near the old islet of Tchalalo, with Popitch as its guardian after his head had been dried and properly installed.

Many causes had been advanced for Popitch's death; one of them, that he had been struck down by Panau who was jealous of Nane because he was making his *metcha* (see Chapter III), was broached after his death by Isali in a seance

<i>House Number</i>	<i>Kawa's View</i>	<i>Comment</i>	<i>Way in which Ngasu, a girl aged eleven, sees the same part of the village. (Cont.)</i>
		in the house of mourning when she thought that the widow of Panau and Salikon and Ngasu were asleep.	

*Ngasu's knowledge of houses of which Kawa knows nothing.*

19. House of Bosai. This is our house, too. Bosai's wife comes from Mbuke.
20. House of the Tultul of Pontchal. He's not much. His wife is silly. Their baby (Pope) doesn't talk much. (See Chapter VI.)
21. House of Pwisio. He had a fight with his wife because Noan slept there and saw her with her grass skirt off.
13. Polam lives here. He is a funny boy who won't play with anyone. His mother is Talikai's other wife (see House 10). There is an old woman in that house who never goes out. (This is the mother of Iamet, the wife of Talikai.)
14. Tchokal lives here. He fights a lot and he is older than he looks. Noan lives here. He is a bad boy. He said he seduced Salikon (her sister) but he didn't. But he did seduce Lauwiyan. That's why she cut her hair.
15. Melin, Sain's sister, lives here. Her husband is called "Son of Lalinge."



(Lalinge is Paleao, Ngasu's adopted father.) Lalinge paid for Melin. Their house isn't strong. The floor might break through if too many people were there.

16. Kalowin lives here. He used to live in Nane's house, then he moved to Kemai's house after Popitch died, but this is his real house. Inong, his daughter, is going to marry Pokus. But she is too little to understand that yet.

17. Ponyama, Poiyo's first wife, lives here. She fights with Kompon all the time. Kisapwi and Kandra are her children but Kandra lives in the house of Kampwen. Kandra is engaged to be married.

22. This is Paleao's house. This is where we live now. This was father's house before. Father's head is in the bowl up there. Popoli (Paleao's adopted son) is going to have his hair cut soon. Paleao has piles of cocoanuts piled up there in the back of the house for Salikon's *kekanbwot* (first menstruation) ceremony. This house has a strong floor. When the man from Mbunei died they moved the body in here because the floor of Melin's house isn't strong.

23. Sain's mother, Ngapotchalon, lives here. You mustn't say her name to Paleao. It's forbidden. She stays in the house all the time. Popoli is always going there crying for food. When Banyalo was sick he stayed because Popoli's guardian spirit said he should. Banyalo took his box there too. Paleao didn't want to build that house.

24. Nane's house. He's going to pull it down because Popitch died. He killed a turtle yesterday.

25. Paleao's brother's house. He has four children. He has a new baby. It's a

nasty little house. They never play, they always ride about in their father's canoe.

26. Pondramet's house. His wife is very sick. Paleao says it's because she tried to tie a string around her belly. (Attempted abortion from which she died afterwards.)

27. Ndrosal's wife has sore eyes because Ndrosal threw lime in them because the baby cried. The baby always cries. Sisi and Pwondret live here. (See Chapters II and IX.) Paleao stole Pwondret for Sisi; Pwondret's husband had another wife, anyway.

28. This is Pokanas' house. Sometimes we live here. His wife knows a lot more than he does. She is a medium. She hasn't any children. Komatal is Pokanas' daughter. She is going to be married soon. She can't say Sain's name, because she is going to marry a boy in Kalat. Last week Pokanas beat Nyambula and she called Ndrosal, he's her brother, and he came and hit Pokanas' mother and then he and Pokanas wrestled and they both fell into the water. The Tau'i bride lives in the back of the house. She was cross to me because I peeked. She doesn't like me.

29. Kea's daughter Mentun is a thief. I only play with her sometimes. She picks up things from under people's houses. Kea's wife is crazy. She quarrels with everybody and thinks everybody is a liar.

30. Talikawa is the doctor boy of Peri. My father was the doctor boy of Peri. His new wife has just had a baby. He had two other wives but he chased them away. His little girl Molung has just come back from Mok.

31. This is the boys' house. We can go there if none of the youths are there.

When Sain's brother came back from Rabaul he brought piles of boxes and they danced all night.

32. This is Kalat. Sain belongs to Kalat. My brother (who is away at work) is going to marry the girl who has just menstruated. She is my sister-in-law. We can't say each other's names. Tamapwe lives here too. He is going to marry a girl in Pamatchau.

33. This house belongs to the widow of Polyon. When "the wife to be of my brother" had her menstruation feast, we all slept there every night and we took torches and sago around the village.

34. That little house is where all the children of Kalat played because they haven't any little islet.

35. Sanau lives here. His wife hasn't any children. She has breasts like a young girl.

36. This is Kalo. This house belongs to Tuain. He's my mother's brother. He's going to go and live in Kemai's house when Kemai goes to Tchalalo to fish.

37. This house belongs to Kalo too. My mother belongs to Kalo. So does Sain, but she belongs to Kalat too.

38. This is where Sapa lives. She is going to marry Nauna. She knows it so she can't come and play on our islet.

39. Kapeli's mother lives here. So does Kapeli.

## VII

### A SAMPLE LEGEND

#### THE STORY OF THE BIRD "NDRAME"

NDRAME married Kasomu.\* He wanted to go and work sago. He said, "Kasomu, a little sago towards the mouth, give it to me, that I may eat." Kasomu said, "Ndrame, I have become ill." Ndrame put the food in his mouth. He ate. He took sago cutter, sago strainer, rope bag for sago. He went to work sago. The sun went down. He came here to the village. He said, "Kasomu, a little sago towards the mouth, I will eat." Kasomu lied that she was ill. She painted herself with ashes. Ndrame he put food in his mouth. He ate. He went to work sago. Kasomu stood up. She put on a good grass skirt. She took her shoulder bag. She took lime, betel nut, pepper leaf. She went to the mangrove swamp. She called Karipo.† "Kailo fish never mind! Mwasi fish never mind! Paitcha fish never mind! Ndrame has gone. Come here, we two will stop together." Karipo he came here. They two stopped together. They two together. They two together. Kasomu, she said: "This is the time that Ndrame will be returning here to the village. You fly away and I will go to the village." She came here to the village. She bound fast her forehead. She bound fast her belly. She bound fast her

\* Fresh water clam.

† A bird.

## APPENDIX VII

wrists. She painted herself with ashes. She sleeps in the men's house. Ndrame he came here. He said: "Kasomu, a little sago to the mouth, I will eat." Kasomu she said: "Ndrame, I have become ill. Who is it who wishes to work a little sago for the mouth, to be eaten?" Ndrame he put food in his mouth. He ate. He sleeps. At dawn he took sago cutter, he went to work sago. Kasomu breaks the rope away. She washed. She puts on a grass skirt. She takes shoulder basket, betel, pepper leaf, and lime. She goes down to the mangrove swamp. "Karipo, kailo fish never mind! Mwasi fish never mind. Paitcha fish never mind! Ndrame has gone away. Come here to me." They two stop. Ndrame, he returned here. He took his sago cutter. He took the shell of the hollowed-out sago palm. He came here to the village. He here looked for Kasomu. She was not there. He went down to the mangrove swamp. He saw down there Kasomu and Karipo they two together. He took a rope of mangrove. He struck Karipo on the neck. Karipo became long necked. He broke Kasomu. Now there are clams in plenty along the mangrove shore.

This is the type of myth which the Manus share with many other Melanesian peoples and to which they attach little importance. Such myths are not invoked in discussions of natural phenomena. The identity of the principal characters as birds and a clam is practically lost as it is customary for human beings to be so named. Children who have heard scraps of such stories tend to think of the characters as human beings who once lived. The monotonous reiteration of adul-

## GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA

tery in the tales does not interest the children. If the adults ever stimulated their interest by prefacing a tale with, "Do you know why the karipo has such a long neck?" or "Do you know why there are so many shells in the mangrove swamp?" and then told the tale to the children, the results in children's interest in tales would presumably be quite different.

## VIII

### ANALYSIS OF THE COMPOSITION OF THE PERI POPULATION

210 people  
 44 married couples  
 87 children under or just at puberty  
 9 young people past puberty, unmarried  
 20 widows  
 6 widowers

1.9 children per married couple

53 households

1.6 children per household

Of the 87 children, 24 or 26% are adopted

Sex ratio for people under 40, 100%

Sex ratio for entire population, 86.92

(due to excess of aged widowed females)

#### RECORDS OF FIFTEEN PERI WOMEN \*

<i>Woman</i>	<i>Order of Marriages</i>	<i>Births</i>	<i>Sex</i>	<i>Age of Death</i>	<i>Children Age now Alive</i>
Ngasaseu	1	0			
	2	1	f		
		2	m	Under 1 mo.	
		3	f		3 yrs.
		4	f		2 mos.

\* These I have checked so extensively as to consider them reliable.



# GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA

<i>Woman</i>	<i>Order of Marriages</i>	<i>Births</i>	<i>Sex</i>	<i>Age of Death</i>	<i>Children</i>	
					<i>Age now</i>	<i>Alive</i>
Ilan	1	1	m		3	yrs.
		2	f		6	mos.
Pwailep	1	0				
Indalo	1	1	f	Under 1 mo.		
		2	m	Under 1 mo.		
		3	f	Under 1 mo.		
		4	m	Under 1 mo.		
	2	5	m	At birth		
		6	f	At birth		
		7	f		4	yrs.
		8	m		1	yr.
Indolo	1	1	m		12	yrs.
		2	m		10	yrs.
		3	f		7	yrs.
		4	f		5	yrs.
		5	m		5	yrs.
Ngalen	1	1	m	Under 1 mo.	3	yrs.
		2	m			
	2	3	m	Under 1 mo.		
		4	f	Under 1 mo.		
Mateun	1	1	m		7	yrs.
		2	f		5	yrs.
		3	f	At birth		
		4	m			
		5	m		2½	yrs.
Iamet	1	1	m	Stillbirth		infant
	2	1	m	Stillbirth		
		2	m	Under 2 yr.		
		3	m	Under 2 yr.		
		4	m	Under 2 yr.		
		5	m	Under 2 yr.		
		6	m	Under 2 yr.		
Melen	1	1	f	Under 1 mo.		

# APPENDIX VIII

<i>Woman</i>	<i>Order of Marriages</i>	<i>Births</i>	<i>Sex</i>	<i>Age of Death</i>	<i>Children</i>	
					<i>Age now</i>	<i>Alice</i>
Patalli	1	2	f		3	yrs.
		1	f		8	yrs.
		2	m	Under 1 mo.		
Sain	1	3	f		3	yrs.
		1	f	1 month		
		1	f	1 month		
Main	2					
	3					
	4					
	5					
	1	0	f		13	yrs.
	2	2	f		11	yrs.
Ngakam	3	3	m	Under 1 mo.		
		4	f	Under 1 mo.		
		5	f	Under 1 mo.		
		6	f		6	yrs.
		7	m	Under 3 mo.		
		8	m		2½	yrs.
Ngakume	1	9	f		3	mos.
		1	m	Miscariage		
		2	m	Under 3 mos.		
		3	m	Under 1 yr.		
		4	m		2½	yrs.
		1	m	Under 3 mos.		
Ngatchumu	1	2	m	Under 3 mos.		
		3	m	Under 3 mos.		
		4	m	Under 3 mos.		
		5	m	Under 3 mos.		
		6	m		8	yrs.
		7	f		5	yrs.
		8	m		3	yrs.
		9	f		1½	yrs.

## GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA

### *Analysis of These Results Shows*

15 women still of childbearing age

30 marriages

65 births

34 died under three years old, 31 under 3 months

Of these births 40 were males, 25 died; 25 were females,  
9 died

Result: 15 males, 16 females

# IX

## RECORD SHEETS USED IN GATHERING MATERIAL

### *Household Record Sheet*

[ 367 ]	House Owner	clan	genealogy
	Marriages		How disrupted
	Children by each marriage		
	Present whereabouts of these children		If dead, cause of death
	Relationship of first wife to himself		
	Who financed his marriage		
	Who is his guardian spirit		
	Can he divine		
	Has he sago lands or right to work sago anywhere		
	What birth exchanges has he financed		
	What marriages is he financing		
	Wife of House Owner	clan	genealogy
	Marriages		How disrupted
	Children by each marriage		If dead, age and cause of death
	Relationship to first husband		
	Who financed her marriages		

Who financed her birth feasts  
Is she a medium  
Who is her control  
Has she any sago land or right to work sago

Own children of this marriage	age	sex	betrothed	adopted elsewhere by whom
Adopted children	age	sex	betrothed	Relative from whom they were adopted

[ 368 ]

Other people living in the household, age, sex, marital status relationship.  
If father-in-law daughter-in-law situation, has tabu been removed?  
If husband has thrown away his divining bone, why?  
If wife has renounced her mediumship, why?

*Child's Record Sheet*

Name		Household number
Name of father	House no.	Clan
Name of mother	House no.	Clan
Adopted		
Betrothed		
Suckled	Date stopped	Food eaten

Owns a canoe			
Owns armlets	belt	beads	
Catches small fish		Uses spear	bow

### Parent preference

## Chosen companions

Games played:

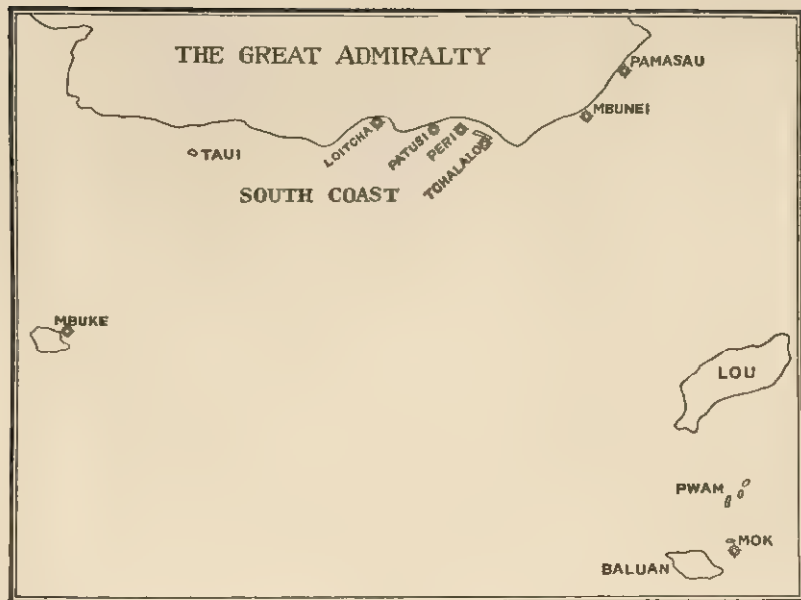
- Games played:**
- |                 | 1  | 2 | 3 | 4 |
|-----------------|--|---|---|---|
| 1. Shadow game. | Depends upon guessing the identity of the shadow of a child who is purposely distorting it.  |   |   |   |
| 2. Cockero.     | A form of "drop the handkerchief" where the person who is "it" tags some player in the ring. |   |   |   |
| 3. Caleboosh.   | A form of prisoners' base  |   |   |   |
| 4. Muli ball.   | A form of football played with a wild lime.  |   |   |   |
- (2, 3, and 4 are almost certainly introduced games.)*



X

MAP SHOWING POSITION OF THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS





XI

MAP SHOWING POSITION OF THE MANUS VILLAGES

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## PART THREE

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## PART FOUR

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## INTRODUCTION

WHEN we study the simpler societies, we cannot but be impressed with the many ways in which man has taken a few hints and woven them into the beautiful imaginative social fabrics that we call civilizations. His natural environment provided him with a few striking periodicities and contrasts—day and night, the change of seasons, the untiring waxing and waning of the moon, the spawning of fish and the migration-times of animals and birds. His own physical nature provided other striking points—age and sex, the rhythm of birth, maturation, and senescence, the structure of blood-relationship. Differences between one animal and another, between one individual and another, differences in fierceness or in tenderness, in bravery or in cunning, in richness of imagination or plodding dulness of wit—these provided hints out of which the ideas of rank and caste, of special priesthoods, of the artist and the oracle, could be developed. Working with clues as universal and as simple as these, man made for himself a fabric of culture within which each human life was dignified by form and meaning. Man became not merely one of the beasts that mated, fought for its food, and died, but a human being, with a name, a position, and a god. Each people makes this fabric differently, selects some clues and ignores others, emphasizes a different sector of the whole arc of human potentialities. Where one culture uses as a main thread the vulnerable ego, quick to take insult or perish of shame, another selects uncompromising bravery and even, so that there may be no admitted cowards, may like the Cheyenne Indians invent a specially complicated

social position for the overfearful. Each simple, homogeneous culture can give scope to only a few of the varied human endowments, disallowing or penalizing others too antithetical or too unrelated to its major emphases to find room within its walls. Having originally taken its values from the values dear to some human temperaments and alien to others, a culture embodies these values more and more firmly in its structure, in its political and religious systems, in its art and its literature; and each new generation is shaped, firmly and definitely, to the dominant trends.

Now as each culture creates distinctively the social fabric in which the human spirit can wrap itself safely and intelligibly, sorting, reweaving, and discarding threads in the historical tradition that it shares with many neighbouring peoples, it may bend every individual born within it to one type of behaviour, recognizing neither age, sex, nor special disposition as points for differential elaboration. Or a culture may seize upon the very obvious facts of difference in age, in sex, in strength, in beauty, or the unusual variations, such as a native propensity to see visions or dream dreams, and make these dominant cultural themes. So societies such as those of the Masai and the Zulus make a grading of all individuals by age a basic point of organization, and the Akikiyu of East Africa make a major drama out of the ceremonial ousting of the older generation by the younger. The aborigines of Siberia dignified the nervously unstable individual into the shaman, whose utterances were believed to be supernaturally inspired and were a law to his more nervously stable fellow-tribesmen. Such an extreme case as this, where a whole people bows down before the word of an individual whom we would classify as insane, seems clear enough to us. The Siberians have imaginatively and from the point of view of our society unjustifiably, elevated an abnormal person into a socially important one. They have built upon a human

deviation that we would disallow, or if it became troublesome, imprison.

If we hear that among the Mundugumor people of New Guinea children born with the umbilical cord wound around their necks are singled out as of native and indisputable right artists, we feel that here is a culture which has not merely institutionalized a kind of temperament that we regard as abnormal—as in the case of the Siberian shaman—but also a culture that has arbitrarily associated, in an artificial and imaginative way, two completely unrelated points: manner of birth and an ability to paint intricate designs upon pieces of bark. When we learn further that so firmly is this association insisted upon that only those who are so born can paint good pictures, while the man born without a strangulating cord labours humble and unarrogant, and never attains any virtuosity, we see the strength that lies in such irrelevant associations once they are firmly embedded in the culture.

Even when we encounter less glaring cases of cultural elaboration, when we read of a people in which the first-born son is regarded as different in kind from his later-born brethren, we realize that here again the human imagination has been at work, re-evaluating a simple biological fact. Although our own historical tradition hints to us that the first-born is “naturally” a little more important than the others, still when we hear that among the Maori the first-born son of a chief was so sacred that only special persons could cut his infant locks without risking death from the contact, we recognize that man has taken the accident of order of birth and raised a superstructure of rank upon it. Our critical detachment, our ability to smile over these imaginative flights of fancy—which see in the first-born or the last-born, the seventh child of the seventh child, the twin, or the infant born in a caul a being specially endowed with precious or maleficent powers—remains undisturbed.

But if we turn from these "self-evident" primitive constructs to points of elaboration that we share with primitive peoples, to points concerning which we are no longer spectators, but instead are deeply involved, our detachment vanishes. It is no doubt purely imaginative to attribute ability to paint to birth with the cord about the neck, or the power to write poetry to one born a twin. To choose leaders or oracles from aberrant and unusual temperaments that we brand as insane is not wholly imaginative, but at least is based on a very different premise, which selects a natural potentiality of the human race that we neither use nor honour. But the insistence upon a thousand and one innate differences between men and women, differences many of which show no more immediate relationship to the biological facts of sex than does ability to paint to manner of birth, other differences which show a congruence with sex that is neither universal nor necessary—as is the case in the association of epileptic seizure and religious gift—this indeed we do not regard as an imaginative creation of the human mind busy patterning a bare existence with meaning.

This study is not concerned with whether there are or are not actual and universal differences between the sexes, either quantitative or qualitative. It is not concerned with whether women are more variable than men, which was claimed before the doctrine of evolution exalted variability, or less variable, which was claimed afterwards. It is not a treatise on the rights of women, nor an inquiry into the basis of feminism. It is, very simply, an account of how three primitive societies have grouped their social attitudes towards temperament about the very obvious facts of sex-difference. I studied this problem in simple societies because here we have the drama of civilization writ small, a social microcosm alike in kind, but different in size and magnitude, from the complex social structures of peoples who, like our

own, depend upon a written tradition and upon the integration of a great number of conflicting historical traditions. Among the gentle mountain-dwelling Arapesh, the fierce cannibalistic Mundugumor, and the graceful head-hunters of Tchambuli, I studied this question. Each of these tribes had, as has every human society, the point of sex-difference to use as one theme in the plot of social life, and each of these three peoples has developed that theme differently. In comparing the way in which they have dramatized sex-difference, it is possible to gain a greater insight into what elements are social constructs, originally irrelevant to the biological facts of sex-gender.

Our own society makes great use of this plot. It assigns different rôles to the two sexes, surrounds them from birth with an expectation of different behaviour, plays out the whole drama of courtship, marriage, and parenthood in terms of types of behaviour believed to be innate and therefore appropriate for one sex or for the other. We know dimly that these rôles have changed even within our history. Studies like Mrs. Putnam's *The Lady*<sup>1</sup> depict woman as an infinitely malleable lay figure upon which mankind has draped ever varying period-costumes, in keeping with which she wilted or waxed imperious, flirted or fled. But all discussions have emphasized not the relative social personalities assigned to the two sexes, but rather the superficial behaviour-patterns assigned to women, often not even to all women, but only to women of the upper class. A sophisticated recognition that upper-class women were puppets of a changing tradition blurred rather than clarified the issue. It left untouched the rôles assigned to men, who were conceived as proceeding along a special masculine road, shaping women to their fads and whims in womanliness. All discussion of the position of women, of the character and tem-

<sup>1</sup> E. J. S. Putnam, *The Lady*, Sturgis & Walton, 1910.



perament of women, the enslavement or the emancipation of women, obscures the basic issue—the recognition that the cultural plot behind human relations is the way in which the rôles of the two sexes are conceived, and that the growing boy is shaped to a local and special emphasis as inexorably as is the growing girl.

The Vaërtings attacked the problem in their book *The Dominant Sex*<sup>2</sup> with their critical imagination handicapped by European cultural tradition. They knew that in some parts of the world there had been and still were matriarchal institutions which gave to women a freedom of action, endowed women with an independence of choice that historical European culture granted only to men. By simple sleight-of-hand they reversed the European situation, and built up an interpretation of matriarchal societies that saw women as cold, proud, and dominant, men as weak and submissive. The attributes of women in Europe were foisted upon men in matriarchal communities—that was all. It was a simple picture, which really added nothing to our understanding of the problem, based as it was upon the limiting concept that if one sex is dominating in personality, the other sex must be *ipso facto* submissive. The root of the Vaërtings' mistake lies in our traditional insistence upon contrasts between the personality of the two sexes, in our ability to see only one variation upon the theme of the dominant male, and that the hen-pecked husband. They did conceive, however, of the possibility of a different arrangement of dominance from our traditional one, mainly because to thinking based upon patriarchal institutions the very existence of a matriarchal form of society carries with it an implication of an imaginary reversal of the temperamental position of the two sexes.

But recent studies of primitive peoples have made us

<sup>2</sup> Mathilde and Mathis Vaërting, *The Dominant Sex*, Doran, 1923.

more sophisticated.<sup>3</sup> We know that human cultures do not all fall into one side or the other of a single scale and that it is possible for one society to ignore completely an issue which two other societies have solved in contrasting ways. Because a people honour the old may mean that they hold children in slight esteem, but a people may also, like the Ba Thonga of South Africa, honour neither old people nor children; or, like the Plains Indians, dignify the little child and the grandfather; or, again, like the Manus and parts of modern America, regard children as the most important group in society. In expecting simple reversals—that if an aspect of social life is not specifically sacred, it must be specifically secular; that if men are strong, women must be weak—we ignore the fact that cultures exercise far greater licence than this in selecting the possible aspects of human life which they will minimize, overemphasize, or ignore. And while every culture has in some way institutionalized the rôles of men and women, it has not necessarily been in terms of contrast between the prescribed personalities of the two sexes, nor in terms of dominance or submission. With the paucity of material for elaboration, no culture has failed to seize upon the conspicuous facts of age and sex in some way, whether it be the convention of one Philippine tribe that no man can keep a secret, the Manus assumption that only men enjoy playing with babies, the Toda prescription of almost all domestic work as too sacred for women, or the Arapesh insistence that women's heads are stronger than men's. In the division of labour, in dress, in manners, in social and religious functioning—sometimes in only a few of these respects, sometimes in all—men and women are socially differentiated, and each sex, as a sex, forced to conform to the rôle assigned to it. In some societies, these socially defined rôles are

<sup>3</sup> See especially Ruth Benedict, *Patterns of Culture*, Houghton Mifflin, 1934.

mainly expressed in dress or occupation, with no insistence upon innate temperamental differences. Women wear long hair and men wear short hair, or men wear curls and women shave their heads; women wear skirts and men wear trousers, or women wear trousers and men wear skirts. Women weave and men do not, or men weave and women do not. Such simple tie-ups as these between dress or occupation and sex are easily taught to every child and make no assumptions to which a given child cannot easily conform.

It is otherwise in societies that sharply differentiate the behaviour of men and of women in terms which assume a genuine difference in temperament. Among the Dakota Indians of the Plains, the importance of an ability to stand any degree of danger or hardship was frantically insisted upon as a masculine characteristic. From the time that a boy was five or six, all the conscious educational effort of the household was bent towards shaping him into an indubitable male. Every tear, every timidity, every clinging to a protective hand or desire to continue to play with younger children or with girls, was obsessively interpreted as proof that he was not going to develop into a real man. In such a society it is not surprising to find the *berdache*, the man who had voluntarily given up the struggle to conform to the masculine rôle and who wore female attire and followed the occupations of a woman. The institution of the *berdache* in turn served as a warning to every father; the fear that the son might become a *berdache* informed the parental efforts with an extra desperation, and the very pressure which helped to drive a boy to that choice was redoubled. The invert who lacks any discernible physical basis for his inversion has long puzzled students of sex, who when they can find no observable glandular abnormality turn to theories of early conditioning or identification with a parent of opposite sex. In the course of this investigation, we shall have occasion to ex-

amine the "masculine" woman and the "feminine" man as they occur in these different tribes, to inquire whether it is always a woman of dominating nature who is conceived as masculine, or a man who is gentle, submissive, or fond of children or embroidery who is conceived as feminine.

In the following chapters we shall be concerned with the patterning of sex-behaviour from the standpoint of temperament, with the cultural assumptions that certain temperamental attitudes are "naturally" masculine and others "naturally" feminine. In this matter, primitive people seem to be, on the surface, more sophisticated than we are. Just as they know that the gods, the food habits, and the marriage customs of the next tribe differ from those of their own people, and do not insist that one form is true or natural while the other is false or unnatural, so they often know that the temperamental proclivities which they regard as natural for men or for women differ from the natural temperaments of the men and women among their neighbours. Nevertheless, within a narrower range and with less of a claim for the biological or divine validity of their social forms than we often advance, each tribe has certain definite attitudes towards temperament, a theory of what human beings, either men or women or both, are naturally like, a norm in terms of which to judge and condemn those individuals who deviate from it.

Two of these tribes have no idea that men and women are different in temperament. They allow them different economic and religious rôles, different skills, different vulnerabilities to evil magic and supernatural influences. The Arapesh believe that painting in colour is appropriate only to men, and the Mundugumor consider fishing an essentially feminine task. But any idea that temperamental traits of the order of dominance, bravery, aggressiveness, objectivity, malleability, are inalienably associated with one sex (as op-

posed to the other) is entirely lacking. This may seem strange to a civilization which in its sociology, its medicine, its slang, its poetry, and its obscenity accepts the socially defined differences between the sexes as having an innate basis in temperament and explains any deviation from the socially determined rôle as abnormality of native endowment or early maturation. It came as a surprise to me because I too had been accustomed to use in my thinking such concepts as "mixed type," to think of some men as having "feminine" temperaments, of some women as having "masculine" minds. I set as my problem a study of the conditioning of the social personalities of the two sexes, in the hope that such an investigation would throw some light upon sex-differences. I shared the general belief of our society that there was a natural sex-temperament which could at the most only be distorted or diverted from normal expression. I was innocent of any suspicion that the temperaments which we regard as native to one sex might instead be mere variations of human temperament, to which the members of either or both sexes may, with more or less success in the case of different individuals, be educated to approximate.

PART ONE

THE MOUNTAIN-DWELLING ARAPESH

## CHAPTER I

### MOUNTAIN LIFE

THE Arapesh-speaking people occupy a wedge-shaped territory that stretches from the sea-coast across a triple range of steep mountains, and down on the grass plains of the Sepik watershed to the west. The people on the beach remain in spirit a bush people. They have borrowed the custom of canoe-building from the neighbouring islands, but they feel much happier fishing not in the sea, but in the ponds that lie sheltered among the sago-swamps. They hate the sea-sand and build little palm-leaf shelters against its invasion. Forked sticks are set up on which carrying-bags can be hung and so kept out of the sand, and many palm-leaf mats are woven so that the people will not have to sit upon the sand, which is regarded as filthy. No such precautions are taken by the mountain people, who sit habitually in the mud without any feeling that it is dirt to be avoided. The beach-dwelling Arapesh live in large houses, fifty to sixty feet in length, built upon piles, with specially enclosed verandahs and decorated gable-ends. They cluster together in large villages, and the people go daily to their gardens and sago-patches, which are situated at no great distance from the village. These beach people are plump and well fed. The rhythm of their lives is slow and peaceful; there is plenty of food; pots and baskets, shell ornaments, and new dance-forms can be purchased from the passing canoes of the coastal trading peoples.

But as one begins to climb up the narrow slippery trails that extend to definite networks over the precipitous moun-



tains, the whole tone of life changes. There are no more large villages, but only tiny settlements in which three or four families live, clusters of ten to twelve houses, some built on piles, the others built on the ground and so slightly constructed as to be hardly worth the name of house. The land is barren and infertile, the sago rare and planted instead of growing uncultivated in great natural swamps. The streams yield little except a few prawns, which are only occasionally worth fishing for. There are great areas of bush-land in which there are no gardens, areas that are set aside for hunting tree-kangaroo, wallaby, opossum, and cassowary. But in these same regions the ancestors of the Arapesh have hunted for many generations, and game is rare and not to be counted upon. The gardens perch precariously on the sides of hills, presenting an almost insoluble problem in fencing, a problem with which the natives hardly attempt to deal. They merely resign themselves to the ravages of the pigs that have run wild in the bush.

The village pigs are not plump like the pigs in the beach villages, but skinny and more razor-backed, and so ill fed that they often die. When a pig dies the woman who was raising it is blamed for her greediness in eating not only all the taro but all of the taro-skin also, and sharing none of it with her pig. Gardens, sago-patches, hunting-grounds, are farther afield than on the beach, and the people accentuate the difficulties by electing always to work in small co-operative groups, now in one man's garden, now in another's. This necessitates an endless amount of walking about on the slippery precipitous paths and a great amount of shouting from mountain peak to mountain peak to send messages from one member of a family to another.

Level land is so scarce that there is seldom space to build even a small village. The biggest village in the mountain

region was Alitoa,<sup>1</sup> the village in which we lived for many months. It had twenty-four houses, in which eighty-seven people had residence claims; but these claims were only sporadically exercised and there were only three families who made Alitoa their main residence. Even with so few houses, some of them were built jutting out over the steep declivity that sloped away from the village upon all sides. When a feast is held, the visitors overflow the capacity of the village, dogs and children spill over the edges, and people must sleep on the wet ground underneath the houses because there is not room enough within the houses. When an Arapesh refers oratorically to a feast, he says: "We were burned by the sun and washed by the rain. We were cold, we were hungry, but we came to see you."

Collecting enough food and firewood to maintain any number of people in one place is also difficult. The hills surrounding a village have been combed for firewood for generations; the gardens are far away, and the women must toil for days to carry in supplies for a single day's feasting. Men carry nothing on these occasions except pigs and other heavy loads of meat and the large logs that are used for cigarette-lighting fires in the centre of the village. When they carry pigs, many relays of men combine, because the carrying-pole chafes their unaccustomed shoulders. But the women plod up and down the mountain paths with loads of sixty and seventy pounds suspended from their foreheads, sometimes also with a suckling baby in a bark sling at the breast. Their jaws are shut like rat-traps beneath the pressure of the headbands, giving their faces a grim forbidding expression that is seen at no other time and which contrasts

<sup>1</sup> I have used the present tense for all customary acts; the past tense when I am describing an event that occurred in the past or a condition that obtained in the past of the continuance of which I have no evidence; and the perfect tense for customary behaviour that government control or European contact has modified or eliminated.

with the gay, festive pig-carrying of the men, who go whooping and singing through the bush. But then it is appropriate that women should carry heavier loads than the men do, because women's heads, they say, are so much harder and stronger.

The manners of the mountain people proclaim at once that this is no country accustomed to the raids of head-hunters. Women go about unattended; pairs of tiny children stray along the paths, hunting lizards with their miniature bows and arrows; young girls sleep alone in deserted villages. A party of visitors from another locality asks first for fire, which their hosts immediately give them; then a low-voiced excited conversation begins. Then men cluster about an open fire; the women cook near by, often in the open, supporting their tall black cooking-pots on huge stones; the children sit about in sleepy contentment, playing with their lips, sucking their fingers, or sticking their sharp little knees into their mouths. Someone relates a slight incident and everyone laughs uproariously and happily, with a laughter that stirs easily at the slightest touch of humour. As the night falls and the chill of the damp mountain evening drives them all closer to the fire, they sit around the embers and sing songs imported from far and wide, which reflect the musical canons of many different peoples. A slit gong may sound far away and the people speculate happily and irresponsibly upon its message: someone has killed a pig or a cassowary; visitors have come and an absent host is being summoned; someone is dying, is dead, has been buried. All the explanations are offered as equally valid and there is no attempt made to sift their relative probabilities. Soon after sunset hosts and guests retire to sleep in small houses in which the fortunate sleep next to the fire and the unfortunate "sleep nothing." It is so cold the people often push too close to the burning logs on the earthen fire-place,

only to awaken with a burned grass skirt or a shower of spark-burns on the baby's skin. In the morning, the visitors are always pressed to stay, even though this means that the host family will go hungry on the morrow, as the supply of food is running low and the nearest garden is a half-day's walk away. If the visitors refuse the invitation, the hosts accompany them to the edge of the village and with laughing shouts promise an early return visit.

In this steep, ravine-riddled country, where two points within easy shouting distance of each other may be separated by a descent and an ascent of some fifteen hundred feet, all level land is spoken of as a "good place," and all rough, steep, precipitous spots are "bad places." Around each village the ground falls away into these bad places, which are used for pigs and for latrines, and on which are built the huts used by menstruating women and women in childbirth, whose dangerous blood would endanger the village, which is level and good and associated with food. In the centre of the village, or sometimes in two centres if the village straggles a little, is the *agehu*, the feasting and ceremonial place of the village. Around the *agehu* stand a few stones that are vaguely associated with ancestors and whose names share the masculine gender with all the words for men.<sup>2</sup> When the divinatory oven is made to discover the location of the sorcery that is wasting someone away, one of these stones from the village *agehu* is placed in the fire. But the *agehu* is a good rather than a sacred place; here children tumble and play, here a baby may take its first steps, and a man or a woman sit threading opossum-teeth or plaiting an arm-

<sup>2</sup> The Arapesh speak a language that contains thirteen noun classes or genders, each one of which is distinguished by a separate set of pronominal and adjectival suffixes and prefixes. There is a masculine gender, a feminine gender, a gender that contains objects of indeterminate or mixed gender, and ten other classes whose content cannot be so accurately described.

band. Sometimes the men build small palm-leaf shelters on the *agehu*, under which they can sit during a shower. Here people with headaches, their sad state proclaimed by a tight band about the forehead, come to parade up and down and console themselves with the sympathy that they receive. Here yams are piled for feasts, or rows of the great black feast-plates and the smaller brightly painted clay bowls are set out filled with the beautiful white coconut croquettes, the preparation of which is a recently imported art of which the mountain people are very proud.

All such luxuries and refinements of life, songs and dance-steps, new-made dishes, a different style of doing the hair and a new cut of grass skirt, are imported by slow stages from the beach villages, which have previously purchased them from the maritime trading peoples. The beach stands, in the minds of the mountain people, for fashion and for light-heartedness. From the beach came the idea of wearing clothes, an idea that had not yet penetrated the most inland of the mountain villages, and which still sits lightly upon the mountain men, who fasten their bark-cloth G-strings with a carelessness and disregard of their purpose that shocks the more sophisticated beach people. The women have imported their fashions piecemeal and in a haphazard manner; their grass aprons hang slackly from a cord that encircles the stoutest part of their thighs, and tight, unrelated belts, with nothing to support, girdle their waists. The men have imported the beach style of head-dress, a long psyche knot, drawn sharply back from the forehead and passed through a deep basketry ring. This way of doing the hair accords very badly with hunting in the thick bush and is periodically abandoned and resumed by individuals as their enthusiasm for hunting rises or wanes. Hunting is an occupation that a man may follow or not, at will; those who make it their main pursuit wear their hair cut close.

All of these importations from the beach are grouped into dance-complexes, which are sold from village to village. Each village, or cluster of small villages, organizes through a long preliminary period to collect the necessary pigs, tobacco, feathers, and shell rings (which constitute the Arapesh currency) with which to purchase one of these dances from a more seaward village that has wearied of it. With the dance they purchase new styles of clothing, new bits of magic, new songs, and new divining tricks. Like the songs that the people sing, songs which are remnants of long-forgotten dances, these importations have very little relationship to each other; every few years a new sort of divining trick, a new style of head-dress or arm-band, is imported, enjoyed enthusiastically for a few months and then forgotten—except as some material object, lying neglected on a dusty house-shelf, may recall it to mind. Behind these importations lies the belief that all that comes from the beach is superior, more sophisticated, more beautiful, and that some day the people of the mountains, in spite of their poor land and miserable pigs, will catch up, will acquire a ceremonial life as gay and intricate as that of the coastal peoples. But always they remain far behind the beach people, who shrug their shoulders when they import a new dance, and remark that parts of the complex—this handsome tortoise-shell forehead-plate, for instance—will never leave the beach because the miserable mountain people will never have enough to pay for it. And still, generation after generation, the mountain people save to import these lovely things, not as individuals but as villages, so that every member of the village may sing the new songs and wear the new styles.

Thus the Arapesh regard the country towards the sea as a source of happiness. There are, it is true, traditions of hostile encounters with more warlike beach people in former days when the mountain people went down to obtain sea-water



for salt. But more often the emphasis is upon the dances, and the beach villages are referred to as "mother villages" and the lines of mountain villages that stretch directly back of them are called their "daughters." Mother villages and daughter villages are connected by intertwining paths that constitute three main systems of roads, called the "road of the dugong," the "road of the viper," and the "road of the setting sun." Along these roads the dance-complexes are imported, and along the paths that make up the roads individual travellers walk in safety from the house of one hereditary trade-friend to another. Between these friends there is an informal gift-exchange that supplies the mountain people with stone axes, bows and arrows, baskets and shell ornaments, and the beach people with tobacco, bird-feathers, pots, and net bags. All of this exchange, even though it involves the supply of tools and utensils that are absolutely essential to the life of the people, is phrased as voluntary gift-giving. No exact accounting is kept, no one is ever dunned or reproached, and in the whole period that we spent among the Arapesh I never heard, or heard of, an argument over these exchange gifts. Because the mountain people have no surplus tobacco or manufactures of their own, beyond a few wooden plates, unornamented net bags, crude coconut-shell spoons, and wooden pillows that are inadequate even for their own use, a return for the objects that they receive from the beach has to be made in tobacco and manufactured objects which they receive from the Plainsmen<sup>3</sup> beyond the mountains. The profit of the transaction, out of which the mountain man obtained his own stock of necessities, lies theoretically in the carriage; a mountain man will walk one day inland to receive a net bag from a Plainsman friend, and

<sup>3</sup> To distinguish the Plains branch of the Arapesh from other plains tribes, I have capitalized the word "Plains" and used it as an adjective definitely referring to them.



two days back towards the sea to present the bag, which now possesses a scarcity value, to a beach friend. This the Arapesh call "walking about to find rings," an occupation in which men show varying degrees of interest. But so casual, informal, and friendly is the system that as often as not a man walks in the wrong direction for profit, as when a beach man goes up into the mountains to receive a net bag rather than waiting for his mountain friend to bring it to him.

As the beach stands for gaiety and new and colourful things, so the plains country beyond the last mountain range has a very definite meaning to the mountain people. Here live a people of their own speech but possessed of a very different character and physical appearance. While the mountain people are slight, small-headed, and only sparsely hairy, the Plains people are squatter, heavier, with huge heads and definite beards, which they wear in a fringe below grim clean-shaven chins. They fight with spears, and do not use the bow and arrow that the mountain people share with the beach. Their men are naked and their women, whom they guard jealously, are naked until marriage, and then wear only the most diminutive aprons. As the mountain people look to the beach for all their new inspirations, the Plains Arapesh look to the neighbouring Abelam tribe, a gay artistic head-hunting people, who occupy the great treeless grass plains of the Sepik basin. From the Abelam the Plains Arapesh have borrowed the style of their tall triangular temples, which rise seventy or eighty feet above the square plaza of the big villages, temples with sharply sloping ridge-poles and brilliantly painted facades. And with the Abelam and other plains people, the Plains Arapesh share the practice of sorcery, through which they terrorize their mountain and beach neighbours.

The Plains Arapesh are entirely cut off from the sea, hemmed in by enemies and dependent upon their tobacco-

crop and the manufacture of shells rings from giant clam-shell for all their trading with the Abelam, from whom they import net bags, etched cassowary daggers, spears, masks, and dance paraphernalia. The giant clam-shells come from the coast, and it is important to the Plainsmen that they should be able to walk safely through the mountain country to obtain them. They walk through haughtily, arrogantly, without fear, because of sorcery. With a bit of a victim's exuviae, a piece of half-eaten food, a strip of worn bark-cloth, or best of all a little sexual secretion, the Plains sorcerer is believed to be able to cause his victim to sicken and die. Once a mountain man or a beach man has lost his temper with a neighbour, stolen a piece of his "dirt,"<sup>4</sup> and delivered it into the hands of a sorcerer, the victim is for ever after in the sorcerer's power. The quarrel that caused the theft of the dirt may be healed, but the dirt remains in the hands of the sorcerer. On the strength of holding the lives of many mountain peoples in his hands, the sorcerer walks unafraid among them, and so do his brothers and his cousins and his sons. From time to time he levies a little blackmail, which the victim has to pay for fear of the sorcerer's putting the carefully preserved dirt back on the charmed fire. Years after the original misunderstanding, when the mountain victim dies the death is attributed to the Plainsman who was not satisfied with the blackmail, or to the malice of some new

<sup>4</sup> The word "dirt" is used in pidgin English throughout the Mandated Territory to mean "exuviae used in sorcery practices." The Arapesh classify these exuviae into two groups; to one group, which includes parts of food, half-smoked cigarettes, butts of sugar-cane, and so on, they apply the adjective that means "external" or "outside"; to the other, which includes emanations from the body that are felt to retain a close connection with the body—perspiration, saliva, scabs, semen, vaginal secretion, are included here, but except in the case of very young infants, excreta of all sorts are excluded—they apply a different specialized term. The Arapesh regard these emanations from the body with a well-defined disgust, and it therefore seems congruent with their attitudes to retain the pidgin-English term.

and unknown enemy who has subsidized the sorcerer anew. So the mountain Arapesh live in fear of this enemy outside their gates, and manage to forget that it was a relative or a neighbour who has delivered each one into the sorcerers' power. Because of the possibility of sorcery, because it is so easy to pick up a half-gnawed opossum-bone and hide it in a ditty-bag, because one's relatives and neighbours occasionally do things that arouse fear and anger, dirt passes into the hands of the sorcerers. But if there were no sorcerers, if they did not constantly pass back and forth, drumming up trade, fanning slight quarrels, hinting how easily a revenge might be encompassed, then, say the Arapesh, there would be no death by black magic. How could there be, they ask, when the people of the mountains and the beach know no death-dealing charms?

Not only illness and death, but misfortune, an accident while hunting, a burned house, the defection of one's wife—all of these are due also to the Plains sorcerers. To bring about these minor disasters, the sorcerer need not possess the dirt of the actual victim; he need only smoke the dirt of someone else from the same locality while he mutters over it his malevolent wishes.

If it were not for the beach people, there would be no new delights, no fresh excitements, no drain upon the slender resources of the mountain people to purchase the baubles of a few days' gaiety; if it were not for the Plainsmen, there would be no fear, people would live to grow old, and die, toothless and doddering, after a gentle and respected life. But for the influences that come from the plains and the beach, there would remain only the quiet adventure of living in their mountains, mountains so infertile that no neighbour envies them their possession, so inhospitable that no army could invade them and find food enough to survive, so pre-

capitous that life among them can never be anything except difficult and exacting.

While the Arapesh feel their major joys and chief trials as coming to them from others, they nevertheless do not feel themselves as trapped and persecuted, victims of a bad position and a poor environment. Instead, they see all life as an adventure in growing things, growing children, growing pigs, growing yams and taros and coconuts and sago, faithfully, carefully, observing all of the rules that make things grow. They retire happily in middle age after years well spent in bringing up children and planting enough palm-trees to equip those children for life. The rules that govern growth are very simple. There are two incompatible goods in the world: those associated with sex and the reproductive functions of women; and those associated with food, growth, and the hunting and gardening activities of men, which owe their efficacy to supernatural aids, and to the purity and growth-giving aspects of male blood. These two goods must be kept from coming into too close contact. The duty of every child is to grow, the duty of every man and woman is to observe the rules so that the children and the food upon which the children depend will grow. Men are as wholly committed to this cherishing adventure as are women. It may be said that the rôle of men, like the rôle of women, is maternal.

## CHAPTER II

### A CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

**A**RAPESH life is organized about this central plot of the way men and women, physiologically different and possessed of differing potencies, unite in a common adventure that is primarily maternal, cherishing, and oriented away from the self towards the needs of the next generation. It is a culture in which men and women do different things for the same reasons, in which men are not expected to respond to one set of motivations and women to another, in which if men are given more authority it is because authority is a necessary evil that someone, and that one the freer partner, must carry. It is a culture in which if women are excluded from ceremonies, it is for the sake of the women themselves, not as a device to bolster up the pride of the men, who work desperately hard to keep the dangerous secrets that would make their wives ill and deform their unborn children. It is a society where a man conceives responsibility, leadership, public appearance, and the assumption of arrogance as onerous duties that are forced upon him, and from which he is only too glad to escape in middle years, as soon as his eldest child attains puberty. In order to understand a social order that substitutes responsiveness to the concerns of others, and attentiveness to the needs of others, for aggressiveness, initiative, competitiveness, and possessiveness—the familiar motivations upon which our culture depends—it is necessary to discuss in some detail the way in which Arapesh society is organized.

There are no political units. Clusters of villages are

grouped into localities, and each locality and its inhabitants have names. These names are sometimes used rhetorically at feasts, or to refer to the region, but the localities themselves have no political organization. Marriages, feasting organizations, and occasional semi-hostile clashes between neighbouring groups take place between hamlets or clusters of hamlets across locality lines. Each hamlet belongs theoretically to one patrilineal family line, which again has a name to distinguish it. The patrilineal families, or small localized clans, also possess hunting and gardening land, and located somewhere on their hunting-land is a water-hole or a quicksand or a steep waterfall that is inhabited by their *marsalai*, a supernatural who appears in the form of a mythical and bizarrely coloured snake or lizard, or occasionally as a larger animal. In the abode of the *marsalai* and along the borders of the ancestral lands live the ghosts of the clan dead, including the wives of the men of the clan, who after death continue to live with their husbands instead of returning to their own clan-lands.

The Arapesh do not conceive of themselves as owning these ancestral lands, but rather as belonging to the lands; in their attitude there is none of the proud possessiveness of the landowner who vigorously defends his rights against all comers. The land itself, the game animals, the timber trees, the sago, and especially the bread-fruit-trees, which are thought of as very old and dear to the ghosts—these all belong to the ghosts. For the feelings and attitudes of the ghosts the *marsalai* is a focusing-point. This being is not exactly an ancestor and not exactly not an ancestor—Arapesh casualness does not attempt to answer the question. The *marsalai* has a special touchiness about a few ritual points; he dislikes menstruating women, pregnant women, and men who come directly from intercourse with their wives. Such trespass he punishes with illness and death to the women or



unborn children, unless he is specially placated by a mimic offering of a pig's tusk, an empty betel-sheath, a sago-container, and a taro-leaf, on which one of the ancestor souls will alight as a bird or a butterfly and absorb the spirit of the offering. The ghosts themselves are the residents of the lands, and a man going upon his own inherited land will announce himself, his name and relationship to them, remarking: "It is I, your grandson, of Kanehoibis. I have come to cut some posts for my house. Do not object to my presence, nor to my timber-cutting. As I return pluck back the brambles from my path, and bend back the branches so that I walk easily." This he must do even if he goes alone on the land that he has inherited from his forefathers. More often he has with him someone less directly connected, a relative or a brother-in-law, who is hunting with him or plans to make a garden on his land. Then introductions are in order. "See, my grandfathers, this is my brother-in-law, the husband of my sister. He comes to garden here with me. Treat him as your grandson, do not object to his being here. He is good." If these precautions are neglected, a hurricane will knock down the careless man's house or a landslip destroy his garden. Wind and rain and landslips are sent by the *marsalais*, who employ these means to discipline those who are careless about expressing the proper attitudes towards the land. In all of this there is none of the sense of ownership with which a man bids a stranger welcome to his land or proudly chops down a tree because it is his.

On a neighbouring hill-top, the village of Alipinagle was sadly depleted. In the next generation there would not be enough people to occupy the land. The people of Alitoa sighed: "Alas, poor Alipinagle, after the present people are gone, who will care for the land, who will there be beneath the trees? We must give them some children to adopt, that



the land and the trees may have people when we are gone." Such generosity had, of course, the practical consequences of placing a child or so in a more advantageous position, but it was never phrased in this way, nor did the people recognize any formulations based upon possessiveness about land. There was just one family in the locality that was possessive, and its attitude was incomprehensible to everyone else. Gerud, a popular young diviner and the eldest son of this family, once in a *séance* suggested as a motive for an alleged theft of dirt that the accused grudged to the children of a new-comer in the village a future share in the hunting-grounds. The rest of the community regarded his reasoning as little short of mad. Surely, people belonged to the land, not land to the people. As a correlate of this point of view, no one is at all particular as to where he lives, and as often as not members of a clan live not in their ancestral hamlets, but in the hamlets of cousins or brothers-in-law. Without political organization, without any fixed and arbitrary social rules, it is easy enough for people to do this.

As with residence sites, so with gardens. The Arapesh gardening is of two types: taro-gardens and banana-gardens, in which the men do the initial clearing, tree-lopping, and fencing, and the women do the planting, weeding, and harvesting; and yam-gardens, which with the exception of a little help rendered by women in weeding and in carrying the harvest are entirely men's work. Among many New Guinea tribes each married pair clears and fences a patch of land in their own inherited gardening-bush, and cultivates it more or less alone, with the help of their immature children, perhaps calling in other relatives at the harvest. In this way a New Guinea garden becomes a private place, almost as private as a house, and is frequently used for copulation; it is their own place. A man or his wife can go to the garden every day, repair any gaps in the fencing, and so

protect the garden from the inroads of bush animals. All the external circumstances of the Arapesh environment would suggest such a gardening method as exceedingly practical. The distances are long and the roads difficult. People often have to sleep in their gardens because they are too far from other shelter, so they build small, badly thatched, uncomfortable huts on the ground, as it is not worth while to build a house on piles for one year's use. The steep slopes make fencing unsatisfactory and the pigs are always breaking in. Food is scarce and poor and it would seem likely that under these conditions of hardship and poverty people would be very possessive of and attentive to their own gardens. Instead the Arapesh have evolved a different and most extraordinary system, expensive in time and human effort, but conducive to the warm co-operation and sociability that they consider to be much more important.

Each man plants not one garden, but several, each one in co-operation with a different group of his relatives. In one of these gardens he is host, in the others he is guest. In each of these gardens three to six men, with one or two wives each, and sometimes a grown daughter or so, work together, fence together, clear together, weed together, harvest together, and while engaged in any large piece of work, sleep together, crowded up in the little inadequate shelter, with the rain dripping down the necks of more than half of the sleepers. These gardening groups are unstable—some individuals are unable to stand the strain of a bad crop; they tend to blame their gardening partners for it, and to seek new alliances the following year. Choice, now of one piece of long-fallow ground, now of another, sometimes makes next year's gardening-plot too far away for some of those who planted together last year. But each year a man's food-stakes lie not in one plot directly under his control, but scattered about, beneath the ghosts and on the land of his

relatives, three miles in one direction, five miles in another.

This arrangement of work has several results. No two gardens are planted at the same time and therefore the Arapesh lack the "time hungry" so characteristic of yam-raising peoples where all of the yam-gardens are planted simultaneously. Where several men work together to clear and fence one plot before scattering to co-operate in clearing and fencing other plots, the harvests succeed each other. This method of gardening is not based upon the slightest physical need for co-operative labour. Tall trees are simply ringed, not felled, and the branches are cut off to let in light, so that a garden looks like an army of ghosts, white against the surrounding deep-green of the bush. The fencing is done with saplings that an adolescent boy could cut. But the preference is strong for working in small happy groups in which one man is host and may feast his guest workers with a little meat—if he finds it. And so the people go up and down the mountain sides, from one plot to another, weeding here, staking vines there, harvesting in another spot, called hither and thither by the demands of gardens in different states of maturity.

This same lack of individualism obtains in the planting of coconut-trees. A man plants such trees for his young sons, but not upon his own land. Instead, he will walk four or five miles carrying a sprouting coconut in order to plant it by the door-step of his uncle, or of his brother-in-law. A census of the palm-trees in any village reveals a bewildering number of distantly residing owners and bears no relation to the actual residents. In the same way, men who are friends will plant new sago-palms together, and in the next generation their sons become a working unit.

In hunting, too, a man does not hunt alone, but with a companion, sometimes a brother, as often a cousin or a brother-in-law; the bush, the ghosts, and the *marsalai* be-

long to one of the pair or trio. The man, be he host or guest, who sees the game first claims it, and the only tact that is necessary here is the tact of not seeing game very much more often than other people do. Men who make a practice of always claiming first sight are left to hunt by themselves, and may develop into far better hunters, with increasingly unsocial characters. Such a man was Sumali, my self-nominated father, who in spite of his skill was little esteemed in co-operative enterprises. It was his son who divined stinginess about hunting-lands as a motive for imputed sorcery; and when Sumali's house burned accidentally to the ground, Sumali attributed the accident to jealousy over land. His traps yielded more than the traps of anyone else in the region, his tracking skill was greatest and his aim most accurate, but he hunted alone, or with his young sons, and presented his game to his relatives almost as formally as he might have presented it to strangers.

It is the same also with house-building. The houses are so small that they actually require very little communal labour. Materials from one house or several dilapidated houses are reassembled into another house; people take their houses down and rebuild them in another orientation; there is no attempt made to cut the rafters the same length or to saw off the ridge-pole if it is too long for the projected house—if it does not fit this house it will undoubtedly fit the next one. But no man, except one who has failed to help with the house-building of others, builds alone. A man announces his intention of building a house, and perhaps makes a small feast for raising the ridge-pole. Then his brothers and his cousins and his uncles, as they go about the bush upon their several errands, bear his partly completed house in mind, and stop to gather a bundle of creeper to bind the roof, or a bunch of sago-leaves for the thatching. These contributions they bring to the new house when they pass that way,

and gradually, casually, a little at a time, the house is built, out of the uncounted labour of many.

But this loosely co-operative fashion in which all work, even the routine of everyday gardening and hunting, is organized means that no man is master of his own plans for many hours together. If anything, he is less able to plan and carry through any consecutive activities than are the women, who at least know that meals and firewood and water must be provided each day. The men spend over nine-tenths of their time responding to other people's plans, digging in other people's gardens, going on hunting-parties initiated by others. The whole emphasis of their economic lives is that of participation in activities others have initiated, and only rarely and shyly does anyone tentatively suggest a plan of his own.

This emphasis is one factor in the lack of political organization. Where all are trained to a quick responsiveness to any plan, and mild ostracism is sufficient to prod the laggard into co-operation, leadership presents a different problem from that in a society where each man pits his own aggressiveness against that of another. If there is a weighty matter to be decided, one that may involve the hamlet or a cluster of hamlets in a brawl or accusations of sorcery, then the decision is arrived at in a quiet, roundabout, and wholly characteristic fashion. Suppose for instance that a young man finds that a pig belonging to a distant village has strayed into his garden. The pig is a trespasser, meat is scarce, he would like to kill it. But would it be wise to do so? Judgment must be made in terms of all kinds of relationships with the pig's owners. Is a feast pending? Or is a betrothal still unsettled? Does some member of his own group depend upon the pig's owner for assistance in some ceremonial plan? All these things the young man has not the judgment to decide. He goes to his elder brother. If his elder brother sees

no objection to killing the pig, the two will take counsel with other elder male relatives, until finally one of the oldest and most respected men of the community is consulted. Of such men every locality with a population of one hundred and fifty to two hundred has one or two. If the big man gives his approval, the pig is killed and eaten and no censure will fall upon the young man from his elders; everyone will stand together to defend their bit of legal piracy.

Warfare is practically unknown among the Arapesh. There is no head-hunting tradition, no feeling that to be brave or manly one must kill. Indeed, those who have killed men are looked upon with a certain amount of discomfort, as men slightly apart. It is they who must perform the purificatory ceremonies over a new killer. The feeling towards a murderer and that towards a man who kills in battle are not essentially different. There are no insignia of any sort for the brave. There is only a modicum of protective magic which can be used by those who are going into a fight: they may scrape a little dust from their fathers' bones and eat it with areca-nut and magic herbs. But although actual warfare—organized expeditions to plunder, conquer, kill, or attain glory—is absent, brawls and clashes between villages do occur, mainly over women. The marriage system is such that even the most barefaced elopement of a betrothed or married woman must be phrased as an abduction and, since an abduction is an unfriendly act on the part of another group, must be avenged. This feeling for righting the balance, for paying back evil for evil, not in greater measure, but in exact measure, is very strong among the Arapesh. The beginning of hostilities they regard as an unfortunate accident; abductions of women are really the result of marital disagreements and the formation of new personal attachments, and are not unfriendly acts on the part of the next community. So also with pigs, since people attempt to keep their pigs at home.



If the pigs stray, it is a bad accident, but if a pig is killed, it should be avenged.

All such clashes between hamlets start in angry conversation, the aggrieved party coming, armed but not committed to fighting, into the village of the offenders. An altercation follows; the offenders may justify or excuse their conduct, disclaim any knowledge of the elopement, or deny having known the ownership of the pig—it had not had its tail cut yet, how could they know it was not a bush pig? and so on. If the aggrieved party is protesting more as a matter of form than from real anger, the meeting may end in a few harsh words. Alternatively, it may progress from reproach to insult, until the most volatile and easily angered person hurls a spear. This is not a signal for a general fracas; instead everyone notes carefully where the spear—which is never thrown to kill—hits, and the next most volatile person of the opposite party throws a spear back at the man who hurled the first one. This in turn is recorded during a moment of attention, and a return spear thrown. Each reprisal is phrased as a matter of definite choice: "Then Yabinigi threw a spear. He hit my cross-cousin in the wrist. I was angry because my cross-cousin was hit and I threw a spear back and hit Yabinigi in the ankle. Then the mother's brother of Yabinigi, enraged that his sister's son had been wounded, drew back his arm and hurled a spear at me which missed," and so on. This serial and carefully recorded exchange of spears in which the aim is to wound lightly, not to kill, goes on until someone is rather badly wounded, when the members of the attacking party immediately take to their heels. Later, peace is made by an interchange of rings, each man giving a ring to the man whom he has wounded.

If, as occasionally happens, someone is killed in one of these clashes, every attempt is made to disavow any intention to kill: the killer's hand slipped; it was because of



the sorcery of the Plainsmen. Almost always those on the other side are called by kinship terms, and surely no man would willingly have killed a relative. If the relative killed is a near one, an uncle or a first cousin, the assumption that it was unintentional and due to sorcery is regarded as established, and the killer is commiserated with and permitted to mourn whole-heartedly with the rest. If the relative is more distant, and the possibility of genuine intent more open, the killer may flee to another community. No blood feud will follow, although there may be an attempt to subsidize the sorcery of the Plainsmen against him. But in general sorcery deaths are avenged with sorcery deaths, and all killings within the locality or within avenging distance are regarded as too aberrant, too unexpected and inexplicable, for the community to deal with them. And each man who is wounded in a fight has a further penalty to pay, for he must reimburse his mother's brothers, and his mother's brothers' sons, for his own shed blood. All blood comes to the child from its mother; it is therefore the property of the mother's group. The mother's brother has the right to shed a sister's son's blood; it is he who must open a boil, he who scarifies the adolescent girl. So the man who is injured in any way suffers not only in his person but in his supply of valuables: he must pay for having been in any scene in which he is injured. This sanction is extended to cover injuries in hunting, and involvement in a shameful situation.

The general policy of Arapesh society is to punish those who are indiscreet enough to get involved in any kind of violent or disreputable scene, those who are careless enough to get hurt in hunting, or stupid enough to let themselves become the butt of public vituperation from their wives. In this society unaccustomed to violence, which assumes that all men are mild and co-operative and is always surprised by the individuals who fail to be so, there are no sanctions to

deal with the violent man. But it is felt that those who stupidly and carelessly provoke violence can be kept in order. In mild cases of offence, as when a man has been one member of a fighting group, his individual mother's brother calls out for payment. After all, the poor sister's son has already suffered a wound and loss of blood. But if instead he has got himself involved in an undignified public disputation with a wife, or with a young relative who has been overheard by others to insult him, then the whole men's group of the hamlet or cluster of hamlets may act, still instigated by the mother's brothers, who are the official executors of the punishment. The men's group will take the sacred flutes, the voice of the *tamberan*—the supernatural monster who is the patron of the men's cult—and going by night to the house of the offender, play his wife and himself off the premises, break into his house, litter his house-floor with leaves and rubbish, cut down an areca-palm or so, and depart. If the man has been steadily falling in the esteem of the community, if he has been unco-operative, given to sorcery, bad-tempered, they may take up his fire-place and dump it out, which is practically equivalent to saying that they can dispense with his presence—for a month at least. The victim, deeply shamed by this procedure, flees to distant relatives and does not return until he has obtained a pig with which to feast the community, and so wipe out his offence.

But against the really violent man the community has no redress. Such men fill their fellows with a kind of amazed awe; if crossed they threaten to burn down their own houses, break all their pots and rings, and leave that part of the country for ever. Their relatives and neighbours, aghast at the prospect of being deserted in this way, beseech the violent man not to leave them, not to desert them, not to destroy his own property, and placate him by giving him what he wishes. It is only because the whole education of the Arapesh tends

to minimize violence and confuse the motivations of the violent that the society is able to operate by disciplining those who provoke and suffer from violence rather than those who actually perpetrate it.

With work a matter of amiable co-operation, and the slight warfare so slenderly organized, the only other need that the community has for leadership is for carrying out large-scale ceremonial operations. Without any leadership whatsoever, with no rewards beyond the daily pleasure of eating a little food and singing a few songs with one's fellows, the society could get along very comfortably, but there would be no ceremonial occasions. And the problem of social engineering is conceived by the Arapesh not as the need to limit aggression and curb acquisitiveness, but as the need to force a few of the more capable and gifted men into taking, against their will, enough responsibility and leadership so that occasionally, every three or four years or at even rarer intervals, a really exciting ceremonial may be organized. No one, it is assumed, really wants to be a leader, a "big man." "Big men" have to plan, have to initiate exchanges, have to strut and swagger and talk in loud voices, have to boast of what they have done in the past and are going to do in the future. All of this the Arapesh regard as most uncongenial, difficult behaviour, the kind of behaviour in which no normal man would indulge if he could possibly avoid it. It is a rôle that the society forces upon a few men in certain recognized ways.

While boys are in their early teens, their elders tend to classify their potentialities to become "big men." Native capacity is roughly divided into three categories: "those whose ears are open and whose throats are open," who are the most gifted, the men who understand the culture and are able to make their understanding articulate: "those whose ears are open and whose throats are shut," useful quiet men who are wise but shy and inarticulate: and a group of the two least

useful kinds of people, "those whose ears are closed but whose throats are open" and "those whose ears and throats are both shut." A boy of the first class is specially trained by being assigned in early adolescence a *buanyin*, or exchange partner, from among the young males of a clan in which one of his elder male relatives has a *buanyin*. This *buanyin* relationship is a reciprocal feast-giving relationship between pairs of males, members of different clans, and preferably of opposite dual organization membership—which is loosely hereditary. It is a social institution that develops aggressiveness and encourages the rare competitive spirit. It is the duty of *buanyins* to insult each other whenever they meet, to inquire sneeringly whether the other *buanyin* ever means to make anything of his life—has he no pigs, no yams, has he no luck in hunting, has he no trade-friends and no relatives, that he never gives feasts or organizes a ceremony? Was he born head first like a normal human being, or perhaps he came feet first from his mother's womb? The *buanyin* relationship is also a training-ground in the kind of hardness that a big man must have, which in an ordinary Arapesh is regarded as undesirable.

The functioning of this *buanyin* relationship must be understood against Arapesh attitudes about the exchange of food. To a people who disguise all their trading as voluntary and casual gift-giving, any rigid accounting is uncongenial. As with trading from village to village, so it is in all exchange between relatives. The ideal distribution of food is for each person to eat food grown by another, eat game killed by another, eat pork from pigs that not only are not his own but have been fed by people at such a distance that their very names are unknown. Under the guidance of this ideal, an Arapesh man hunts only to send most of his kill to his mother's brother, his cousin, or his father-in-law. The lowest man in the community, the man who is believed to be so far

outside the moral pale that there is no use reasoning with him, is the man who eats his own kill—even though that kill be a tiny bird, hardly a mouthful in all.

There is no encouragement given to any individual to build up a surplus of yams, the strong reliable crop that can be stored and the increase of which depends upon the conservation of seed. Anyone whose yam crop is conspicuously larger than his neighbour's is graciously permitted to give an *abullū*, a special feast at which, having painted his yams in bright colours and having laid them out on a ratan measuring-tape, which he may keep as a trophy, all of his yams are given away for seed. His relatives and neighbours come bringing a return gift of their own selection, and carry away a bag of seed. Of this seed he may never eat; even when it has multiplied in the fourth or fifth generation, a careful record is kept. In this way, the good luck or the better gardening of one man does not redound to his personal gain, but is socialized, and the store of seed-yams of the entire community is increased.

From all of this socialized treatment of food and property, this non-competitive, unaccounted, easy give and take, the *buanyin* partnership pattern stands out. Within it are definitely encouraged all the virtues of a competitive, cost-accounting system. A *buanyin* does not wait for the stimulus of an insult given in anger; he insults his *buanyin* as a matter of course. He does not merely share with him of his abundance, but he definitely raises pigs or hunts game in order to give it publicly and ostentatiously to his *buanyin*, accompanied by a few well-chosen insults as to his *buanyin's* inability to repay the gift. Careful accounting is kept of every piece of pig or haunch of kangaroo, and a bundle of coconut-leaf rib is used to denote these in the public altercation during which *buanyins* dun each other. Most astonishing of all is the definite convention of stinginess between *buanyins*. A generous

*buanyin* will set aside a special basket of choice entrails and his wife will give it secretly to his *buanyin's* wife, after a feast. For this there need be no return. But while good behaviour is expected everywhere else in social life, people are reconciled to their *buanyins'* neglecting to make this generous gesture.

Thus in a society where the norm for men is to be gentle, unacquisitive, and co-operative, where no man reckons up the debts that another owes him, and each man hunts that others may eat, there is a definite training for the special contrasting behaviour that "big men" must display. The young men on the way to become big men suffer continual pressure from their elders, as well as from their *buanyins*. They are urged to assume the responsibility of organizing the preliminary feasts that will finally culminate in a big initiation ceremony or the purchase of a new dance-complex from the beach. And a few of them yield to all this pressure, learn to stamp their feet and count their pigs, to plant special gardens and organize hunting-parties, and to maintain the long-time planning over several years that is necessary in order to give a ceremony which lasts no longer than a day or so. But when his eldest child reaches puberty, the big man can retire; he need no longer stamp and shout, he need no longer go about to feasts looking for opportunities to insult his *buanyin*; he can stay quietly at home, guiding and educating his children, gardening, and arranging his children's marriages. He can retire from the active competitive life that his society assumes, usually correctly, to be eminently uncongenial and distasteful to him.



## CHAPTER III

### THE BIRTH OF AN ARAPESH CHILD

THE procreative task of an Arapesh father is not finished with impregnation. The Arapesh have no idea that after the initial act which establishes physiological paternity, the father can go away and return nine months later to find his wife safely delivered of a child. Such a form of parenthood they would consider impossible, and furthermore, repellent. For the child is not the product of a moment's passion, but is made by both father and mother, carefully, over time. The Arapesh distinguish two kinds of sex-activity, play, which is all sex-activity that is not known to have induced the growth of a child, and work, purposive sex-activity directed towards making a particular child, towards feeding it and shaping it during the first weeks in the mother's womb. Here the father's task is equal with the mother's; the child is product of father's semen and mother's blood, combined in equal amounts at the start, to form a new human being. When the mother's breasts show the characteristic swelling and discolouration of pregnancy, then the child is said to be finished—a perfect egg, it will now rest in the mother's womb. From this time on, all intercourse is forbidden, for the child must sleep undisturbed, placidly absorbing food that is good for it. The need of a gentle environment is emphasized throughout. The woman who wishes to conceive must be as passive as possible. Now as the guardian of the growing child, she must observe certain precautions: she must not eat the bandicoot or she will die in hard labour, for the bandicoot burrows too far into the ground, nor the frog, or the child will be



born too suddenly, nor the eel, or the child will be born too soon. She must not eat sago that comes from a *marsalai* place, nor coconuts from a tree that has been tabooed by the *tamberan*, the supernatural patron of the men's cult. If the woman wants the child to be male, other women will tell her never to cut anything in half, for this cutting will produce a female.

Morning-sickness during pregnancy is unknown. During all the nine months, the unborn child sleeps. The child is said to grow like the chick in an egg; first there is just blood and semen, then the arms and legs emerge and finally the head. When the head is loosened, the child is born. No one recognizes that a child may show signs of life until just before birth, when the child turns over and so produces the first labour-pain.

At the moment of birth the father cannot be present, because of the beliefs that the Arapesh hold concerning the antithetical nature of the physiological functions of women and the magical food-getting functions of men. The blood of birth, like menstrual blood, is dangerous, and the child must be delivered well outside the village. Nevertheless, the verb to "bear a child" is used indiscriminately of either a man or a woman, and child-bearing is believed to be as heavy a drain upon the man as upon the woman, particularly because of the strenuous and exacting sexual activity demanded of the father during the first few weeks after the cessation of menstruation. While the child is being delivered, the father waits within ear-shot until its sex is determined, when the midwives call it out to him. To this information he answers laconically, "Wash it" or "Do not wash it." If the command is "Wash it," the child is to be brought up. In a few cases when the child is a girl and there are already several girl-children in the family, the child will not be saved, but left, unwashed, with the cord uncut, in the bark basin on which

the delivery takes place. The Arapesh prefer boys; a boy will stay with his parents and be the joy and comfort of their old age. If after one or two girls have been kept another is also preserved, the chance of having a son is much further postponed, and so, having no contraceptives, the Arapesh sometimes resort to infanticide. Sometimes also when food is scarce, or if there are several children, or if the father is dead, a new-born infant may not be kept, as it is felt that its chances of health and growth are slight.

After the infant is washed, and the afterbirth and cord are disposed of—placed high in a tree because a pig that ate them would become a garden thief—the mother and child are brought up into the village, and sheltered in a small house on the ground. The earth floor of the village is intermediate between the “bad place” and the house-floor of a regular dwelling-house, which cannot be entered by people who are in a special state—the parents of a new-born child, mourners, a man who has shed blood, and so forth. The father now comes to share his wife’s task of caring for the new-born child. He brings her a bundle of soft, flannel-like leaves with which she can line the little net bag in which the child is suspended most of its waking hours, in a pre-natal hunched position. He brings her a coconut-shell of water in which to bathe the baby, and special pungent-smelling leaves that will keep evil influences from the hut. He brings his little wooden pillow, which men use to protect their elaborate head-dresses during sleep, and lies down by his wife’s side. He is now, in native phrasing, “in bed having a baby.” The new life is now as closely joined to his as it is to the mother’s. The life-soul that stirs softly beneath the infant’s breastbone and which will remain there until old age, unless the machinations of black magic, or the outraged taboo of some *marsalai*, tempts it to rise and with a choking catch pass out of the body—this life-soul may have come from either father or mother. Later the

people will look at the child's face and compare it with its parents, and know whether the life-soul was given by the father or by the mother. But it does not really matter, the soul can come as easily from one parent as from the other; the facial resemblance merely points out which way it came.

The father lies quietly beside his new-born child, from time to time giving the mother little bits of advice. He and she fast together for the first day. They may not smoke or drink water. From time to time they perform small magical rites that will ensure the child's welfare and their ability to care for it. The wives of the father's brother are the official nurses. They bring in the materials for the magic. Now it is a long peeled rod. The father calls in some of the children who are loitering about the hut, anxious for a glimpse of the new baby. He rubs the rod over their strong little backs. Then he rubs the rod against the infant's back, reciting a charm:

I give you vertebrae,  
one from a pig,  
one from a snake,  
one from a human being,  
one from a tree-snake,  
one from a python,  
one from a viper,  
one from a child.

Then he breaks the rod into six small pieces, which are hung up in the house. This ensures that even should the father's foot break a twig as he walks about, the infant's back will not suffer. Next he takes a large yam and cuts it into small pieces. Each piece he names after a small boy of the hamlet: Dobomugau, Segenamoya, Midjulamon, Nigimarib. His wife then takes up the tale, and beginning at the other end she names each piece after a small girl: Amus, Yabiok, Anyuai,

Miduain, Kumati. Then the father throws the bits of yams away. This charm ensures that the infant will be hospitable and kindly towards other people; it is for this reason that the names of the neighbour's children are used.

The father of a first child is in an especially delicate position, more delicate than is the mother. For a woman the ceremonies are the same for a first child or for a fifth, for a boy or for a girl; it is the behaviour of the father that is adjusted to these differences. A man who bears a first child is in as precarious a state as a newly initiated boy or a man who has killed for the first time in battle. From this state he can only be purified by a man who has previously borne children, and this man will become his sponsor and perform the necessary ceremony. After a five-day period during which he remains in strict seclusion with his wife, not touching tobacco with his hands, using a stick to scratch his person, and eating all food with a spoon, he is taken to the water-side, where a little leaf house, gaily ornamented with red flowers and the herbs appropriate to yam magic, has been built. This little house is built near a pool, and in the bottom of the pool a large white ring, called ritually an "eel," is placed. The father of the new child and his sponsor go down to the pool, where the father ritually cleans his mouth on a ring that his sponsor hands him. Then the father drinks from the pool, in which a number of aromatic and fragrant herbs have been steeped, and bathes his entire body with the water. He enters the water and successfully captures the eel, which he returns to his sponsor. The eel is closely connected symbolically with the phallus, and is a special taboo of boys during their growth and initiation periods. The ceremony might be said to symbolize the regaining of the father's masculine nature after his important share in feminine functions, but if this is the meaning, it is no longer explicit in the minds of the natives, who regard it merely as a necessary ritual detail in the ceremony.

The sponsor then anoints the head of the new father with a special white paint, with which the forehead of an adolescent is also anointed. Now the new father is become one of those who have successfully borne a child.

But his maternal tasks are not yet over. During the next few days, he and his wife perform the ceremonies that free them from all of the taboos except that upon eating meat. Tobacco and areca-nut are distributed to all who come to visit the baby—to the men by the father, to the women by the mother—and all who receive these gifts from the hands of the new parents are pledged to help them in any future undertaking, and thus the new baby's welfare is further assured. The wife performs a special ceremony which will ensure that her cooking will not be injured by the experience through which she has just passed. She makes a mock vegetable-pudding from inedible, coarse wild greens, and this is thrown away so that the pigs will eat it. Finally, the couple go back up into their house, and after a month or so, they make the feast that lifts the taboo on eating meat, and at the same time make a feast for the midwife and the other women who fed them during their confinement. The father and mother may now walk about as freely as they like, but it is not good to carry the baby about until it laughs. When it laughs up into its father's face, it is given a name, the name of some member of the father's clan.

Still the child's life depends upon the constant special attention of the father as well as the mother. The father must sleep each night with the mother and baby, and there is a strict taboo on intercourse, not only with the mother of the child, but also, if he has two wives, with his other wife. Extra-marital intercourse would be dangerous also. For while frequency of intercourse between its parents is believed to be necessary to the child's growth during the first weeks of its pre-natal life, once it is firmly constructed all contact

with sex, on the part of either parent, is believed to be harmful to the child until it is about a year old. If a child is puny and ailing or if its bones are weak and it fails to walk quickly, this is the fault of its parents, who have not observed the taboo. But it is seldom believed that parents actually do infringe the taboo; when they elect to keep the child they know what bringing it up involves. There is an instance in a folk-tale of a mother who insisted upon keeping a child although the father wished it destroyed, but the people's comment on this incident was that such behaviour was all very well in the time of the *marsalais*, that is, in the mythical time of long ago, but that nowadays it would be foolish behaviour because the child could not live unless the father actively co-operated in its care, so to what purpose would the mother save a child's life initially only to see it perish for want of its father's solicitude?

The Arapesh keep the taboo upon intercourse until the child takes its first steps, then it is regarded as sufficiently strong to be able to stand the trying contact with its parents' sexuality again. The mother continues to suckle the child until it is three or even four, if she does not become pregnant again. The taboo is lifted after a period of menstrual seclusion. The mother returns from the menstrual hut, and both father and mother spend a day in fasting. After this they may have intercourse and the husband may sleep with his other wife if he wishes; his immediate nightly presence is no longer essential to the child. (Sometimes, of course, the father has had to leave the child and go on expeditions too distant and too dangerous for mother and infant to accompany him; but these absences are not believed to jeopardize the child's health, unless it was sex that kept the father away.) The Arapesh are perfectly self-conscious about the value of these taboos in regulating pregnancy. It is desirable that women should not have children too close to-



gether; it is too hard for them, and one child has to be forcibly weaned because another is soon to follow. The ideal is for the child to learn to eat more and more solid food, to seek its mother's breast less often for food and more often merely in affection, insecurity, or pain, until finally only fear and pain will drive it into its mother's arms. But if the mother becomes pregnant, a child may have to be weaned at two. This is done by smearing the nipples with mud, which the child is told, with every strongly pantomimed expression of disgust, is faeces. I had an opportunity to observe closely only two children who had been weaned in this way; both were boys. One of them, a boy of two and a half, had transferred all his dependence to his father, who had assumed the principal care of him; the other, Naguel, was extraordinarily detached from his parents, and at seven wandered about looking for substitute parents in a desolate, miserable fashion that was markedly uncharacteristic of Arapesh children. Two cases are of course not sufficient for any conclusions, but it is worth while remarking that Arapesh parents feel the abrupt weaning to be cruel, and likely to affect the child's growth adversely. They feel guilty over having precipitated a situation unfavourable to the child, and this guilt itself may change the parent-child relationship, making the father, for instance, extra solicitous, as was true of Bischu, the father of the younger child, or particularly overcritical and harsh, which was Kule's attitude to the wretched little Naguel. The parents who have, by their strict self-control, assured the child its full share of its mother's breast, on the other hand, feel virtuous and easy. And this is the typical Arapesh parental attitude. When the child is gradually weaned, the mother feels no guilt in saying to her lusty three-year-old: "You, child, have had enough of milk. See, I am getting all worn out with feeding you. And you are



far too heavy to carry about with me everywhere. Here, eat this taro and hush your wailing."

When the Arapesh are questioned as to the division of labour, they answer: Cooking everyday food, bringing fire-wood and water, weeding and carrying—these are women's work; cooking ceremonial food, carrying pigs and heavy logs, house-building, sewing thatch, clearing and fencing, carving, hunting, and growing yams—these are men's work; making ornaments and the care of children—these are the work of both men and women. If the wife's task is the more urgent—if there are no greens for the evening meal, or a haunch of meat must be carried to a neighbour in the next village—the husband stays at home and takes care of the baby. He is as pleased with and as uncritical of his child as is his wife. One may find at one end of a hamlet a child screaming with rage and a proud father who remarks: "See, my child cries all the time. It is strong, and lusty, just like me," and at the other end a two-year-old stoically suffering a splinter to be painfully extracted from its forehead, while its father remarks, with equal pride: "See, my child never cries. It is strong, just as I am."

Fathers show as little embarrassment as mothers in disposing of the very young child's excreta, and as much patience as their wives in persuading a young child to eat soup from one of the clumsy coconut spoons that are always too large for the child's mouth. The minute day-by-day care of little children, with its routine, its exasperations, its wails of misery that cannot be correctly interpreted, these are as congenial to the Arapesh men as they are to the Arapesh women. And in recognition of this care, as well as in recognition of the father's initial contribution, if one comments upon a middle-aged man as good-looking, the people answer: "Good-looking? Ye-e-s? But you should have seen him before he bore all those children."

## CHAPTER IV

### EARLY INFLUENCES THAT MOULD THE ARAPESH PERSONALITY

How is the Arapesh baby moulded and shaped into the easy, gentle, receptive personality that is the Arapesh adult? What are the determinative factors in the early training of the child which assures that it will be placid and contented, unaggressive and non-initiatory, non-competitive and responsive, warm, docile, and trusting? It is true that in any simple and homogeneous society the children will as adults show the same general personality-traits that their parents have shown before them. But this is not a matter of simple imitation. A more delicate and precise relationship obtains between the way in which the child is fed, put to sleep, disciplined, taught self-control, petted, punished, and encouraged, and the final adult adjustment. Furthermore, the way in which men and women treat their children is one of the most significant things about the adult personality of any people, and one of the points at which contrasts between the sexes come out most sharply. We can only understand the Arapesh, and the warm and maternal temperament of both men and women, if we understand their childhood experience and the experience to which they in turn subject their children.

During its first months the child is never far from someone's arms. When the mother walks about she carries the baby suspended from her forehead in its special small net bag, or suspended under one breast in a bark-cloth sling. This latter method is the beach custom, the net-bag carrier

belongs to the Plains, and the mountain women use both, depending in great part upon the health of the child. If the child is fretful and irritable, it is carried in the sling, where it can be given the comforting breast as swiftly as possible. A child's crying is a tragedy to be avoided at any cost, and this attitude is carried over into later life. The most trying period for the mother is when her child of three or so is too old to be comforted by the breast and too young and inarticulate to state clearly the reasons for its weeping. Children are held a great deal, often in a standing position so that they can push with their feet against the arms or legs of the person who holds them. As a result infants can stand, steadied by their two hands, before they can sit alone. Suckled whenever they cry, never left far distant from some woman who can give them the breast if necessary, sleeping usually in close contact with the mother's body, either hung in a thin net bag against her back, crooked in her arm, or curled on her lap as she sits cooking or plaiting, the child has a continuous warm sensation of security. It is only subjected to two shocks, and both of these have their reverberations in later personality development. After the first few weeks, during which it is bathed in a gingerly fashion with warmed water, the child is bathed under a jetting spout of cold water that is catapulted out upon it from a tipped bamboo water-carrier, a harsh, abrupt cold shock. Babies uniformly resent this treatment, and continue to hate the cold and the rain throughout their lives.<sup>1</sup> Also when an infant urinates or defecates, the person holding it will jerk it quickly to one side to prevent soiling his or her own person. This jerk interrupts the normal course of excretion and angers the child.

<sup>1</sup> I do not suggest that the Arapesh dislike of the rain and the cold is entirely or even in major fashion caused by this practice, but it is interesting that the Tchambuli infants, who are bathed in the warm lake-water that hardly takes on a chill even after sunset, have none of the Arapesh dislike of the rain, and go about quite cheerfully in it all day long.

In later life, the Arapesh have notably low sphincter-control, and regard its loss as the normal concomitant of any highly charged situation.

For the rest the little baby's life is a very warm and happy one. It is never left alone; comforting human skin and comforting human voices are always beside it. Both little boys and little girls are enthusiastic about babies—there is always someone to hold the child. When the mother goes to the garden to work, she takes a small boy or girl along to hold the baby, instead of laying the baby down on a piece of bark or hanging it up for the morning in its little net bag. If the little nurse is a boy, he will hold the child in his arms, if a girl, she will wear the baby-bag on her back.

When the child begins to walk the quiet continuous rhythm of its life changes somewhat. It is now becoming a little heavy for the mother to carry about with her on long trips to the garden, and furthermore it can be expected to live without suckling for an hour or so. The mother leaves the child in the village with the father, or with some other relative, while she goes to the garden or for firewood. She returns often enough to a crying and disgruntled baby. Repentant, desirous of making restitution, she sits down and suckles the child for an hour. This rhythm, which begins as an hour's absence and an hour's compensatory suckling, develops into longer and longer periods, until by the time the child is three or so it is often being given a day's abstinence—supplemented, of course, by other food—followed by a day's nursing, in which the mother sits all day, holding the child on her lap, letting it suckle as it wishes, play about, suckle again, play with her breasts, gradually regain its sense of security. This is an experience that the mother enjoys as much as the child. From the time the little child is old enough to play with her breasts, the mother takes an active part in the suckling process. She holds her breast in her

hand and gently vibrates the nipple inside the child's lips. She blows in the child's ear, or tickles its ears, or playfully slaps its genitals, or tickles its toes. The child in turn plays little tattoos on its mother's body and its own, plays with one breast while suckling the other, teases the breast with its hands, plays with its own genitals, laughs and coos and makes a long, easy game of the suckling. Thus the whole matter of nourishment is made into an occasion of high affectivity and becomes a means by which the child develops and maintains a sensitivity to caresses in every part of its body. It is no question of a completely clothed infant being given a cool hard bottle and firmly persuaded to drink its milk and get to sleep at once so that the mother's aching arms can stop holding the bottle. Instead, nursing is, for mother and child, one long delightful and highly charged game, in which the easy warm affectivity of a lifetime is set up.

Meanwhile, as the child grows older it learns to substitute new delights for its mother's breasts during her ever lengthening absences. It learns to play with its lips. This play it sees all about it among the older children, and the older children also play with the baby's lips and so set the first part of the pattern that fits in so well with the child's temporary loneliness and hunger. Interestingly enough, no Arapesh child ever sucks its thumb or sucks one finger continuously.<sup>2</sup> But it engages in every other conceivable type of lip-play. It flicks its upper lip with its thumb, with its first finger, with its second finger; it blows out its cheeks and pounds them; it bubbles its lips with the palm of its hand, with the back of its hand; it tickles the inside of its lower lip with its tongue; it licks its arms and its knees. A hundred different stylized ways of playing with the mouth are present

<sup>2</sup> It is probable that thumb-sucking, absent among most primitive people, is a habit built up in the first few months of life, a period during which primitive children are almost always suckled whenever they cry.

in the play of the older children and gradually transmitted to the developing child.

This lip-play is the thread of behaviour which binds together the child's emotional life, which ties the happy security it felt in its yielding mother's arms to placid enjoyment of the long evenings by the fireside among its elders, and finally to a contented, unspecific sexual life. The Arapesh themselves regard playing with the lips as the symbol of childhood. Young boys and girls who tell legends that properly should only be told by grown-up people are warned to bubble their lips afterwards so that their hair will not become prematurely grey. And boys who have been initiated are told by the older men to cease playing with their lips; are they still children that they should do so? At the same time they are permitted to substitute betel-chewing and smoking, so that the lips, so long accustomed to constant stimulation, shall not be lonely. But the girls are permitted to bubble their lips until they have borne children, and we shall see how this fits in with the way in which the women's development is accounted slower than the men's.

While the small child lies on its mother's lap, warm and glowing from her attention, she builds up in it a trust of the world, a receptive and welcoming attitude towards food, towards dogs and pigs, towards persons. She holds a piece of taro in her hand, and as the child suckles the mother remarks in a soft singsong voice, "Good taro, good taro, would you eat, would you eat, would you eat, a little taro, a little taro, a little taro," and when the child releases the breast for a moment, a bit of taro is slipped into its mouth. The dog or the little tame pig that thrusts an inquisitive nose under the mother's arm is held there, the child's skin and the dog's rubbed together, the mother gently rocking them both, and murmuring, "Good dog, good child, good dog, good, good, good." In the same way, all of the child's relatives are



commended to its trust and the kinship words themselves are endowed with a happy content. Before the baby can be expected to understand what she says, the mother begins to murmur in its ear, pausing to blow softly between words: "This is your other mother (mother's sister), other mother, other mother. See your other mother. She is good. She brings you food. She smiles. She is good." So complete is this training that the words themselves come to carry so much reassurance that the child acts under their compulsion almost against the evidence of its senses. So when a two-year-old would run screaming from me, a stranger and of a strange colour, the mother could calm its fears by insisting that I was its mother's sister, or its father's sister, or its grandmother. The child who a moment before had been panting with terror would come and sit quietly in my lap, cuddling down in a safe world again.

No gradations of behaviour are forced upon the child except a very mild acknowledgment of difference in age. So a child will be bidden to run more swiftly on an errand for a grandfather than for a father; it will note the extra gentleness and sense of achievement and content with which its grandfather remarks: "I stay at home now and my grandchildren cluster about my house-ladder." The fact that it is second-born or third-born is quite often mentioned. "See, the second-born eats well, and the first-born sits and plays with its food," or, "The second-born goes now to work and the first-born sits quietly at home." Such remarks about its own position in the family and about the relative positions of its elders serve to stress the only point of differentiation to which the Arapesh pay much attention. For the rest, the child learns to trust and love and depend upon everyone whom it encounters. There is no one whom it does not call uncle, or brother, or cousin, or the comparable names for women. And because these terms are used with wide exten-



sions and incomplete disregard of generations, even the gradations of age implied in them are blurred. The child in arms is already accustomed to being chucked under the chin and called playfully "my little grandfather" or "my fat little uncle." Relationships are further blurred by the Arapesh casualness that permits a man to call the eldest of a group of brothers and sister "uncle," the second "grandmother," and the third "son," depending upon the point of view from which he happens to be regarding his relationship at the moment. Or a man may call a woman "sister" and her husband "grandfather." In such a world, and a world where there is no special behaviour dictated between cousins or between brothers-in-law, where no one is shy of anyone else, and all relationships are tinged with mutual trust and affection, with assurance of gifts of food, co-operation, and a shared life, naturally the young child does not make any clear distinctions.

And although the distinction between the sexes is clear in terminology, it is blurred in behaviour. The child does not learn that only its father and mother may sleep unchaperoned in a house, while an aunt or a cousin would shy away from such close contact with a relative of opposite sex. The Arapesh know nothing about such restrictions. An Arapesh boy is taught by his parents: "When you travel, in any house where there is a mother's sister, or a father's sister, or a female cousin, or a niece, or a sister-in-law, or a daughter-in-law, or a niece-in-law, there you may sleep in safety." The opposite point, that people to whom sex-relations are forbidden had better not be left alone together, is a point so foreign to the Arapesh that it never enters their heads.

Neither little girls nor little boys wear any clothes until they are four or five; they are taught to accept their physiological differences without any shame or embarrassment.

Excretion is not a matter about which privacy is insisted upon for small children; indeed the adults merely go casually to the edge of the village—their attitude is characterized by shyness but hardly by shame. Women sleep naked at night, and as has been said before, men at all times wear their G-strings carelessly, pushing them aside to scratch themselves. Little children are taught to observe the rules of cleanliness not through the invocation of shame, but merely through expressions of disgust. This is highly developed in them, so that four- and five-year-olds will shudder away from such new substances as mucilage or green mould on leather. The more usual association of excretion with a vivid consciousness of the genitalia, and consequently of sex-differences, is very slightly developed.

Small children are not required to behave differently to children of their own sex and those of opposite sex. Four-year-olds can roll and tumble on the floor together without anyone's worrying as to how much bodily contact results. Thus there develops in the children an easy, happy-go-lucky familiarity with the bodies of both sexes, a familiarity uncomplicated by shame, coupled with a premium upon warm, all-over physical contact.

As the child grows older, it is no longer confined so closely to the care of its own parents. Children are lent about. An aunt comes to visit and takes home the four-year-old for a week's stay, handing him on to some other relative for eventual return to his parents. This means that a child learns to think of the world as filled with parents, not merely a place in which all of his safety and happiness depend upon the continuance of his relationship to his own particular parents. It widens his circle of trust, without, however, overgeneralizing his affection. He does not see half a dozen mothers and half a dozen fathers all of the time, so that his own parents become blurred into a general

parental picture. Instead, he sees his own parents most of all, and then other sets of parents, serially, in close intimacy, in the small compact family groups. The quick response of an Arapesh child to demonstrative affection is one of the ways in which this transfer from one household to another is effected. Half an hour's cuddling, and an Arapesh baby will follow one anywhere. Already trained to regard all the world as a safe place in which to wander, it follows happily the last member of the kind world who tickles its stomach, or scratches its always itching little back. Children wriggle about on the ground from one friendly adult to another, settling down beside anyone who pays definite attention to them.

There is no insistence at all upon children's growing up rapidly, or acquiring special skills or proficiencies, and there is a corresponding lack of techniques for training them physically. They are allowed to essay tasks far beyond their powers, to try to climb ladders and lose their nerve half-way up, to play with knives on which they will cut themselves if they are not constantly watched. There is one exception. Little girls are trained to carry; small bulky carrying-bags are placed on their heads while they are still so tiny that they themselves spend most of the time on the trail curled up in larger bags on their mothers' backs. They are permitted as a great favour to carry their parents' possessions, and learn to accept carrying as a proud badge of growing older. But with this one exception, the whole physical training of the children is informal. A baby tries to climb one of the notched logs that serve as house-ladders; overcome with fright, it screams. Someone immediately rushes forward to catch it. A child stumbles; it is picked up and cuddled. The result is that the child grows up with a sense of emotional security in the care of others, not in its own control over the environment. This is a cold, wet world,

full of pitfalls, hidden roots in the path, stones over which small feet stumble. But there is always a kind hand, a gentle voice, to rescue one. Trust in those about one is all that is required. What one does one's self matters very little.

This whole attitude towards tools and the control of the body is reflected later in the casual and imperfect technical skills of the adults. The Arapesh have no well-defined techniques; even the knots with which they tie the parts of a house together are varied and made in different styles. When they measure a length, they almost always get it wrong, and far from correcting it, they adjust the rest of the structure to the one mistake. Their houses are carelessly and asymmetrically built. Their few handicrafts, mat-making, basket-making, arm-band and belt plaiting, are crude and imperfect. They constantly import beautifully made models and either degrade the design by crude copying, or give it up all together. No discipline of hand and eye has ever been given them.

Painting is perhaps the art in which they do best. A large impressionistic style of painting on large pieces of bark makes it possible for the specially gifted man to create, almost without a tradition, occasional charming designs. But such a man's skill has little permanent effect upon the people's lack of belief in their own abilities, their continuing dependence upon the artistic work of other peoples because they believe themselves incapable. At best the children are schooled in enthusiasm, in quick happy delight when a bright colour or a new tune is presented to them. This attitude they catch from the adults, whose response to a coloured picture from an American magazine is not "What is it?" but always "Oh, how lovely!"

The continual moving about from one place to another has its reverberation in the children's lives. They are not ac-

customed to large enough groups to play group games; instead each child clings close to an adult or an older brother or sister. The long walks from one garden to another, or from garden-house to village, tire them out, and arrived at the end of the journey, while the mother cooks the supper and the father sits and gossips with the other men, the children sit about, bubbling their lips. Games are hardly ever played. Little children are only allowed to play with each other as long as they do not quarrel. The minute there is the slightest altercation the adult steps in. The aggressor—or both children if the other child resents the attack—is dragged off the scene of battle and held firmly. The angry child is allowed to kick and scream, to roll in the mud, to throw stones or firewood about on the ground, but he is not allowed to touch the other child. This habit of venting one's rage at others upon one's own surroundings persists into adult life. An angry man will spend an hour banging on a slit gong, or hacking with an ax at one of his own palm-trees.

The whole training of the little children is not to teach them to control emotion, but to see that its expression harms no one but themselves. In the case of girls, expression of anger is checked earlier. Their mothers make them pretty grass skirts that will be ruined by a tumble tantrum in the mud, and place on their heads net bags the contents of which it would be a pity to spill. As a result little girls control their fits of rage and crying much earlier than do little boys, who may roll and scream in the mud up to the age of fourteen or fifteen without any sense of shame. The sex-difference here is accentuated by two other points. When small boys are four or five they tend to transfer their major allegiance to their fathers; they follow them about, sleep in their arms at night, and are very dependent upon them. But a man can take a small child everywhere with him even less than a woman. So the small boy is more often deserted,

rejected by the one upon whom he chiefly depends, and weeps in agony as his father starts off on a journey. As he grows a little older, his father will sometimes leave him, not to the care of his mother or his mother's cowife whom the child also calls mother, but to older brothers, and here he feels even more deserted. The slightest teasing on the older boy's part, especially a refusal of food, will send him into fits of weeping, followed by a fit of rage. The old traumatic situation when his mother left him alone for hours at a time seems to be reinstated, and he seeks by his childish fit of rage to produce the old sequel, a devoted and repentant parent. And he does in part succeed, for all, including the teasing brothers, are aghast at his misery, and do their best to reassure the child. Little girls, however, join the work of the family earlier; they are more involved with the care of young children, and as they seldom become primarily attached to their fathers, they do not suffer this second weaning. It is notable that the three small girls who did have temper tantrums like the boys were all daughters of fathers who had no sons, and therefore treated the little girls as sons. The inevitable occasions would arrive when the father had to go away hunting or trading, or searching for the sorcerer who was charming a relative to death. Then the small girls tore off their grass skirts and rolled in the mud with as good a will as their brothers. But usually girls are not subjected to a second weaning procedure of this sort unless after they are grown their husbands die, when as widows they go through the traumatic experience of loss of parenthood again, with sometimes violent emotional disturbance. But this experience does not come to every woman, and comes to no girl until much later in life.

Furthermore, as it is considered appropriate for big men to simulate anger and defiance in their public speeches, to wield a spear, stamp their feet, and shout, the little boy has



a model of violent expression before him that the little girl lacks, and he is too young to know that the behaviour of the big man is, at least in theory, always merely a theatrical performance.

These temper tantrums are almost always motivated by some insecurity or rejection point. A child is refused a request, is not permitted to accompany someone, is given a push or spoken to roughly by an older child, is rebuked, or, most important of all, is refused food. The tantrums that follow a refusal of food are the most numerous and the most interesting because the child is not to be placated by a subsequent offer of food. The refusal of the longed-for coconut or piece of sugar-cane has set off a whole train of response, far in excess of any power that the mere food has to stop it, and the child may weep for an hour, the helpless victim of a repeat situation in which the parent is equally powerless. These tantrums over rejection serve to channel anger as response to a hostile act on the part of another, and the definite training against aggressiveness towards other children completes this pattern.

The parental disapproval of fighting among children is always reinforced by rebukes couched in terms of relationship: "Would you, the younger brother, hit him who is first-born?" "Would you, his father's sister's son, hit your mother's brother's son?" "It is not right that two cousins should struggle with one another like little dogs." Children get no schooling in accepting harshness, in what we are accustomed to call good sportsmanship, that willingness to take it on the chin which is believed to be more consonant with the masculine temperament in our society. Arapesh small boys are as protected from aggression and struggle, from rude disciplinary measures on the part of older children and irritated parents, as is the most tenderly reared and fragile little daughter among ourselves. As a result, Arapesh boys



never develop "good sportsmanship"; their feelings are intolerably wounded by a blow, or even a harsh word. The slightest gibe is taken as an expression of unfriendliness, and grown men will burst into tears at an unfair accusation.

They carry into adult life the fear of any rift between associates. The culture has a few external symbolic ways in which a genuine rift can be expressed, public signs of a disagreement that can be set up to handle the situation without actual personal clash between the individuals concerned. These are seldom used. It sometimes happens, however, that a man finally decides that his wife is incapable of feeding pigs. This is a very serious decision, for feeding pigs is one of woman's crowning glories in social achievement. The situation is further complicated by the fact that it is never, or hardly ever, her own or her husband's pigs that she feeds, but rather a pig belonging to one of her relatives, or to one of her husband's relatives. Its death through sickness, or straying, or capture by a hawk or a python, is a major tragedy, and one for which the husband feels it necessary to discipline her. He does this, in case several such tragic deaths occur and it is apparent to all that she is unfitted to raise pigs, by placing a sign outside her door. Through a piece of bark that has been the pig's feeding-trough he thrusts a spear on which he ties a piece of yam, a piece of taro, and so on. Through the corners of the bark he thrusts arrows. Then everyone will know how he feels about the matter, but he need not discuss the matter with his wife, and if she sulks, she sulks at a situation that has become impersonal and formal. So between relatives who are really angry at each other, the more enraged fastens a mnemonic knot of croton-leaf and hangs it up in his own doorway, which means that he will never eat with his annoying relatives again. To remove this formal sign of breach, a pig must be killed by the person who originally fastened the

knot. So also a *buanyin* who finds the *buanyin* relationship intolerable may sever it by placing a carved wooden bowl, with a rim of twigs around it, on the *agehu*, thus declaring the relationship at an end. But all of these highly stylized methods of breaking off a relationship are rare; a man thinks a long time before taking such a drastic step and establishing a position that will be very uncomfortable to maintain and very expensive to withdraw from.

The fear and discomfort resulting from any expression of anger is further worked into the pattern of sorcery. An angry person may not hit another, he may not resort to any thorough-going abuse of another. But one may, in retaliation, take on for a moment the behaviour that is appropriate not to a relative and a member of the same locality, but to a Plainsman, a stranger and an enemy. Arapesh children grow up dividing the world into two great divisions: *relatives*, which division includes some three to four hundred people, all the members of their own locality, and those of villages in other localities which are connected with them or their relatives by marriage, and the long lines of the wives and children of their father's hereditary trade-friends; and *strangers* and *enemies*, usually formalized as *waribim*, Plainsmen, literally, "men from the river-lands." These Plainsmen play in the children's lives the dual rôle of the bogymen to be feared, and the enemy to be hated, mocked, outwitted, upon whom all the hostility that is disallowed in the group is actively displaced. Children hear the mutterings and cursing of their parents when the arrogant Plainsmen pass through; they hear death and misfortune laid to the sorcerers' doors. When they are only five or so they are cautioned: "Never leave any half-eaten food lying about in a place where there are strangers. If you break off a sugarcane stem, be careful that no stranger sees you do it, or he will return and pick the butt and use it to sorcerize you. If

you eat an areca-nut be careful not to throw part of the kernel away in the husk. If you eat the durable tough yam, eat it all; do not leave a piece that a stranger may seize and use against you. When you sleep in a house where there are strangers, lie with your face up, that none of your saliva may drip on the bark, later to be carried away and hidden by the enemy. If anyone gives you an opossum-bone to gnaw, keep the bone until you can hide it somewhere when no one is looking." And a little boy is given a palm-leaf basket, a little girl a tiny net bag in which to carry about these food leavings so that they may not fall into the hands of the stranger. This constant cautioning about "dirt" makes everyone in Arapesh culture obsessive on the subject. By eating, by chewing areca-nut, by smoking, by sex-intercourse, one is constantly having to relinquish some portion of one's person that may fall into the hands of strangers, and falling there cause one to fall ill, or die. Fear of illness, of death, of misfortune, is dramatized in this insistence upon care about one's dirt. The child is led to believe that hostility, itself a feeling that exists only between strangers, normally, regularly expresses itself in the theft and secreting of a bit of dirt. This conception which links fear and anger with a definite behaviour-pattern is compulsive in the adult life of the Arapesh.

Suppose that a brother injures a man, or a cousin uses him hardly, not as a relative would normally act but becoming for the moment the "enemy," the "stranger." The injured man has no sense of gradation to fall back upon; he has not been reared to a small circle of very friendly close relatives and a slightly less friendly circle of less close relatives—to differential behaviour towards his brother and his brother-in-law. He knows only two categories of behaviour, that of a member of one's own wide and trusted group, and that of the enemy. The brother with whom he is angry enters

for the moment the category of enemy, and he purloins his brother's dirt and gives it to the Plainsmen. Practically all of the dirt of mountain people that finds its way into the little caches of the Plains sorcerers is stolen not by these sorcerers, but by the mountain people themselves, by angry brothers and cousins and wives. This fact the mountain people know well enough. When they wish to locate which sorcerers' village probably holds the dirt of a sick man, they follow the line of hereditary trade-friends of the man to whom the sick man has most recently given cause for anger. But when a man dies, the death is not laid at the door of the man who stole the dirt. He is believed to have forgotten his anger long ago. It is attributed instead to the sorcerer, whose behaviour the angry man originally imitated, compulsively, during his rage at his friend.

So the lack of any intermediate expressions of annoyance and the existence of only two categories, complete friend or complete enemy, force the Arapesh to behave in a way that they themselves disown as invalid and intrusive, as the unexplained madness of a moment. And the lack of any kind of rough-and-tumble sport, any ordinary, lightly charged quarrelling among children, makes an Arapesh particularly vulnerable when he meets with the slightest expression of anger. Fear and panic result, and the compulsive theft of dirt is only too likely to follow. When a man relates such an act, he does it without affectation, as he might describe an involuntary movement of his eyes in the presence of a bright light: "He opposed me. He took sides against me. He helped the people who carried off my mother. He said she might remain married to that man. He did not help me. I was staying with him in the house of my mother's brother. He ate a piece of kangaroo-meat. He laid down the bone. He forgot it. He stood up and went outside the house. My eyes saw that no one was looking. My hand reached

out and took the bone. I hid it quickly in my basket. The next day I met on the road a man from Dunigi whom I called 'grandfather.' I gave it to him. I just gave it to him. I gave him no ring with it." (If a piece of dirt is given to a sorcerer without a fee, it is understood that he will make no immediate moves, but will wait for a retaining-fee either from the man who originally gave him the dirt or from some more recently angered person; this latter fee is practically non-existent, but is invoked as an alibi.) Such an account as this is given in a low, emotionless voice, without either pride or remorse, without any admission of genuine complicity. The pattern learned in early childhood has simply asserted itself as a whole.

To return again to the play-training of the children: as children grow older and play games, they play none that encourage aggressiveness or competition.<sup>8</sup> There are no races, no games with two sides. Instead they play at being opossums or at being kangaroos, or one is a sleeping cassowary that the others startle. Many of the games are like the kindergarten games of a very little children, singing games in which some simple pantomime like an imitation of sago-cutting accompanies the traditional words. And even these games are played very seldom. More often the times when children are together in large enough groups to make a game worth while are the occasions of a feast, there is dancing and adult ceremonial, and they find the rôle of spectatorship far more engrossing. This is a rôle to which their lip-bubbling has helped to reconcile them from earliest years. Also, as mere babies they danced on the shoulders of their mothers and aunts, all through the long night dances. In these dances, which celebrate the completion of some piece of work like a yam-harvest or a hunting-trip, the women

<sup>8</sup> Football, played with a lime-fruit, is now being introduced by returned work-boys.



prefer to dance with children on their shoulders, and so while the women sometimes dance and sometimes sit quietly smoking by the little fires, the little children are handed about from one dancing woman to another, and so dance the whole night through, bobbing up and down half-asleep on the swaying shoulders of the dancing women. Babies learn quite young to sleep astride the neck of an adult, supported by one hand grasped firmly by the adult's hand, adjusting themselves without waking to any movement that the adult makes. All of this early experience accustoms them to be part of the whole picture, to prefer to any active child-life of their own a passive part that is integrated with the life of the community.

In the life of children in groups there is one marked sex-difference that prevails throughout life. Little girls are mainly useful for carrying, weeding, gathering food, and carrying firewood. Whenever there is to be a harvest or a feast, all the small feminine relatives are requisitioned, and a whole bevy of little girls meet together to work hard for a day or so. This is practically the only time when they see each other, for on the actual occasions of the feasts they are even busier than on other working-occasions. After a day's carrying, with their small jaws shut tight and their foreheads glistening with sweat under the heavy loads, they are too tired even to gossip, and firm friends, aged eleven or twelve, fall asleep in each other's arms on the same bark bed, humming little tunes together. Crowds and work become closely associated in their minds, while easy conversation and freedom from too exacting labour are associated with the small group of close relatives, gathered about the evening fire in the "small hamlet," the residence village of the clan.

Boys have an exactly opposite experience. Their work lies not in groups but in accompanying a father or an elder brother

on a hunting-expedition or into the bush to gather herbs or vines or to cut wood for house-building. One small boy and one or two older men is the pattern group for little boys' work. When there are no such expeditions on foot, then two or three or even more small boys may forgather to make toy bows and arrows and practise shooting at lizards or at targets made of bright orange fruit, to lay traps for rats, or to make rattles or pop-guns. Association with their own age-group is their most casual, happy time, and this may account for the greater restlessness of the men when they are long confined in a "small hamlet," their greater urge to be ever up and visiting their brothers and cousins. The men's greater desire to visit about is a constant cause of jesting reproach of the men by the women, and a man who is too fond of doing so will be nicknamed "Walk-about" or "Never-sit-down" by his wives. One of the forms that slight nervous instability takes among the Arapesh is an oversensitivity to social situations; this may express itself either in the individual's becoming a hermit, and living in the heart of the bush, or in his eternally walking about from one festive occasion to another, unable to resist the sound of the most distant drums.

The training that children receive about property is one which encourages a respect for the property of others and a sense of easy security in the property of one's own family group, rather than any stronger sense of possessiveness. Children are rebuked if they injure the property of other people, and a gentle reiterative, "That is Balidu's, be careful of it. That is grandfather's, don't break it," will accompany a child's explorations on the premises of others. But the counter-remark, "That is not yours," which was the constant nagging comment of Manus mothers, is not made. The distinction between "mine" and "thine" is not the point emphasized, but rather the need to be careful of other



people's things. The family possessions are treated very differently. The child is given anything it cries for, which often results in its breaking its mother's ear-rings or unstringing her necklace of bandicoot-teeth. The house in which a child lives is not a forbidden world filled with treasures that he is constantly being bidden to let alone, until they come to assume enormous importance in his eyes. If the parents have something that they feel the child will injure, they hide it securely away so that the child will never come to desire it. This whole attitude was vividly illustrated when I showed them a red balloon. It was the clearest and most beautiful piece of colour that the people had ever seen; the children screamed with excitement and even the adults held their breath with joy—for a moment. Then, "Better put it away," they said sadly. "You surely cannot have many such beautiful things and the babies will cry for them."

As the child grows older, he is told that the carved wooden plate that is only used for feasts, or the bird-of-paradise head-dress that his father wears when he dances, is his—the child's. But his parents continue to use these things. His father takes him into the bush and shows him clumps of young sago and, teaching him the names of the clumps, he explains that these also are his. "Own property" comes to mean things that belong to the future, something that is used by others now, or is not yet his own. When he grows up, he will similarly designate all of his belongings as his children's. In such a system no one becomes aggressively possessive about his own, and theft, locked doors, and the primitive equivalent of locks—black magic placed on property—are virtually unknown. The Arapesh possess a few protective garden charms of which they have so far lost the point that when they place them on their garden-fences, they believe that their own wives and children will also suffer from the effects of eating from their own gardens.

## CHAPTER V

### THE GROWTH AND INITIATION OF AN ARAPESH BOY

BY THE time the Arapesh child is seven or eight, its personality is set. Both boys and girls have learned a happy, trustful, confident attitude towards life. They have learned to include in the circle of their affection everyone with whom they are connected in any way whatsoever, and to respond to any relationship term with an active expression of warmth. They have been discouraged from any habits of aggressiveness towards others; they have learned to treat with respect and consideration the property, the sleep, and the feelings of other people. They definitely associate the giving of food with warmth, approval, acceptance, and security, and take any withholding of food as a sign of hostility and rejection. They have learned to be passive participators in the activities of their elders, but they have had very little experience of playing games on their own or organizing their own lives. They have become accustomed to respond when others give the signal, to follow where others lead, to be enthusiastic and uncritical about new things that are presented to them. When they are cold, or bored, or lonely, they bubble their lips in a hundred patterned ways.

They have learned to fear the stranger, the Plainsman, the man who walks among them with eyes alert for a bit of dirt that will be their undoing. And they have been taught to guard every chance piece of unfinished food or old clothing, to keep a sharp watch over these recently separated sections of their personalities when they meet a stranger. They have been permitted no expressions of hostility or aggressiveness

towards any one of their hundred relatives, all of whom must be loved and cherished; but they have been allowed to join in their parents' sulky hatred of the sorcerers, and even to hurl a few small spears down a path that a departing group of Plainsmen have taken. So the basic pattern has been laid that in later life will make them identify anyone who hurts them as a stranger, and thus invoke the old sorcery-pattern of purloining the stranger's dirt. Only two sex-differences of importance have been established, the affect surrounding group activities, and the greater expressiveness in anger that is permitted little boys. This latter is blurred by other considerations of order of birth, and sex of siblings; girls who have no brothers show the same tendencies, and boys who are one of many brothers show them less.

When the first signs of puberty appear—the lifting and swelling of a girl's breasts, the appearance of a boy's pubic hair—the adolescent child must observe certain taboos, must avoid eating certain meats and drinking cold water until the yams that are now planted shall be harvested and sprouting in the yam-house, a taboo period of almost a year. It is now the child's duty to observe these taboos, carefully, solemnly "to grow itself," after the rules that everyone knows are correct. For the first time children are now made culturally self-conscious of the physiology of sex. Before this what masturbation there was—and it is slight because of the greater emphasis upon the socially acceptable pleasure of lip-bubbling—was disregarded as children's play. But when a young boy begins to keep the taboos of his pubic hair, he is cautioned against further careless handling of his genitals. And he learns from the older boys what one must do if one has broken any of the rules essential to growth; he learns of the disciplinary and hygienic use of stinging nettles and actual bleeding with a sharpened bamboo instrument. He becomes the responsible custodian of his own growth; and

the sanctions are all in terms of that growth. If he breaks the rules, no one will punish him; no one but himself will suffer. He will simply not grow to be a tall strong man, a man worthy to be the father of children. He is now committed to the task of keeping the reproductive function of women and the food-getting function of men apart. The most dramatic representation of this separation of the function of men and women is the *tamberan* cult. The *tamberan* is the supernatural patron of the grown men of the tribe; he,<sup>1</sup> or they, for sometimes he is conceived severally, must never be seen by the women and uninitiated children, and he is impersonated for their listening benefit by various noise-making devices, flutes, whistles, slit gongs, and so forth. From the time that a child is old enough to pay any attention to its surroundings, the coming of the *tamberan*, his stay in the village, his dramatic departure, are high points of life. But until little boys and girls are six or seven, the coming of the *tamberan* means the same thing to both sexes. There is the bustle and stir that betokens a feast; people gather in one of the larger villages, sleeping packed tight around the fire in the crowded houses. Women and girls bring great loads of firewood on their backs and stack it under the raised houses. The men go off for a week's hunting, keeping a sharp look-out for monitor lizards for new drum-heads, while they hunt also for cassowary, kangaroo, and wallaby. There is much talk of a pig, or perhaps two pigs, which are to be contributed by someone in

<sup>1</sup> The word for *tamberan wareh* is in the noun class to which also belong such words as "child," words in which the sex is indeterminate. The pairs of flutes are always spoken of as male and female, and the word for *tamberan* in the plural is *warehas*, with the plural ending used for mixed sex-groups, or other mixed groups. Because English lacks a singular pronoun of indeterminate sex-reference, I shall use *he* as representing the nearest equivalent in feeling. In ordinary speech the natives, both men and women, tend to speak of the sound made by the flutes as if it were made by one being, to whom or which they refer in the singular.

a neighbouring village and brought over for the feast. Yams are brought in by relatives of the man at whose initiation the *tamberan* is to come. These are piled in little mounds on the *agehu*, and the grateful recipients march around them reciting "Wa Wa Wa," which is called to "kill the bush-fowl" and signifies that some day they will return these gifts. Finally there is news that the hunting is finished, a specially large tree-kangaroo has completed the bag. The hunters come in, wearing bird-of-paradise feathers in their hair, proud of their kill, which is brought in in packages tied to poles and festooned with red and green streamers of *tracaena*-leaves. Speeches of congratulations are made, and tomorrow there will be cooking of the special coconut croquettes that are made only for feasts.

Underneath all of these preparations runs a current of excitement. The *tamberan* will be coming, coming from beyond the hill, coming from seaward. The little children think of him as a huge monster, as tall as a coconut-tree, who lives in the sea except on these rare occasions when he is summoned to sing to the people. When the *tamberan* comes, one runs away, as fast as ever one can, holding on to one's mother's grass skirt, tripping and stumbling, dropping one's mouthful of yam, wailing for fear one will be left behind. The lovely sound of the flutes is getting closer every minute, and something frightful would happen to the little girl or boy caught loitering in the village after the men and the *tamberan* enter it. So they hurry down the slope of the mountain, women and children and puppies, and perhaps a little pig or two that have come squealing after their mistress. One woman carries a new-born baby, with many little bundles of leaves hung from its net bag to protect it against evil, and a banana-leaf over the bag to shelter it from sun and rain. An old woman, her sparse white hair standing up abruptly on her nearly bald head, hobbles along at the

tail of the procession, muttering that never again will she try to climb the mountain for a feast, no, after this she will stay in her little place in the valley, she will feed her son's pigs, but when his wife again has a child, she will not climb the mountain to see it. It's too hard, too hard for her old legs, and the tumour is too heavy to carry. The tumour is slowly becoming more pronounced on her abdomen, outlined clearly beneath her sagging skin. That tumour came from giving food to the sorcerers who had killed her brother long ago. As she shuffles along, holding tightly to a stick, the others look at her a little askance. Old women so far past the child-bearing period know a little more than young women. Their feet are not hurried by the same fear that makes a nursing mother clutch her child to her and flee from the sound of the flutes, and later will make her tremble when she hears her husband's step on the house-ladder. What if he has not properly washed his hands in the proper magical herbs? It was for such neglect that Temos lost her baby, and that one child of Nyelahai died. Old women do not fear these things any longer; they go no more to the menstrual hut, men do not lower their voices when they talk near them.

High and clear from the distant hill-side comes the sound of the flutes. "Does not the *tamberan* have a beautiful voice?" whisper the women to each other, and "*Tamberan, tamberan,*" echo the babies. From a knot of small girls comes a sceptical whisper: "If the *tamberan* is so big, how can he get inside his house?" "Be quiet! Hush your talk!" comes sharply from the mother of the new-born child. "If you talk about the *tamberan* like that, we shall all die." Nearer come the flutes, lovely broken sounds played faultily by young unaccustomed musicians. Now surely the *tamberan* is in the hamlet itself, winding among the trees, taking from the palm-trees his sacred mark, which he placed there six months ago, so that now the coconuts may be picked for the



feast. The sun, before so hot, goes behind a cloud and a quick shower drenches the waiting women and children. The voice of the *tamberan* does not come so clearly through the rain. A chill settles upon the little company, babies cry and are hastily hushed against their mothers' breasts. Now to the sound of the flutes is added the sound of beaten slit gongs. "The *tamberan* has entered the house," whispers one of the older women. They stir, rearrange the net bags, which they have slackened from their foreheads, call to the children who have wandered farther down the hill-side. A distant halloo is heard from the hill-top; this is the men calling the women and children back to the village, which is once more safe for them now that the *tamberan* is closely housed in the special little house that is more gaily decorated than any of the others, with its painted wall-plates at the four corners and the painted shield set up in the gable. Answering the men's call, they climb laboriously back. There is no feeling that they have been excluded, that they are in any way inferior creatures whom the men have banished from a festive scene. It is only that this is something that would not be safe for them, something that concerns the growth and strength of men and boys, but which would be dangerous for women and children. Their men are careful of them, they protect them diligently.

It is always an exciting moment to re-enter the village where so recently something mysterious has happened. In every house, on the gable or by the door, banners of brightly coloured leaves have been set up. The *tamberan* paused here. At the foot of each palm-tree lies a wreath of red leaves; these are the *tamberan's* anklets, which fell off as he stood beneath the palms. On the rain-softened surface of the *agehu* are large marks. One of the men may remark self-consciously to a woman or a child that these are the marks of the *tamberan's* testicles. It is easy to see how big



the *tamberan* is. But although the men have been so careful to arrange this pantomime, the women pay little attention to the details. It is all something that is better let alone, even by the mind. It is something that belongs to the men. They have their *tamberans* also, childbirth, and girl's puberty rites, and the ritual of dyeing grass skirts. These are the *tamberans* of women. And this *tamberan*, he belongs to the men, and does not bear thinking of. From the little *tamberan* house the flutes, accompanied now by slit gongs, sound steadily. In and out from the house pass the men, the initiated boys, and if there are no visitors from the beach, the older uninitiated boys also.

This permission to the uninitiated boys marks another difference between the *tamberan* cult as it is practised by the Arapesh and the emphases among the surrounding tribes. In many parts of New Guinea, the *tamberan* cult is a way of maintaining the authority of the older men over the women and children; it is a system directed against the women and children, designed to keep them in their ignominious places and punish them if they try to emerge. In some tribes, a woman who accidentally sees the *tamberan* is killed. The young boys are threatened with the dire things that will happen to them at their initiation, and initiation becomes a sort of vicious hazing in which the older men revenge themselves upon recalcitrant boys and for the indignities that they themselves once suffered. Such are the primary emphases of the wide-spread *tamberan* cult. Secrecy, age and sex-hostility, fear and hazing, have shaped its formal pattern. But the Arapesh, although they share part of the formal pattern with their neighbours, have changed all the emphases. In a community where there is no hostility between men and women, and where the old men, far from resenting the waxing strength of the young men, find in it their greatest source of happiness, a cult that stresses hate and punishment

is out of place. And so the mountain people have revised most of the major points. Where other peoples kill a woman who chances on the secrets, and go to war against a community that does not keep its women sufficiently in the dark, the Arapesh merely swear the woman to secrecy, telling her that if she does not talk to others nothing will happen to her. On the beach, initiated boys are told that if they betray the secrets of the cult they will be found hanging from a tree, eviscerated by the *tamberan*. But in the mountains this frightening threat is omitted. And the great distinction between initiated and uninitiated boys is also blurred. In a properly organized men's cult, boys who have not been initiated are severely barred from participation, but among the Arapesh, where all the motivation for such exclusion is lacking, the older men say: "Here is a good feast. It is a pity that he who is tall should not eat it just because we have not yet incised him. Let him come in." But if critical and orthodox strangers from the beach are present, the uninitiated boys are hustled out of sight, for the Arapesh are sensitive about their own happily muddled unorthodoxy.

On one occasion in Alitua, there were many visitors from the beach in the house of the *tamberan*, blowing the flutes, beating the slit gongs, and generally taking matters into their own hands. After all it was from the beach that the flutes had come; forty years ago the mountain people had had nothing but seed whistles with which to impersonate their supernaturals. The visitors were haughty and hungry and demanded more meat. In traditional fashion they banged on the floor of the *tamberan* house and began hurling fire-sticks down the ladder. Finally, with a great clatter, they threatened the emergence of the *tamberan*. It was just dusk. Women and children were gathered in clusters close to the *tamberan* house, cooking the evening meal, when the threat came. Frantic, unprepared, desperate, they fled down

the mountain sides, children straying, falling, lost among the rocks. With my hand held tightly in hers, Budagiel, my "sister," dragged my unaccustomed feet after the rest. Slipping, sliding, gasping for breath, we tumbled on. Then came a shout from above: "Come back, it was nonsense! It was not true." And, breathlessly we clambered back up the slope. On the *agehu* confusion reigned, men were rushing about, arguing, exclaiming, disputing. Finally Baimal, volatile, excitable little Baimal, always indomitable despite his slight stature, dashed forward and began beating the front of the *tamberan* house with a stick: "You would, would you? You would come out and frighten our women-folk, and send them slipping and stumbling out into the dark and wet? You would chase our children away, would you? Take that and that and that!" And blow after blow fell with resounding whacks on the thatched roof. After that Baimal had to send in some meat to the outraged *tamberan*, but he didn't mind. Nor did the community. Baimal had expressed for all of them their objection to the use of the *tamberan* as an instrument of terror and intimidation. It was the *tamberan* that helped them grow the children and guard the women! The visitors from the beach sulked, ate the meat-offering, and went home to comment upon the barbarous ways of these mountain people who had no sense of the way in which things should be done.

Sometimes the *tamberan* stays only a few days in a village, sometimes he stays several weeks. He comes to taboo coconut-trees for feasts and to lift the taboo, to preside over the second mortuary feast when the bones of an honoured man are dug up and distributed among the relatives. He comes when a new *tamberan* house is built, and most importantly, he comes for an initiation, when a large enclosure of palm-matting is built at one end of a village and the initiates are segregated in it for several months.

As children grow older and beyond the period when they cling in fright to their mother's skirts, there comes to be a marked sex-difference in their attitudes towards the *tamberan*. The little girls continue to follow their mother's steps; they learn not to speculate lest misfortune come upon them all. A habit of intellectual passivity falls upon them, a more pronounced lack of intellectual interest than that which characterizes their brothers' minds. All that is strange, that is uncharted and unnamed—unfamiliar sounds, unfamiliar shapes—these are forbidden to women, whose duty it is to guard their reproductivity closely and tenderly. This prohibition cuts them off from speculative thought and likewise from art, because among the Arapesh art and the supernatural are part and parcel of each other. All children scribble with bits of charcoal upon pieces of bark, the highly polished sago-bark strips that are used as beds and as wall-plates. They draw ovals that are yams, and circles that are taros, and little squares that are gardens, and patterns that are representative of string figures, and a pretty little design that is called the "morning star." Drawing these designs becomes in later years an occupation exclusively of women, a game with which they can amuse themselves during the long damp hours in the menstrual hut. But painting, painting mysterious half-realized figures in red and yellow, on big pieces of bark that will adorn the *tamberan* house, or a yam-house, this belongs to the men. The feeling against women's participating in art and in the men's cult is one and the same; it is not safe, it would endanger the women themselves, it would endanger the order of the universe within which men and women and children live in safety. When I showed them a brown, life-sized doll, the women shrank away from it in fright. They had never seen a realistic image before; they took it for a corpse. The men, with their different experience, recognized it as a mere representation, and one of them

voiced the prevalent attitude towards women's concerning themselves with such things: "You women had better not look at that thing or it will ruin you entirely." Later the men became gay and familiar with the doll, danced with it in their arms and rearranged its ornaments, but the women, schooled since childhood in the acceptance of marvels and the suppression of all thought about them, never quite accepted the fact that it was only a doll. They would take me aside to ask me how I fed it, and ask if it would never grow any bigger. And if I laid it on the ground with its head lower than its feet, some solicitous woman always rushed to turn it around. Thus through the appearances of the *tamberan* the women and girls are trained in the passive acceptance that is considered their only safety in life.

But for the small boys it is different. To them speculation is not forbidden. It is true that they have to run away now, but later, just a little later, they will be part of the performance; they will go with the men to bring the *tamberan* back to the village, they will see if the *tamberan* really eats all those plates of meat which are passed into the *tamberan* house, or whether the men and boys get some too. If they are lucky, they will be initiated with a large group of boys; for three months they will live within the initiation enclosure, while they undergo the ceremony that is called "being swallowed by the *tamberan*," or sometimes "being swallowed by the cassowary." They know that the cassowary and the *tamberan* have some not very clear connection with each other. Anyway, this talk of swallowing, made up by some distant people interested in frightening women and children, holds no terror for little Arapesh boys. They have seen their big brothers emerge plump and sleek from this swallowing process, with their eyes glowing with pride and self-importance, their skins beautifully oiled and painted, new ornaments on their arms and legs, and lovely feathers



in their hair. Apparently this swallowing is a very pleasant business, and the main point is to be swallowed in large numbers, in a big initiation ceremony, rather than swallowed quietly among your own relatives. So the small boys speculate together, no longer hiding with the women but going off by themselves into the bush, where they can give their tongues and their imagination free rein. As the *tamberan* cult dulls the imagination of the girls, it stimulates and quickens the imagination of the small boys. And this quickening extends to other things, to greater interest in the plants and animals of the bush, to greater curiosity about life in general. Upon the little girl of ten, sitting demurely beside her mother or her mother-in-law, the horizon of life has closed down in a way that it has not upon her brother. New responsibilities wait for him, as soon as he is grown enough to be initiated. He watches the taboos of his pubic hair even more assiduously, and imitates the self-disciplinary cuttings of the bigger boys even more valiantly, and wonders again and again what it will be like to be swallowed. The little girl bubbles her lips and ceases to think at all. If she does not think, if she does not let her mind wander in forbidden places, some day she too will hold a baby in her arms, a baby who will be born secretly in the bush, in a spot forbidden to men.

At last the time comes for a boy to be initiated. If he is an eldest son, son of a large household, heir to an important man, he may be initiated separately. The large initiations are held only every six or seven years, when repeated gibes between communities at big feasts have finally goaded some community into undertaking the huge work of organization and preparation that is necessary if some twelve or fifteen boys and their sponsoring relatives are to be fed for several months in one place. Such a feast takes several years to prepare, and has its echoes throughout the lives of the group

of novices, who years later, as middle-aged men, will be finding pigs to take back to that village to be distributed in final long-deferred repayment for the initiation. Meanwhile, in the six-year period between initiations, boys who were too small when the last initiation was held have grown very tall, embarrassingly so. They have gradually learned most of the secrets. They know that the voice of the *tamberan* is made by the big bamboo flutes, and may even have learned to play upon them. Altogether, it is better that a great tall boy should be initiated quietly, with a small family feast.

The essentials of the initiation remain the same: there is a ritual segregation from the company of women, during which time the novice observes certain special food taboos, is incised, eats a sacrificial meal of the blood of the older men, and is shown various marvellous things. The marvellous things fall into two classes: remarkable objects that he has never seen before, such as masks, and other carvings and representations; and the revelation, part of which usually has been revealed to him already, of the fact that there is really no *tamberan* at all, but that all of these things are done by men. The cassowary, who has been so mysteriously said to swallow little boys, is merely one of the men of a certain clan, wearing a ferocious pair of cassowary-feather eye-pieces, and having suspended from his neck a shell-covered bag in which are stuck two sharpened cassowary-bones. The *tamberan* himself is simply the noise of the flutes, the beating of the slit gongs by the men, or a general concept covering the whole set of mystifying acts. To a boy, growing up among the Arapesh means finding out that there is no Santa Claus, having it acknowledged that one is old enough to know that all this fanfare and ruffle of drums is a pantomime, devoutly maintained generation after generation because its maintenance will help to make boys grow, and so promote



the well-being of the people. The incision itself, and the meal of blood that the initiates are fed, is another matter. The belief in blood and blood-letting, in the important connexion between blood and growth, is part of the very bones of Arapesh culture. And when one boy is initiated at a time, it is these aspects which are stressed. About the flutes he knows already, and one household has few other hidden marvels to show him. His initiation becomes a matter of incision and a sacrificial meal.

In the big initiations other points are emphasized: the comradeship between all of the boys, the care that is taken of them by their fathers and elder brothers, and by the special sponsors, who accompany them each day to the bathing-pool, bending back the brambles from their paths, even as their ghostly ancestors are also believed to do. The reciprocal attitudes of the boys towards their sponsors are emphasized; their sponsors weave them arm-bands that the novices must wear until they fall off, and then they will make feasts for the sponsors. In the enclosure there is plenty to eat. The older men hunt for the novices and feed them well; the period is supposed to be magically growth-promoting, and they see to it that it is actually healthful also. For the only time in all their meagrely fed lives, the young Arapesh boys become almost plump.

The anxiety of the older men about the preservation of these necessary secrets is communicated to the novices, not with intimidating threats, but by giving them a share in all the little acts of loving deception that the men practise on the women. The novices wear little leaf covers on their new wounds, and these are spoken of as their wives. The voices of these wives are imitated on pieces of whistling grass for the benefit of the listening women. A great fiction is got up about these imaginary "wives." Little bundles of firewood are prepared and hung on the paths to show the women

where the tiny fanciful wives of the novices have been at work. Meanwhile, the women among themselves refer to these wives as "little birds" and probe no deeper into what is obviously some kind of a male mystery and better let alone.

The whole ceremony, formally representative of a jealous male society grudgingly admitting younger males, now too old to be kept out, has been turned into a growth-giving rite. Even the gauntlet that the initiates run between two rows of men armed with stinging nettles is not administered in a spirit of hazing, but so that the novices will grow. They are given no instructions that will make them hate, despise, or fear women. They are subjected to a divinatory ceremony to find out whether they have been experimenting with sex or not, something that they know is forbidden because it will stunt natural growth. The boy who is found guilty is punished by being made to chew a piece of areca-nut that has been placed in contact with a woman's vulva, if possible with the vulva of the woman, usually his betrothed wife, with whom he has had intercourse. This ritual break of the most deeply felt taboo in Arapesh culture, the taboo that separates the mouth and the genitals, food and sex, is felt to be punishment enough; and while the guilty are punished, all are cautioned against similar indulgence. Sex is good, but dangerous to those who have not yet attained their growth.

So, with ceremonial and a little admonition, much singing and bathing and eating, the two or three months of the seclusion pass away. At the end, the novices, dressed most resplendently, appear before their overjoyed mothers and sisters, who far from having spent the period in anxiety about their fate, have expected to find them just as plump and well fed as they actually appear. Then each youth, dressed in his best, is taken by his father over his father's

road, to the houses of all of his father's trade-friends, and also, when such women have married far away, to the houses of his father's sisters. In each house the novice is given a gift, a gift that he will some day reciprocate. He now walks, ceremonially and often actually for the first time, the road of his ancestors, the road by which tools and implements and weapons and ornaments, songs and new fashions, are imported; along this road also goes dirt stolen in anger, and loving relatives hunting for others' dirt. This is hereafter known as his road, the road over which all of these simple necessities and high excitements of life will pass.

His childhood is ended. From one who has been grown by the daily carefulness and hard work of others, he now passes into the class of those whose care is for others' growth. During his pubescence his care was for his own growth, for the observances of the taboo would ensure to him muscle and bone, height and breadth, and strength to beget and rear children. This strength is never phrased as sexual potency, a point in which the Arapesh are profoundly uninterested and for which they have no vocabulary. Now this care is shifted and he has instead new responsibilities towards those who after years devoted to his growth are now growing old themselves, and towards his younger brothers and sisters, and his young betrothed wife.

There is no feeling here that he is subservient towards those older than himself, that he chafes beneath the power of those stronger than himself. Instead, the oldest and the youngest, the ageing parent and the little child, are placed together in Arapesh feeling, in contrast to those who from puberty to middle age are specially concerned with sex and child-rearing. From puberty to middle age one occupies a special position with responsibilities towards the old and towards the young. Half of the food in the world is set apart for the elders and the children, certain kinds of yams, certain

kinds of taro, certain kinds of birds and fish and meat—these are for those who are not yet concerned with sex, or whose concern with it is over. There is no feeling here that the powerful and the strong appropriate the best foods, but rather there is a symbolic division into two equal parts from which all are fed. After a big feast, the men of the locality make a special little family feast for the women whose hard labour in carrying food and firewood has made the feast possible. They often garnish the plates with tree-kangaroo, a food that the women themselves cannot eat. But when I commented on the seeming thoughtlessness of rewarding the women with meat that was forbidden them, they stared at me in surprise: "But their children can eat it." And between men and their children there is no more rivalry than this. To grow his son, to find for him the food from which he must himself abstain, has been the father's great delight during his son's childhood. Piece by piece he has built up his son's body. The Arapesh father does not say to his son: "I am your father, I begot you, therefore you must obey me." He would regard such a claim as presumptuous nonsense. Instead he says: "I grew you. I grew the yams, I worked the sago, I hunted the meat, I laboured for the food that made your body. Therefore I have the right to speak like this to you." And this relationship between father and son, a relationship based on food given and food gratefully received, is shared in slighter measure by all the old and young of a community. Every man has contributed to the growth of every child reared within the small circle of mountains that forms his world. If a young man should so far forget himself as to speak rudely or hastily to an old man, the old man may answer, sadly, reproachfully: "And think how many pigs I have fattened from which you took your growth."

As the young wax strong, the old retire more and more.

When his eldest son enters the *tamberan* cult, or if the eldest child is a girl, when she reaches puberty, the father formally retires. Henceforward, all that he does is done in his son's name; the big yam-house that he built last year is spoken of as his son's; when trade-friends come, he sits aside and lets his son entertain them. The son too must bear in mind his father's increasing age by little ritual acts of carefulness. He must take care that none of the sago that is worked by himself or his brothers and sisters is given to his father and mother to eat. Sago worked by the young is dangerous to the old. The son must not eat lime from his father's lime-gourd, or step over any of his father's possessions as they lie on the floor. His young, springing manhood would endanger his father's slackening, sexless hold on life.

The father's sexless rôle is illustrated most vividly in the attitude of Arapesh middle-aged men towards women. Quarrels over women are the key-note of the New Guinea primitive world. Almost every culture has suffered in one way or another because it has failed to solve the problem. Polygynous societies permit of far more quarrelling over women than do monogamous ones, for the enterprising man, not satisfied with one wife, can always try to express his superiority by trying to attach a few more. Among the Arapesh, this quarrelling has been reduced to a minimum. Polygyny they phrase entirely in terms of inheritance, as the duty of caring for the widow and children of brothers, not as a sign of superiority over other men. Between the father-age-group and the son-age-group, there is no possibility of conflict, for all men over thirty-five or so are concerned not in finding wives for themselves, but in finding wives for their sons. The search for wives is conducted among small children, girls from six to ten, and the father's entire interest is enlisted in the son's behalf. Thus one of the ugliest results of quarrelling over women, the quarrel between a man and

his son, in which wealth, power, and prestige are pitted against youth and vigour, is eliminated. As we shall see later, the Arapesh have not been able to avoid all quarrelling over women, but by phrasing polygyny as a duty instead of a privilege, and by involving the interests of all the powerful men in the marriages of the next generation, this struggle is reduced to a minimum.

Thus at the end of his adolescence the Arapesh boy is placed in his society, he is initiated, he has manifold duties to perform, unaggressively, co-operatively, assisting his father and his uncles; guarding his father in his old age and his young brother in his childhood; and growing his small, pre-adolescent wife.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE GROWTH AND BETROTHAL OF AN ARAPESH GIRL

**A**N ARAPESH boy grows his wife. As a father's claim to his child is not that he has begotten it but rather that he has fed it, so also a man's claim to his wife's attention and devotion is not that he has paid a bride-price for her, or that she is legally his property, but that he has actually contributed the food which has become flesh and bone of her body. A little girl is betrothed when she is seven or eight to a boy about six years her senior, and she goes to live in the home of her future husband. Here the father-in-law, the husband, and all of his brothers combine to grow the little bride. Upon the young adolescent husband particularly falls the onus of growing yams, working sago, hunting for meat, with which to feed his wife. In later years, this is the greatest claim that he has upon her. If she is dilatory or sulky or unwilling, he can invoke this claim: "I worked the sago, I grew the yams, I killed the kangaroo that made your body. Why do you not bring in the firewood?" And in those exceptional cases when the arranged marriage falls through from the death of the betrothed husband, and the girl is betrothed again after she has attained her growth, the tie is never felt to be so close. Similarly when a man inherits the widow of a relative, he may have contributed very little food to her growth—especially if she is older than he—and these marriages, lacking the most important sanction that the culture recognizes, are less stable.

The Arapesh believe that parents should be able to control their children whom they have grown, and on the same prin-



ciple, they believe that husbands should be able to control their wives; they have grown them, they are responsible for them, they are older and have better judgment. The whole organization of society is based upon the analogy between children and wives as representing a group who are younger, less responsible, than the men, and therefore to be guided. Wives by definition stand in this child-relationship to their husbands, and to their husband's fathers and uncles and brothers, in fact to all of the older men of the clan into which they marry. Before the little girl has become conscious of her sex, while she is still a slim, unformed child, the eyes of the fathers and uncles of other clans are upon her, judging her gently as a possible wife for one of their stripling lads. As it is upon the small girl that choice falls, it is about small girls that the Arapesh are most romantic; young men will comment with enthusiasm upon the feminine charm of a five-year-old, and sit about entranced by the coquettishness of some baby whose mother, for amusement, has decked her out in a grass skirt. There is no sexual emphasis in this choice; to regard children as sexual objects would be incredible to the Arapesh. It is merely that after girls are nine or ten years of age they are no longer possible objects of choice, either for one's self or for one's son, but are instead the betrothed wives of others. Not until a girl becomes a widow will she again be a person upon whose desirability one can speculate. And so mothers occasionally deck out their tiny daughters, and the conversation of a group of big boys is hushed for a moment as a small girl flips by, rustling her stiff little skirts.

When a father selects a wife for his son, he is moved by many considerations. First, there is the problem whether to choose a wife close to home, from the next village, from a clan with which his own clan has already intermarried. This is very good. It is good that brother and sister should marry brother and sister, that if one clan gives two of its girls to the

other, the other clan should reciprocate with two of its daughters. This is no hard and fast rule. The Arapesh construct their marriages to last, and are not bound to any fixed system that might dictate marriages in which the young people are the wrong ages. But still the marriage nearer home is a desirable one. The men-folk of the two clans, already bound together by several ties, will urge a further tie. Against these considerations, there are the advantages of a marriage in a far-away place. This kind of marriage widens the circle of friendliness within which the next generation will walk about safely, sure of a welcome after a hard, cold journey. A tie set up by a marriage between distant places will bind those two places together for a long time to come, perhaps, with good luck, for ever. The descendants of the marriage will remember it, calling all the people from their mother's village "grandfather," and welcoming them respectfully when they come to feasts. Furthermore, if the new bride comes from a village towards the beach she may bring some special skill with her, which she will teach to her daughters and her daughters-in-law. It was thus that the secret of making the *wulus*, a *soigné* braided grass skirt, was brought to the people of Suabibis five generations ago, by a bride from Daguar. But against this choice there is the fear of sorcery. If one chooses a wife from the stranger, if one permits one's daughter to go among strangers, fear, the compulsive resort to sorcery when angered and frightened, may destroy the marriage. So the fathers and uncles balance the matter in their minds.

In the girl herself they look for various definite attributes. She should have the right kind of relatives, many male kindred, men who are good hunters, successful gardeners, slow to anger and wise in making choices. The father who chooses a wife for his son is choosing also, and as importantly, his son's brothers-in-law, and his grandchildren's maternal

uncles. Instead of regarding marriage as a necessary evil, as so many people do, as an unfortunate compromise which makes it inevitable that a stranger be allowed to enter the house and sit down familiarly within it, the Arapesh regard marriage as primarily an opportunity to increase the warm family circle within which one's descendants may then live even more safely than one has lived oneself. This attitude is brought out very clearly in their comment on incest. I had the greatest difficulty in getting any comment upon it at all. The only formulation on the subject that I obtained is contained in a series of rather esoteric aphorisms:

Your own mother,  
 Your own sister,  
 Your own pigs,  
 Your own yams that you have piled up,<sup>1</sup>  
 You may not eat.  
 Other people's mothers,  
 Other people's sisters,  
 Other people's pigs,  
 Other people's yams that they have piled up,  
 You may eat.

This sums up the Arapesh attitude towards selfishness, their feeling that there is an intimate connexion between a man and his surplus yam-crop that would make his eating from it rather like incest, and similarly that to appropriate for one's own purposes one's mother or sister would be of the nature of antisocial and repellent hoarding. But this set of aphorisms was given me to explain how a man who made an *abüllü* should act about his yams, and I never received it in reply to any inquiry about incest. The native line of thought is that you teach people how to behave about yams and pigs by referring to the way that they know they behave

<sup>1</sup> This does not refer to ordinary yams, but to yams that have been formally exhibited in an *abüllü* and distributed to the community for seed.

about their female relatives. To questions about incest I did not receive the answers that I had received in all other native societies in which I had worked, violent condemnation of the practice combined with scandalous revelations of a case of incest in a neighbouring house or a neighbouring village. Instead both the emphatic condemnation and the accusations were lacking: "No, we don't sleep with our sisters. We give our sisters to other men and other men give us their sisters." Obviously. It was simple as that. Why did I press the point? And had they not heard of a single case of incest? I queried. Yes, finally, one man said that he had. He had gone on a long journey, towards Aitape, and there in the village of a strange people he had heard a quarrel; a man was angry because his wife refused to live with him, but instead kept returning to her brother, with whom she cohabited. Was that what I meant? That, in effect, was what I meant. No, we don't do that. What would the old men say to a young man who wished to take his sister to wife? They didn't know. No one knew. The old men never discussed the matter. So I set them to asking the old men, one at a time. And the answers were the same. They came to this: "What, you would like to marry your sister! What is the matter with you anyway? Don't you want a brother-in-law? Don't you realize that if you marry another man's sister and another man marries your sister, you will have at least two brothers-in-law, while if you marry your own sister you will have none? With whom will you hunt, with whom will you garden, whom will you go to visit?" Thus incest is regarded among the Arapesh not with horror and repulsion towards a temptation that they feel their flesh is heir to, but as a stupid negation of the joys of increasing, through marriage, the number of people whom one can love and trust.

So the father, in choosing his son's wife, considers her

brothers and her cousins, who will be his son's friends in the years to come. It is well if there are many of them. Look at Aden now, a man who was lonely because of a series of foolish moves. Aden's father and mother had been cousins and both had been members of vanishing lines. Aden had no relatives at all except two mother's brothers, one who was a half-wit, and one who, out of loneliness, had moved away and joined his wife's people in the next locality. And then Aden, in addition, did an unusual thing—he married two sisters. Now there is no objection to a man's marrying two sisters, and in this case Aden's wife's sister was left a widow and did not wish to marry any of the distant relatives of her former husband. She preferred to return to Alitoa and live with her sister, and finally Aden married her also. But, it was pointed out, that was a foolish thing to do for a man so precariously placed as Aden. He thereby lost the chance of acquiring a second set of brothers-in-law and was completely dependent upon his one set. When his one little child, Sausua, grew up, no one would be anxious to choose for a daughter-in-law a girl who had so few relatives.

The father of a girl, in accepting overtures for his daughter, is moved by the same kind of consideration. He looks without favour upon a suit on behalf of a youth who has few relatives. And while the fathers of sons are always very anxious to mark little girls for their sons, the fathers of daughters are traditionally cautious, unenthusiastic, recalcitrant. The negotiations are carried on in the face of articulate lack of interest on the father's part: "I have given away enough daughters. What do I get out of it? They go and live a long way off and I never see them. Only my sons are near me, a comfort to my old age. This one I will keep. She is still very small. Her breasts show no signs of standing up. Why should I send her away among strangers?" And if the daughter is of the type who is re-

garded as a particularly promising wife, he will add: "She already can take her mother's place when visitors come. She hastens to light the fire and boil the pot. I will not send her away." For small girls are judged first on just this quality: Do they assume domestic responsibility quickly, are they actively and intelligently hospitable, or do they sit lazy and sullen when a guest enters the house? This quality of responsibility, far more than brains or beauty, is what is demanded in a wife, one who will grace a man's house by her deft and happy responsiveness to everyone—to himself, to his guests, and to their children. A little girl who already at six or seven "can take her mother's place" has proclaimed herself as a desirable wife. Additionally, she should be sweet-tempered, but this is regarded as almost a corollary, for bad temper among the Arapesh expresses itself in "not giving things to people." And she should have a clear skin.<sup>2</sup> A girl who has a diseased skin will usually marry, but she will be betrothed later than other girls, and the marriage will be a less advantageous one; she will have to marry a boy with few relatives. On the other hand, a boy with a chronic case of tinea will only by some strange accident ever marry at all. When he is a child, the other children will shrink away from him, calling him "skin-infected man." Already about him clings the aura of the disgruntled and the unfortunate, the kind of man who among the Plainsmen becomes a sorcerer, the kind of man who among the mountain people is over-ready to traffic in sorcery. The argument runs that men who have skin infections cannot get wives, and so, angry and disgruntled, become sorcerers. "This child has a skin infection, therefore he will be a sorcerer, or a trafficker in dirt," is

<sup>2</sup> Her skin should be free from yaws, tropical ulcers, ringworm, tinea imbricata, and the local New Guinea skin infection that is a compound of penicillium and scabies. Almost everyone suffers at some time of life from one or all of these disorders, but only in certain cases do they become chronic and a permanent liability.



already on people's tongues. The afflicted child shrinks into himself, knowing that his path is already marked out as the path of the stranger, the one who will never be accepted into the warm group by the fireside. The unpleasant colour of a tinea infection and its rancid odour touch the Arapesh at just the point where their sensuousness leaves them no room for charity.

So it is boys, not girls, who know in childhood that they will never wed. Here the Arapesh share with most primitive societies a state which contrasts sharply with that of modern civilization. Every girl, unless she is horribly deformed—and very few badly diseased or deformed people survive—will be married at least once. If she is left a young widow, she will be legally married a second time even if she is not received into her second husband's bed. The fear of the child's not marrying, the desperate concentration upon marriage as a goal, is transferred in Arapesh society from the parents of the girl to the parents of the boy. He it is who may get left out altogether, who must be carefully provided for. And one of the chief causes of a son's gratitude is that his father found him a wife while he himself was still a youth and unable to provide for himself.

Selecting a wife for one's son is called "placing a carrying-bag on her head." This pantomime is usually not carried through in practice, but the point is made verbally. The little girl is taken by her parents and left in the home of her betrothed. Here her life hardly differs at all from the life that she led at home. She sleeps with her parents-in-law, works with her mother-in-law, goes about with all of the female relatives of her betrothed. She is perhaps a little shyer than she was at home, if this new home is among people whom she does not know. But most often it is among those whom she has seen already many times. Towards her young husband, her attitude is one of complete trust and acceptance.



No constraining taboo marks the ease of their relationship. He is just another older male to whom she looks up and upon whom she depends. She is to him another small girl, his special small girl, whose hand must be taken in rough places on the paths. He calls out to her to light his pipe, or to feed his dog. And all of his brothers share his attitude towards her, and she includes them in the circle of her affection. With the smaller ones she romps and plays. To all of them she becomes warmly attached. Her feeling for her husband and his father and brothers is practically identical with her feeling for her own father and brothers. Ease of companionship, lack of taboo, lack of fear, characterize all of these relationships. She passes back and forth between her own home and her husband's, depending upon the demands of a feast or of taro-planting. She returns as cheerfully to her husband's home as she does to her own home. Little girls comment easily and happily upon the rhythm of their lives. So Anyuai, aged ten: "Sometimes I stay here with my father, sometimes in Liwo with my husband. They plant taro here, I come here. They plant taro in Liwo, I go to Liwo. My husband is tall, as tall as Gerud." And I asked her: "Did you cry when you first went to Liwo?" "No, I did not cry. I am very strong. My husband is good. I sleep in the house of his father and mother. Una is going to marry Magiel. Magiel is very tall. Una is smaller than I. She still stays most with her father. Miduain is going to marry Seaubaiyat. Sinaba'i calls him son-in-law. Ibanyos [Anyuai's father's other wife] and mother sit down together in one house. They make one garden. They do not quarrel. Tomorrow I will go back to Liwo."

When these long years during which husband and wife live together like brother and sister are taken into account, one of the determining factors of Arapesh attitudes towards sex is intelligible. Actual sex-intercourse does not spring from

a different order of feeling from the affection that one has for one's daughter or one's sister. It is simply a more final and complete expression of the same kind of feeling. And it is not regarded as a spontaneous response of the human being to an internal sexual stimulus. The Arapesh have no fear that children left to themselves will copulate, or that young people going about in adolescent groups will experiment with sex. The only young people who are believed likely to indulge in any overt sex-expression are "husband and wife," the betrothed pair who have been reared in the knowledge that they are to be mates (or, even more unusually, a woman and her brother-in-law). As the little girl approaches puberty, her parents-in-law increase their supervision of her, both for her sake and for the sake of her boy husband.

The need for this chaperonage is based upon the Arapesh conception that growth and sexual life are antithetical, the conception which we have encountered already in the taboos that surround the birth and suckling of a child. If the little girl who is only now keeping the taboos of her small swelling breasts experiences sex, her growth will be stunted, she will be spindly and puny and, most important of all, her breasts will continue to stand up, small and stiff and inhospitable, instead of falling in the luxuriant heaviness that the Arapesh consider to be the high point of female beauty. This is a point about which little girls are very conscious. As small sisters and sister-in-law work together, scrubbing the sago-shoots between their palms before plaiting them into new grass skirts, or peeling taros for the evening meal, they talk over the relative beauty of the big girls. Budagiel and Wad-jubel, they have lovely big breasts. They must have kept the taboos very stringently and never have let themselves be tempted into filching one small bite of meat. Afterwards, too, when they menstruated, they must have kept the other rules very carefully, been observant of the women's *tamberan*.

What this is the small girls are not quite certain, but like the uninitiated boys they are not afraid. Because the results make one beautiful. They know that a girl fasts for four or five days at her first menstruation, but how lovely are her new grass skirt and ornaments when she appears again in the village! Anyway, Anyuai asked her husband's sister what it was like, that fasting, and her husband's sister said you slept most of the time and hardly noticed the time passing. It was warm by the fire in the menstrual hut. And look what happens to girls who have intercourse with their husbands too early. Look at Sagu for instance—Sagu, slight and straight as a fourteen-year-old, and yet she had been married twice and had a baby that died, it was so little and poor. Sagu had first been married in another locality to a boy much older than she, who had inherited his dead brother's right to her. This boy had "stolen her," that is, he had had intercourse with her before she reached puberty. Her breasts had hardened standing up and would never fall now. She had had a baby by this husband and the baby had died. Then she had run away from him and come home to her father. After all he was not the husband who had originally grown her and to whom she really owed allegiance. Her father remarried her to a man from a neighbouring clan and soon after he had married her he died. Meanwhile Sagu's little sister, Kumati, had been betrothed to Maigi, the younger brother of her second husband. This younger brother was slender and charming, and had not yet attained his growth. Sagu took a fancy to him and, guided by her atypical sex-experience, seduced him. The elders remonstrated, but Sagu had bound Maigi fast to her. He shrugged his shoulders at their threats, which two years had now demonstrated to be only too well grounded—that he would never grow to be a tall, sturdy man. So Sagu was permitted to marry Maigi, and the little Kumati, who had not yet left her father's home, was reassigned to a younger

cousin of Maigi. It was all very irregular. And the little girls, scrubbing at their sago-shoots, thrust out their full little lower lips into grimaces of disapproval. Sagu had no breasts, she would likely have no children either, and Maigi would never be tall and strong. That was not the way that things should be done. If a boy waited until his wife had menstruated many times, even for as long as two years, then her breasts would be ready to fall, and the first contact with sex would loosen those delicate cords which bound the breasts to the vulva. But if that contact came first, if the girl's vein was broken—for so they phrase the hymen—before puberty, then her breasts would never develop.

The Arapesh have ways of keeping a girl small and immature, but they do not work very well. Her parents or her parents-in-law can take a little bit of her personality, a piece of a half-chewed areca-nut or a sugar-cane butt, and bind it up very tightly with a piece of croton-leaf; this they can hide in the rafters of the house, and as long as it remains fastened, so the girl will be fastened, her development retarded. The need for such magic arises when betrothing parents miscalculate the relative ages of the boy and girl. This can happen very easily, as the people pay very little attention to the ages of their children, and even the mother of a first child will say one day that the child is two moons old and the next day it is five moons old. Relative ages of children brought up in different communities, as betrothed children usually have been, are particularly hard to gauge. So sometimes the parents-in-law will be faced with the alarming fact that the daughter-in-law is maturing much too fast, that she will be mature and ready for sex-experience while their son is still undeveloped. Then the magic may be resorted to. But on the whole the Arapesh consider magic an unreliable solution of this very pressing difficulty. Observation has shown that it does not work very well, and this is an important

matter. More often they solve the difficulty by rearranging the betrothals, and give the too mature girl to an elder brother of the original husband. This solution often works well. The child wife in her husband's home has regarded her husband and all his brothers in very much the same light. She has used her husband's terms in speaking to them, calling her husband's elder brother by the term meaning "elder sibling of the same sex"; she trusts him; he too has fed her, held her hand when she stumbled, gently rebuked her if she has done something incorrectly. It is a shift that is not on the whole difficult to make.

The small girls, talking over life as they sit at work, do not regard the possible shift of their betrothal as a very serious matter. On the whole, they are wedded in feeling to a group of people, not merely to one man. They have become an integral part of another family, a family to which they will now belong for ever, even after death. For unlike so many Oceanic peoples among whom the brothers claim the body of a woman at death, the Arapesh bury the wife on the land of her husband's clan, and her ghost remains with him in his *marsalai* place. Her husband and sons make a series of payments to her clan, they "buy the mother" to remain always with her husband and children.

A girl's first menstruation and the accompanying ceremonial take place in most cases in her husband's home. But her brothers must play a part in it and they are sent for; failing brothers, cousins will come. Her brothers build her a menstrual hut, which is stronger and better-constructed than are the menstrual huts of older married women; these are miserable cone-shaped little structures that they build themselves, with no floor and offering scant shelter from the cold and rain. But for this first segregation, a floor is built. The girl is cautioned to sit with her legs in front of her, knees raised, and on no account to sit cross-legged. Her woven arm-



and leg-bands, her ear-rings, her old lime-gourd and lime-spatula, are taken from her. Her woven belt is taken off. If these are fairly new they are given away; if they are old they are cut off and destroyed. There is no feeling that they themselves are contaminated, but only the desire to cut the girl's connexion with her past. The girl is attended by older women who are her own relatives or relatives of her husband. They rub her all over with stinging nettles. They tell her to roll one of the large nettle-leaves into a tube and thrust it into her vulva; this will ensure her breasts' growing large and strong. The girl eats no food, nor does she drink water. On the third day, she comes out of the hut and stands against a tree while her mother's brother makes the decorative cuts upon her shoulders and buttocks. This is done so gently, with neither earth nor lime rubbed in—the usual New Guinea methods for making scarification marks permanent—that it is only possible to find the scars during the next three or four years. During that time, however, if strangers wish to know whether a girl is nubile, they look for the marks. Each day the women rub the girl with nettles. It is well if she fasts for five or six days, but the women watch her anxiously, and if she becomes too weak they put an end to it. Fasting will make her strong, but too much of it might make her die, and the emergence ceremony is hastened.

The father of the young husband now instructs him concerning the ceremonial meal that he must prepare for his wife. This contains a whole series of special herbs, and no one who has not prepared one for his wife knows how to do it. It is part of the Arapesh tradition that only as the emergency arises one learns what to do from someone who has done it before. Many young men whose wives have not yet reached puberty, and who have never acted as "brothers" to a nubile sister, have never seen a puberty ceremony. When people refer to it, they look confused and worried, and it adds to their

sense of infinite and precarious dependence upon tradition as it is carried in the minds of men older than they are. What if there were no older men to tell them what to do, what magical herbs to find, how to prepare them?

The father tells the youth to search for the *nkumkwebil* vine, which is tough and hard to break, the strong bark of the *malipik* tree, the sap of the *karudik* tree, the sap of the bread-fruit-tree, the little shrub called *henyakun*, and the cocoons of the *idugen* caterpillar. These are all strong things and will make the girl strong, strong to cook, strong to carry, strong to bear children. Then the youth is told to make a soup into which he puts parts of the herbs, and also to cook some of them with specially strong yams called *wabalal*. Meanwhile the women adorn the girl. She is painted on back and shoulders with red paint. They put on her a new and beautiful grass skirt, new plaited armlets and leglets; they put new ear-rings in her ears. One of the women lends her the little green horn-shaped shell and the scarlet feather that all married women wear as a sign of their estate. Later her husband will give her one of her own. This is thrust into the hole at the tip of her nose that was made long ago when she was a child and which she has kept open ever since with a piece of stick or a roll of leaf. Now she is ready to go up on the *agehu* and appear before the eyes of her husband and of her brothers, who have come, each with a gift: bows and arrows, wooden plates, net bags, cassowary-bone daggers, spears—these are the proper gifts for the men of her kin to bring an adolescent girl.

The women put her old net bag on her head, freshly decorated with *wheinyal* leaves. They place a bright-red heart-shaped leaf in her mouth. This leaf is also worn by novices in the *tamberan* ceremony. Her husband has been told to bring a rib of a coconut-leaflet, and some *mebu*, the scented flowers of sulphur, on a pair of *aliwhiwas* leaves. He



waits for her in the middle of the *agehu*, she comes up slowly, her eyes downcast, her steps lagging from her long fast, supported beneath the arm-pits by the women. Her husband stands in front of her. He puts his big toe on her big toe. He takes the coconut-rib and as she looks up into his face he flicks the old net bag from her head—the old net bag that his father placed on her head as a child when he arranged the betrothal. Now the girl drops the leaf out of her mouth and puts out her tongue, furry and heavy with her fast. Her husband wipes it off with the *mebu* earth. Then the girl sits down on a piece of sago-bark; she sits down carefully, lowering herself with one hand, and sits with her legs straight out in front of her. The husband gives her a spoon wrapped in a leaf, and the bowl of soup that he has made. For the first spoonful he must hold her hand to steady her, and so for the second. By the third she will be strong enough to hold it for herself. After she has eaten the soup, he takes one of the *wabalal* yams and breaks it in half. She eats half and half he places in the rafters of the house; this is the earnest that she will not treat him like a stranger and deliver him over to the sorcerers. Lest she do so, tradition provides him with part of her personality also. The piece of yam is kept until the girl becomes pregnant. This yam meal is an incongruous piece of ceremonial, possibly borrowed from the Plainsmen. Only the insane and the feeble-minded attempt sorcery through it.

After the girl has eaten, she sits in the centre of the *agehu*. Her brothers put their gifts down in a circle around her. Then they take coconut-leaf torches, light them, and circle the girl with fire. They do not know why they do this. It is a new custom, borrowed from the beach, but it makes a pretty showing. Beyond Alitoa, towards the plains, the people have not yet learned to do this.

For a week neither she nor her husband eat any meat.

Then the girl makes a false vegetable-pudding, like the one made by a mother of a new baby. She throws it away in the bush. Then her husband goes hunting, and when he has found meat he and she make a feast for all who have helped them, for the women who have carried firewood and water, for those who beat her with nettles, for those who brought coloured clay and painted her. For a month the girl herself will eat no meat, nor drink cold water or the milk of young coconuts, nor eat sugar-cane. Then it is finished. In the future, she goes without ceremony to her menstrual hut.

This ceremony which officially ends a girl's childhood is of another order from a boy's initiation, although it has many elements in common with it—the nettles, the hygienic self-inflicted pain, the segregation, and the ceremonial emergence. But the boy passes from one way of life into another; before, he was a boy, now he is a man with a man's responsibilities and therefore he may share in the secrets of men. For the girl there is no such emphasis. For four years or so she has lived in her husband's household. She has carried firewood and water, she has weeded and planted and harvested taro and greens, she has prepared food and tended the babies; she has danced when there has been special good luck in hunting or harvesting. She has gone with groups of young people to work sago. Her tasks have been grown-up tasks that she has shared with the women. The interior of a menstrual hut is no mystery to her; since babyhood she and her brothers and sisters have run in and out of them. Her puberty ceremony is no ritual admission to an order of life, but merely a ritual bridging of a physiological crisis that is important to her health and to her growth. It is not a marriage ceremony.

Her husband's clan already regard her as one of them. They as a group have fed her, they have made her body, she is a part of them, and they have also paid for her. From time to time the husband's family have sent meat to the

bride's family. Some time after her puberty the chief payment for a wife is made, some dozen rings and shell valuables, of which three or four may be actually retained by her parents, while the remainder are merely exchanged for valuables of a similar size and beauty. Actually the expenditure is not very great; the food that the husband's family have contributed over a dozen years to the girl herself is far more valuable. But these interchanges of valuables and conspicuous payments of meat are the details most often referred to, they are the outer and visible signs that this is a true marriage of long planning and long standing. When a child is born it is paid for. A couple of rings if it is a boy, one or two more if it is a girl, are given to the mother's clan. This is to establish full claim to the child; more rings are paid for a girl than for a boy because otherwise the mother's clan might exercise claims to her bride-price or to her children later, when she is grown. These payments again have but slight economic value; they are rather symbols of the child's absolute membership in the paternal clan.

After the first menstruation ceremony, the betrothed girl's life goes on as before. The parents-in-law will continue their slight, unobtrusive chaperonage. She still sleeps in their hut, and if one of the daughters of the house is at home, the young sisters-in-law may sleep together. Just below the surface of articulate recognition by the community is the knowledge that sometime soon now, in a few months, in a year, this marriage will be consummated. Meanwhile, the girl makes herself a lovely grass skirt; with young wives a little older than she is, she spends many hours plaiting the sago-shoot shreds that she has wheedled some old woman into dyeing a beautiful red. She keeps her skin bathed and shining, and wears her necklace of opossum-teeth or dog's teeth every day. No one is fairer or gayer in the whole of Arapesh than these young girls waiting, in lovely attire, for

life at last to catch up with them. No definite day is set; as the months pass, the parents relax their chaperonage more and more. The girl is fully mature now. The boy is tall and well developed. Some day the two, who are now allowed to go about alone together in the bush, will consummate their marriage, without haste, without a due date to harry them with its inevitableness, with no one to know or to comment, in response to a situation in which they have lived comfortably for years in the knowledge that they belong to each other.

## CHAPTER VII

### ARAPESH MARRIAGE

THE Arapesh do not seriously conceive of sex outside of the marriage bond. The casual encounter, the liaison, a sudden stirring of desire that must be satisfied quickly—these mean nothing to them. Their ideal is essentially a domestic one, not a romantic one. Sex is a serious matter, a matter that must be surrounded with precautions; a matter above all in which the two partners must be of one mind. To blend together the “heat” that is male—heat not in a physiological sense but in a symbolic sense, as all things that have any contact with the supernatural are said to be hot, and the “cold” again not physical coldness but antipathy to the supernatural, which is female—is a dangerous matter. It is least dangerous when it occurs within the protective circle of long betrothal, when one’s young, inexperienced wife is almost a part of one’s own family, when one has seen her every day for years. Then she is no longer a stranger with whom sex-relations are tantamount to a surrender of a part of one’s personality into the hands of sorcerers. For the Arapesh do not connect suddenly aroused passion and affection; instead they regard these two as strictly antithetical. Therefore if a man permits himself to be seduced by a woman whom he encounters casually, in a strange village, at a feast, it is reasonable for him to conclude that she seduced him with intent to sorcerize him, as an enemy and a stranger. Only with marriage—long-established, comfortable, friendly marriage—is sex safe and valuable.

Even within marriage certain precautions must be taken.

Both bride and bridegroom must ritually rid themselves of the antipathetical heat and cold that have become intermingled. If this precaution is omitted, his yams will not flourish, his eye will not find game, and she will not bear strong and healthy children. But after this first precaution they are safe together. If he goes into his yam-gardens for harvesting, he will magically rid himself of the contact with womankind, and if he dances with the *tamberan*, he must rid himself of the *tamberan* contact before he can safely approach his wife. So also after he has held a corpse or killed a man, or carved a specially sacred *tamberan* mask called an *abuting*, he will take magical precautions not to bring these dangerous contacts to his wife. When his child's fontanelle heals over, again a crisis in his life has been passed, and the ritual blood-letting will be resorted to. A woman performs her analogous ritual only after first intercourse and after the death of her husband. Likewise after the death of a wife, a man again performs the ceremony. These are all part of the orderly conduct of life, the ritual devices for making something that is dangerous into something safe and comfortable and warm—for shutting out fear from the hearts of the people.

A chance encounter, on the other hand, holds no guarantee of safety. Such an occurrence is always phrased as seduction, and, because it is the men who walk abroad and chance upon the home paths of strange women, it is thought of as seduction of a man by a woman. Fathers warn their sons: "When you travel abroad, sleep in the houses of relatives. Wherever there is a woman who is related to you, a sister, a cousin, a father's sister, a mother's brother's wife, a sister-in-law, there you will be safe. But do not go about on strange roads, with your mouth open in a wide smile. If you meet a strange woman do not stop and talk with her. Before you know it she will have seized you by both cheeks, your flesh will tremble and grow weak, and you will be delivered into the



hands of the sorcerers. And you will die young and never live to see grey hairs." Besides the fear of sorcery, these chance encounters, based on flaring, surface-stimulated passion, are full of the quick burning character that mixes a male and a female nature too quickly and is dangerous to the man's and woman's appointed tasks in rearing children. Such encounters have to be ritually exorcized each time, even should they be repeated with the same woman. There is no safety, no familiar comfort, possible in them.

With this repudiation of passion perishes all the romanticism connected with the stranger, the new face, the unaccustomed gesture. It is the known, the domesticated, love that the Arapesh want, the love which is concerned with food given and received, with many years of sleeping in the same village. The slight, pleasantly romantic attitude towards very small girls fits in well with this preference; it is the child who may be reared to an all-confining domesticity who seems to them desirable. In such a setting, the unaggressive, slowly awakening sexuality of the Arapesh personality finds its best expression. Neither men nor women are regarded as spontaneously sexual. When either a man or a woman makes a definite sex-initiating act outside of marriage, where it is the situation and not the wish of the individual that is thought to give the signal to desire, some other motive rather than a simple sexual impulse is always attributed. This motive may be either sorcery or, within the narrower community, a man's desire to win as his wife a woman now married to another. For although the Arapesh have no fondness for a liaison, occasionally a man who lacks a wife will be moved by the attractiveness of another man's wife, especially if the other man is careless of her virtues himself, too much taken up with another wife. Then in order to persuade her to elope with him, to appear to be abducted by him, the man may have intercourse with the woman he



hopes to win. This is the most complete earnest of his honourable intentions that he can offer her, since by so doing he lays his life in her hands; and if she does not trust him, she may be expected to provide herself with the means of his undoing. Later, if he has changed his mind and proved unfaithful to his first promises, his conscience will convince him that she has placed him in the hands of the sorcerers.

Young Alis was slowly dying of anxiety over a similar situation. Two years before, at a feast in Yimonihi, a far-away village on the road of the setting sun, he had met a Plainswoman who had seduced him. She had done so in order to persuade him to take her back with him to his mountain village, where the women wore such beautiful clothes and both men and women had lovely shell ornaments. She wished to have her nose pierced in the end and wear a feather in it, instead of having only a hole in the side of one nostril and wearing a little string of beads as was the fashion of the plains. Alis had yielded and then, his nerve failing him, he had fled back to Alitoa without her. He had remembered his young wife Taumulimen, whom he liked very much and who had not yet borne him a child. If he brought this tall avid stranger into their home, Taumulimen would probably run away. For the behaviour of these Plainswomen is well known. They are jealous and actively sexed, rapacious and insatiable. They have none of the home-loving virtues that the Arapesh cherish in women. Women, say the Arapesh, are of two kinds: those which are like big fruit-bats, the bats that nurse their young at only one breast while one breast hangs dry and empty, and which hang up outside the house in the storm and rain; and those like the little gentle bats which live safely in holes in trees, feeding and watching over their young. The Plainswomen are like the fruit-bats; the Arapesh ideal woman is like the little bat that guards its young within its home. Occasionally one of these Plains-

women, one who is a little more aggressive and a little more violent even than her sisters, will quarrel finally and irrevocably with her husband and run away to throw herself upon the mercy of the mountain people, in order to find herself a docile husband and a more polished way of life. And find a husband she does, for the Arapesh man is not accustomed to resisting the determined advances of a woman who has settled herself on his door-step. She moves in, and as often as not succeeds in monopolizing all of her husband's attention, in driving away the little mountain wife who has no weapons with which to fight back. All of these things were well known to Alis, and he shuddered, partly in thought of Taumulimen and partly in remembrance of his skill as a hunter, which would surely suffer if he brought such a turbulent woman into his home. A month after he deserted her, he heard that she was dead. He did not doubt for one moment that she had placed a small bit of his personality in the hands of some sorcerer relative. But which one? There was no way of telling. No blackmail message came. Perhaps she had not had time herself to tell the sorcerer who her seducer had been. In any case, she was dead, and the sorcerers would very justifiably believe that Alis had taken similar precautions against her, and encompassed her death by sending his theft in to different sorcerers. So probably they would send no blackmail message—they would be satisfied only with his death. For a man who feels a slight malaise from sorcery, there is the help of a menstruating woman;<sup>1</sup> for one who is sure he has been sorcerized, there is an emetic. As the sorcerer smokes the bit of dirt over his unhallowed fire, the *mishin*, the life-soul of the victim,

<sup>1</sup> A man who feels that he is being subjected to sorcery may go to a menstruating woman and get her to pound him on the chest while he holds his hunting-hand aloft. Her potency will drive out the magical powers that are injuring him.

struggles to rise in his throat. In its attempt to rise, a thick white fluid is generated, which gradually wells up in the throat of the victim, choking him and permitting the life-soul to escape and travel overland into the sorcerer's waiting bamboo tube, in which it will be burnt or beaten to death. To avoid this, to exhaust the white fluid at least for a time, the victim takes an emetic called *ashup*, a brew of extraordinary bitterness. To this emetic Alis in his misery and fear had continual recourse. Sickened, weakened by the emetic, he ate less and less, and was gradually wasting away, paying for his wicked foolishness in sleeping with a woman and then deserting her. As he wasted, the tinea with which his young wife had been only slightly infected before spread more and more over her skin, as it seems to do when someone with a slight infection becomes worried or unhappy.

Of rape the Arapesh know nothing beyond the fact that it is the unpleasant custom of the Nugum people to the south-east of them. To people who conceive sex as dangerous even within a sanctioned relationship where both partners give complete acquiescence, the dangers of rape do not need to be pointed out. Nor do the Arapesh have any conception of male nature that might make rape understandable to them. If a man carries off a woman whom he has not won through seduction, he will not take her at once, in the heat of his excitement over having captured her. Rather he will delay soberly until he sees which way the negotiations turn, whether there is a battle over her, what pressure is brought upon him to return her. If she is not to belong to him permanently, it is much safer never to possess her at all.

This fear of exercising any compulsion extends even into the ordinary relations between a man and his wife. A man must approach his wife gently, he must make "good little talk," he must be sure that she is well prepared to receive his advances. Otherwise even she, who has been reared by

his side, on his food, may become a stranger, the inimical one. There is no emphasis upon satisfaction in sex-relations; the whole emphasis for both men and women is the degree of preparedness, the completeness of the expectancy. Either man or wife may make the tentative advance that crystallizes a latent consciousness of the other into the sex act. It is as customary for the woman as for the man to say, "Shall I lay the bed?" or, "Let us sleep." The verb "to copulate" may be used either with a male subject and a female object, or with a female subject and a male object. More often the phrase "They played together" or "They slept" is used. Women express their preferences for men in terms of ease and lack of difficulty of sex-relationships, not in terms of ability to satisfy a specific desire. There is no recognition on the part of either sex of a specific climax in women, and climax in men is phrased simply as loss of tumescence. The emphasis upon mutual readiness and mutual ease is always the dominant one.

The oral sensitivity so highly developed in childhood and early adolescence is continued into adult sex life. It will be remembered that this oral play has been checked in boys at adolescence, and in spite of the partial substitution of areca-nut chewing and smoking, this requires a certain amount of self-control. At the same time, the taboo upon any careless handling of the genitals has prevented the development of masturbation. The boy comes to marriage, therefore, with his oral sensitivity somewhat muted, a strong taboo upon any mixture of oral and genital contacts, and some feeling against any type of tactual stimulation. The girl has not been dealt with so stringently; she has been permitted to bubble her lips right up to her marriage, and if she wishes, she is permitted to continue the comforting practice until she substitutes a child at her breast. The rigorous hygienic practices of the menstrual hut have insured her against feeling even

first intercourse as painful. She shares with her husband the taboo against combining oral and genital contacts. It is probable that among a people in whom oral sensitivity is permitted such a highly specialized development, the existence of this taboo has very definite results in ensuring a complete genital expression of sex in adult life. The highly prized oral stimulation falls into place as foreplay, and it is interesting and significant that the Arapesh, unlike most primitive people, possess the true kiss, that is, lip-contact that is punctuated by a sharp implosion of the breath.

In their marriage structure, the Arapesh are a people who presume monogamy but permit polygyny. Polygyny is not an ideal state, a state towards which every successful man naturally aspires, but it is a condition in which one is likely to find oneself, and its causes are several. The most important contributory factor is death. When a man dies leaving a widow, there is a strong feeling that she should remarry within his clan, to which she is now felt to belong.

There is no thought of binding her over to a perpetual mourning. The Arapesh have no ideology about either the living or the dead that would dictate such a course. The dead have gone beyond the reach of all desire, there is no need to placate them with elaborate mourning or with celibate widows. A ritual device will separate the wife for ever from any contact with her dead husband. It is true that if she and her new husband fail to take the ritual precautions, then the dead husband will walk always by the side of the living one. As the live husband puts his spoon into his dish, a ghostly spoon will dip out an equal share and the dish be emptied in half the time; as the live husband puts his hand into his yam-house, a ghostly hand will draw out with him yam for yam. But this nightmare is kept as a nightmare; in real life widows take proper precautions, men who marry widows are well instructed by those who have married

widows before them. And even this behaviour on the part of the ghost is not viewed as anger against the new husband, but as the existence of too close a bond between the living and the dead, one that should have been ritually severed.

There is no belief that the wife is responsible for her husband's death and so must make a long and painful ritual expiation, mourning at the dictation of her dead husband's kin. She is one of them, and the most greatly bereaved of all. They would repudiate any thought of an exacting mourning that would make her weak and ill, as they would repudiate it for their own daughters. But after all, she is not a daughter, she is a daughter-in-law, a putative wife of a member of the clan, and as such she should be married to a member of the clan, to one of the brothers of the deceased. This is especially true if she has children; it is right that they should be brought up in their father's place, to know his roads and his trees. If a woman takes her child home to her own clan, later the men of her clan will claim it because they have grown it. Unless there is some strong reason against it, therefore, a widow is remarried within her husband's patrilineal group, or sometimes to a cross-cousin of her husband. If she has been unhappy far away from home, if she has no children, if there is no one who particularly wants to marry her, if there is someone else whom she wishes to marry—for these and other similar reasons she may be allowed to go back to her own people. If she does marry outside her husband's kin, the second husband will give presents not to her kin, but to the kin of her former husband, to whom she really belongs. The first child she bears will be of mixed allegiance, belonging equally to the former husband's clan and to the clan of the second husband. Such children are said to be hard to discipline; they slip through the fingers of one set of relatives into the warm welcoming hands of the other set.

But three-quarters of the widows remarry within their



husbands' group. And as women are younger than their husbands, and are exposed to far less risks from hunting and trading abroad in hostile country, most women expect to be widowed at least once. There is no insistence that a widow should marry a man older than herself; this would be particularly difficult because neither would older men have a need for more than one wife nor have they the food to support another wife. It is the young men around thirty who are called upon to marry their brother's widows and support their brother's children. The proper relative position of these inherited wives is very clear in the Arapesh minds. The true wife, the wife who really matters, is the wife to whom a man was betrothed while she was yet a child, the wife for whom he has paid rings and meat, and more importantly still, the wife whom he has grown to womanhood. She takes precedence in his home, she should be consulted first and treated with more honour. This feeling is definite enough, although very slightly expressed because the Arapesh lack most of the ritual paraphernalia of deference or precedence. The widow who enters her house should come as a bereaved and already beloved sister-in-law. For many years the two women have known each other well, more intimately even than sisters. They are pleasantly sentimental about each other. As one woman said to me, as she and her husband's brother's wife sat over a smoky fire at midnight, dyeing sago-shoots for grass skirts: "To be alone is bad. Two by two we go for water, two by two we gather firewood, two by two we dye our grass skirts." Such women have nursed each other in illness and attended each other in childbirth. If their children are nearly of an age, they have suckled each other's children. They have sat for long, drowsy days, after some heavy task was done, each with a child at the breast, singing together or making net bags, and talking quietly. One calls the other *megan*, and this is a term of affection and confidence. As I



would be sitting with one woman and another woman married into the same clan would pass by, my companion would turn to me and remark beamingly, "*Megan*," with all the pride with which a schoolgirl says, "My best friend." Cowives are supposed to have stood in this relationship for years. Now one of these two is widowed, and must go as a secondary wife into the home of the other's husband. Theoretically it is always the elder who is widowed, who enters as wife the home of the man whom she has called "younger brother."<sup>2</sup> She is supposed to come quietly, to take up a motherly rôle in the household, and even though the inheriting husband actually sleeps with her, as he very often but not invariably does, she is expected to make no strong claims, to acquit herself instead like a woman whose own life is over, who lives now for her children.

It is very convenient for a man to have two wives; when one is menstruating, he has another one to cook for him. If he lives with both, the taboo of pregnancy is relieved. If one wife has a small child, the other can accompany him on his longer expeditions. One wife can attend to part of his gardens and the other to a different part. He can leave one wife to look after a garden with a broken fence while he takes the other wife a day's journey away to work sago. If one of his brother's wives or children is ill, he can send one wife to do her share of nursing and still have a wife to cook for him and accompany him. Men are not enriched by women's work among the Arapesh; it is rather that having two wives makes a man's life easier and also stimulates him to do more work in which each wife can share. In the scattered semi-nomadic life with so many different interests to be cared for, it is very convenient to have two wives. Lastly,

<sup>2</sup> Actually, she uses the term that her husband uses for "younger sibling, same sex," uniting with her husband in terminology rather than using the term for "sibling of opposite sex, woman speaking."

by taking a second wife a man links himself more closely and personally with the members of her clan.

This, then, is the Arapesh ideal of married life: the long years of betrothal during which two young people become inextricably used to each other, and the wife learns to look up to her older husband as a guide and near-parent; the first sex-experience an unforced, entirely private experience within this long-defined relationship; the gradual strengthening of the marriage bond as children are born and the young parents observe the protective taboos together; then as the husband approaches middle age, the entrance of an inherited wife into the household, a widow with children, one whom the wife has known always and whom she trusts. If all things fell out according to their gentle but badly organized formulations, Arapesh marriage would be as happy as they conceive it to be. There would be neither quarrelling between wives, nor dissension between husbands and wives, nor elopements, which are phrased as abductions and which bring fighting between the communities involved.

But like so many New Guinea marriage systems, the Arapesh plan is largely based upon events that are outside their control. They assume that between betrothal and child-bearing there will be no deaths, that every young man will marry the wife whom he has fed, that every girl will have as her final husband the boy who gave her food when she was small. And they further assume that later when deaths do occur they will occur in an orderly fashion, the elder brother dying before the younger brother, as would be the order of natural death. Every time that a betrothed boy or girl dies, the whole delicately balanced system is disarranged, with bad results not only for the survivor of the original betrothal but sometimes for a whole series of other marriages. Similar bad results may come from miscalculation over the relative ages of the betrothed pair and a sub-

sequent shift in relationships. In this event the girl is married to another member of the clan, whom she has not learned to trust in the same degree, and the man is presented with a wife whom he has not grown. A third complication comes when women from the plains run away and marry mountain men. In all of these cases, misery may be the result. The occasional occurrence of some physical or extreme mental defect may cause a girl to refuse to stay with a defective husband, or a man to reject a defective wife. A few concrete instances of these various unforeseen but frequent upsets of the normal order of Arapesh marriage will show how these difficulties work out.

Ombomb, a boy of Alitoa,<sup>3</sup> had had small Me'elue of Wihun marked for him as a child. She was a lanky little creature, half covered with tinea. Just before she reached adolescence, a girl from another village, fleeing a marriage that she disliked, ran away to Ombomb. Ombomb kept her and performed her first puberty ceremonial, but later her relatives took her back. Unfortunately Ombomb, who was of a violent, arrogant disposition, atypical for an Arapesh, had made a few comparisons. After this he did not accept his thin little wife with quite as much enthusiasm. She was a frightened, apprehensive girl; her fear of not pleasing her husband was so great that she fumbled all she did. She bore a child, a girl, who was thin and spindly, with an abnormally big head. Ombomb took a good deal of care of the child, conforming to Arapesh usage, but he was very little attached to either mother or child. He was destined to be a big man, there would be a great deal of very onerous work to be done, and Me'elue was not strong enough for it. When his little daughter was about a year old, there came a message for Ombomb from his cross-cousins in a village nearer the

<sup>3</sup> Unless another village is mentioned all of these persons are members of the locality of Alitoa.

plains: "Two strong young Plainswomen have run away and come to us. We neither of us want them. But you are everlastingly complaining about Me'elue. Come and get one and bring another man with you who would like one too. Meanwhile we will keep them here." Ombomb called his cousin Maginala, whose betrothed wife had just died. Together they went to look at the women and Ombomb, as the more aggressive, selected the wife whom he preferred. Her name was Sauwedjo. She had a narrow face with a heavy jaw and little slits of eyes. She was purposeful and angry and lustful. She wore only the little four-inch grass skirt of a Plainswoman, and she was smarting under the indignities of a plains honeymoon,<sup>4</sup> with a husband whom she hadn't liked. Sauwedjo looked at Ombomb and she found him satisfactory. He was very tall for an Arapesh, five feet ten, and had a fine head of hair that he wore beach-fashion, in a basket ring at the back of his head. He had a hot temper and a quick arbitrary manner. She went home with him, and they settled down in a concentrated sex-relationship that suited his temperament far better than the slow, child-rearing, affectionate marriage of his own people. Sauwedjo monopolized all his attention. Wherever he went, she went also. When he was given meat, it was to her that he gave it. She became pregnant, and still he hardly turned to Me'elue at all. Sauwedjo's child died at birth, and although it was a girl, Ombomb was inconsolable. People began to talk among themselves about his treatment of Me'elue. After all, she was his first wife, his properly paid-for and grown wife. He left her for weeks

<sup>4</sup> In a plains honeymoon, the newly married couple are shut up together for a month, and one is not allowed to move for any purpose without the other accompanying, both haunted by a fear of sorcery. Only after the woman is pregnant—or failing that, after several months—are they permitted to emerge. Some of the women in the plains villages on the edge of the area that practises this honeymoon look enviously across the border, where women wear proper clothes and are not so humiliated.

with his gardening partners, and hardly did his share in preparing her garden-space, or providing food for her. The tinea spread all over her body. It attacked her face, which was now a mere bony frame for two big unhappy eyes. Talk grew. One of his elders rebuked Ombomb. This was not the way to treat his true wife. Moreover it was dangerous. One did not treat one's wife as an enemy and still permit her to live close to one's person. Also, it made too much work for his brothers and cousins to care for his wife and child as much as they did. After all she was not a widow. She was his wife and the mother of his child. If he did not want her, he had better send her home. Ombomb was sulky. He had no intention of sending her home. He continued to spend all his time in the house of Sauwedjo, who became pregnant again and bore another child, a girl. His two best houses stood side by side, one in which Me'elue slept with her child when he permitted her to come up to the village, and one in which he and Sauwedjo laughed and ate meat and slept side by side. There was a third one that was falling down the hill-side for lack of repairs. Ombomb hitched it to a palm-tree with a piece of ratan, but he never mended it. In this way he made public and explicit the fact that he had no fear that he would ever need a third house in which to sleep when neither of his wives pleased him. He spoke rather contemptuously of men who couldn't keep their wives in order, who permitted one of them to quarrel with the other. People waited. This wouldn't go on much longer, soon there would be talk of sorcery. Unless Me'elue died first, as seemed very probable.

One day I was sitting with her and two of her sisters-in-law on the ground beneath her house. She had come up to the village to fetch something from the house. There was a halloo from the hills. Ombomb was coming from a long journey to the beach. The face of the neglected little wife

lit up with joy. She raced up her house-ladder and fell to cooking the best soup she knew. Her sisters-in-law each gave her something from their own larders to make it more palatable. They were very sorry for her. She was the first wife, the wife whom Ombomb had grown, and why should she be thrust aside, half starved and miserable, for a bold-eyed, lusting woman from the plains? That day Ombomb ate his first wife's soup, for Sauwedjo was far away on an errand. It was very good soup. He was tired, and pleased with the result of his own expedition. He fell asleep in the house of Me'elue, and Sauwedjo, for the first night since she had married him, slept alone in the house next door. The next day he sent the frightened, eager Me'elue away to her garden and returned to Sauwedjo. But Sauwedjo did not forget or forgive. Had she run away from her own people and found a man entirely to her liking, a man who was strong and hot-tempered and easily roused, only to have this little meek skin-infected creature triumph over her, even for a night?

The next time that Ombomb went away, Me'elue came up to the village with her little girl and entered the house of Sauwedjo and took from Ombomb's net bag, which Sauwedjo had left there, a string of dog's teeth that Ombomb, in a moment of temporary remorse, had promised his little daughter. Sauwedjo came home at evening and heard that Me'elue had been there. She seized her chance. She began to make low-voiced allegations, mixed with regretful comments on her own lack of care. Ombomb would beat her when he heard that she had left his net bag, with all his most personal possessions, alone for that spiteful little opossum of a wife of his to come and cut a piece off his headband, a piece that could be used for sorcery. Everyone knew she was one for sorcery. Years before when they had first been married, Ombomb had found a piece of taro-skin hidden in the roof



and had known that she meant to sorcerize him. Oh, alas, what a careless wife she was to have left her husband's net bag that way! Surely no one must tell Ombomb, or he would be angry with her. But alas, alas! that Ombomb should die, that such a fine strong man should waste away, all for a little tinea-covered wife who was of no account except to steal into other people's houses and take her husband's dirt, and his poor Plains wife's too, for she had taken a piece of Sauwedjo's necklace also. On and on she muttered, and the talk spread. Madje, poor eager, tinea-covered Madje, who had just fully realized that he would never have a wife at all, for all his adolescent industry in building himself three splendidly made little houses all by himself, felt drawn to Me'elue, afflicted like himself. He went down to the taro-gardens where she and the child were living and told her. Tearful, blazing with anger and repudiation, panting from the exertion of climbing the hill, Me'elue arrived in the village. There on the *agehu* among a group of the women, she faced her rival. "Sorcerize Ombomb? Why should I do such a thing? I am his wife, his wife, his wife. He grew me. He paid for me. I have borne him children. Am I an inherited wife, am I a stranger, that I should sorcerize him? I am his own wife, the wife whom he grew." Sauwedjo sat with the net bag in front of her, its contents spread out, the headband with the missing cord significantly on top. The eldest woman in the group acted as a kind of judge. "Did you take your child with you when you climbed into Sauwedjo's house?" "No, I left her down below." "And entered alone the house of your cowife. Silly!" The eldest woman slapped the sobbing Me'elue slightly with the end of one of the necklaces. Sauwedjo sat saying little, suckling her child, a sly satisfied smile on her face. Me'elue sobbed on: "He does not give me food. He never looks at me nor takes food from my hand. I and my child go hungry. We eat the food of others. This stranger



woman is always angered at me. If he makes a garden for me, if he cuts down trees and fences my garden, she is angry. She is too strong. She eats meat, and I and my child, we stop without anything." From Sauwedjo, bent above her child, came a contemptuous and proud: "Oh, I eat meat, do I? Tcha!" The eldest woman went on speaking to Me'elue: "You are not a woman who came here after you were grown that we should suspect you of sorcery. You were but a little thing when you came, when we paid for you." Me'elue burst out again: "Am I a stranger! Am I a late-acquired wife? Now I have borne him a child, a daughter. She remains. Why should I sorcerize him? I did not. He came down to me, he said: 'Go and get the dog's teeth. Fasten them on the neck of our child.' So I did so." The eldest woman says again: "You were well paid for. Ten rings he paid for you. You are his first wife. You are not a stranger." Me'elue, inconsequently: "And her water-bamboo. She says I broke that too. Madje, he said so." This gave Sauwedjo a chance to appear beneficent and generous. She replied, through her teeth: "I did not say so. The water-bamboo that is mine, I alone broke it." Sagu, another young sister-in-law, spoke up pacifically: "A stranger, another, must have cut the string. There are always Plainsmen coming to Ombomb's house. One of them has entered and done it." But Sauwedjo would accept no such alibi: "There have been people in the village all of the time. They would have seen if a Plainsman entered the house. She, that one, alone entered. Of you only have they spoken." Me'elue responded, more breathless, more trapped, more tearful each time she spoke: "Always, always she scolds me. They two, they stay always together. He does not treat me like a wife. Those dog's teeth were mine." "But," says the eldest woman reprovingly, "they were in Sauwedjo's house." Me'elue stood up, frenzy giving a certain dignity to her weak, bedraggled little body, which looked

as if she had never borne a child: "I shall take my yams, my baskets. I shall go down below altogether. I carried only a little basket. When I returned I emptied it. It was not a big basket to hold hidden sorcery things. When I emptied out the basket, all would have seen it. Lately, the pigs ate my taro. I said: 'Never mind.' I have no husband, I have no husband to look after me, to clear the ground and to plant. I am the wife whom he paid for as a child. I am not a stranger." And sadly, still crying, she went down the hillside.

The feeling of the village was divided. Many people thought that perhaps Me'elue had cut the hair-ornament. No one would have blamed her if she had. The argument that she was the true wife cut both ways, for Ombomb had treated her not like his true wife, but like a stranger. Treated so abominably, left to the care of others, never given the opportunity to give her husband food, what wonder if Me'elue had come to feel like a stranger? Who would have blamed her? On the other hand, she was a sweet and gentle person, she had borne her deposition quietly, without using obscenity against Ombomb. This in itself proved that she was good and possessed one of the virtues that the Arapesh most value in women. For a man to whom obscenity is used in public is vulnerable. If the obscenity is overheard by anyone who has a grudge against him or wishes to discipline him for some failure towards the community, it can be told to one of his *buanyins* or cross-cousins, and they can summon the *tamberan*. All the men of the community, carrying the *tamberan*, will gather at the victim's house, nominally to scare and punish his wife, who flees incontinently before the *tamberan*, while the *tamberan's* human companions scatter her rings, tear her net bag, and break her cooking-pots. But they also cut down a tree or so belonging to the insulted husband, and strew leaves on the house floor; he is shamed in their

eyes, and must run away from the community until he finds a pig among some distant relations, with which he can placate the *tamberan*. Ombomb had several pigs and therefore was vulnerable, for he was preparing to make the first of a series of feasts that would lead to his being a big man. If Me'elue had chosen to hurt him, she could have resorted to public obscenity, but she had not. In actual fact, very few wives try either obscenity or sorcery. But the uneasy consciences of neglectful husbands warn them to expect treachery where there is none. And for all that Me'elue had never used obscenity, she might have taken the slyer, safer course. So the community reasoned.

On the other hand, Sauwedjo was not free from suspicion herself. She belonged to the plains, to those who are rapacious and never satisfied. Her ways were not the ways of a decent woman; she cared for sex for its own sake and had taught Ombomb to do so also. She took all the meat and left none for Me'elue. She was not content with a share of her husband, she must needs have all of him. And everyone knew that she had been angry and sullen that one time when Me'elue had cooked Ombomb's dinner for him. It was possible that Sauwedjo and not Me'elue had wished to sorcerize Ombomb. And there was a third possibility, that Sauwedjo had merely faked the whole affair, that she had cut Ombomb's headband, and a piece of her own to divert suspicion from herself, not to sorcerize Ombomb but merely to cast suspicion upon poor Me'elue and complete her overthrow. Anyway, the whole position was a scandal. Ombomb was beginning to behave altogether too much like his elder half-brother Wupale, who had thrown spears at his own relatives and left Alitoa while Ombomb was still a child, never to return. Ombomb had inherited his coconut-palms and his land, and apparently was taking after his violent ways also.

When Ombomb returned from his journey, Sauwedjo did

not tell him of her accusation, shielding herself behind her pretended anxiety over her dereliction in duty in leaving his net bag unattended. But one of his brothers told him. At first he was scornful; he had told Me'elue to come and get the dog's teeth, what was this all about anyhow? But after a day or so his self-confidence wavered. He had seen the cut string. Sauwedjo had had her say. Ombomb revised his statement that he had told Me'elue she could have the dog's teeth, and said that he had merely promised them to his small daughter and the mother must have overheard. After about a week of gossip and underground comment, Ombomb went down to the gardening-patch where Me'elue lived with his old mother, but he did not see Me'elue. He told his elder brother to find her, take her home to her parents, and bring back the dirt that she had taken them. He made a croton-leaf sign and fastened it beside Me'elue's fire. This was to summon her to bring back the dirt.

Two days later, there were many people in Alitoa on their way home from a feast. Among them was Nyelahai, one of the big men of the community, and his two wives. The elder of these was a woman whom Nyelahai had formerly called "aunt," a woman already a grandmother, whom he had taken in her widowhood to keep his house and feed his pigs. This old woman was still vigorous and touchy in her rather dull position as the pig-keeper and housekeeper of a big man. She heartily disliked the younger wife, Natun, who was the beautiful younger sister of Me'elue, Ombomb's wife. Natun represented another irregular marriage. Nyelahai had originally marked her for his younger brother, Yabinigi, and she had come to live in the household expecting to marry Yabinigi. But Yabinigi was almost stone-deaf and given to running amuck, and when Natun reached puberty, she refused to marry him. Nyelahai was a widower, with only his old pig-keeper and a small and sickly son of ten. He was old for

Natun, he had regarded her almost as a daughter. His marriage to her would almost transgress the rule that the elder generation should never compete for women with the younger. But Natun was young and lovely, and furthermore, Nyelahai was very much attached to her mother, who was young and sprightly and little older than himself. He could not bear to lose the company of the daughter and the chance of the company of the mother, who, although not a widow, spent much time with her daughter. He married Natun, and he called her mother not "mother-in-law," but by the intimate term reserved for own mother, *yamo*. The community almost approved of the marriage. After all, Yabinigi was deaf and impossible; but they stubbornly continued to refer to Natun as "Yabinigi's wife whom Nyelahai had taken." This is the kind of quiet stubborn pressure that Arapesh public opinion applies, in the absence of any stronger sanctions for interfering adequately in the behaviour of a man as valuable to them as the oratorically gifted Nyelahai.

Nor was Natun comfortable in her new position, which was full of anomalies. The old wife, first wife in time and no wife in fact, herself in the position of having been married out of her age-group, disliked her. Natun felt uncomfortable with a husband so much her senior, a man who really was more comfortable with her mother than with herself. Yabinigi's big dog-like eyes followed her about. And now the curse that had descended upon all of Nyelahai's former offspring except the one sickly child who had survived fell on her new baby. It began having convulsions. She accused the old wife of having brought the illness from some of her own relatives, whose sick child she had been visiting. Over this accusation the two wives quarrelled, and in the course of the quarrel Natun said that presently the old wife would go and cry at her nephew Ombomb's funeral, and one look at the corpse would proclaim how he died—that is, that he had died of sex



sorcery. This accusation was repeated when the people passed through Alitoa, and Ombomb and his relatives took it as proof that Natun knew that her sister Me'elue had taken Ombomb's dirt and sent it on to the Plains sorcerers. This was in spite of Me'elue's nominal theft having been a piece of headband.

Natun and Nyelahai remained in Alitoa after the crowd had departed, and Ombomb's elder brother came into the village bringing the father and mother of Me'elue to answer the accusation. Nyelahai sat by his mother-in-law and offered her areca-nut, and people smiled happily over this affectionate behaviour. Ombomb produced the cut headband and Sauwedjo's cut necklace, accused Me'elue of having taken them, and demanded their return. The father countered that many men had worn that headband, and who was to know against whom the cutting had been directed, and anyway, Sauwedjo had undoubtedly done it to cast suspicion upon his poor defenceless daughter, whom she treated very badly anyhow. Me'elue came up from the gardens after everyone had assembled. This was the first time that she and Ombomb had met face to face since the supposed theft. He hurled himself forward, demanding violently why she had done this thing. She stood by her own parents, answering very little, sad, and resigned to returning with them. A brother of Ombomb's stepped out of the group and presented Me'elue with a tied croton-leaf, which laid upon her the obligation to cease from her sorcery machinations. She and her parents, the latter reiterating that they never trafficked in sorcery, turned and left the *agehu*. Sauwedjo had won. If Ombomb became ill or died, even their own community of Wihun would turn against Me'elue and her parents, regarding them as having disregarded this public warning, one that the big men of Wihun repeated to them also.

I have told this story in some detail because it illustrates

the kind of rocks upon which Arapesh marriage may drift. In this one incident, involving the two sisters, Me'elue and Naton, we have partial rejection of a fed wife by her husband, himself of aberrant and violent temperament; complete rejection of a deaf betrothed by his young betrothed wife; the marriage of a widower to a woman much older than himself, which made her status anomalous; the marriage of a man to the betrothed wife of a brother who was so much younger than himself that the father-son age grading was involved; and most disruptively of all, the entrance into the mountain community of a runaway Plainswoman with her different standards. Arapesh marriage is not arranged to stand such strains, and trouble results.

For one marriage that fails and plunges the community into acrimonious quarrelling and accusations of sorcery, the great majority succeed. And if I recount these marital tangles, I must do so with the reiterated statement that these are the unusual situations, not the pattern of Arapesh married life, which, even in the polygynous marriages, is so even and contented that there is nothing to relate of it at all. The ethnologist cannot be for ever recording: "The two wives of Baimal with their two small daughters came into the village today. One of them remained to cook dinner, and the other took the two children and went for firewood. When she returned the dinner was cooked, Baimal came in from hunting, they all sat around the fire until chilliness drove them inside, and from within the house where the whole family sat together came the sounds of low laughter and quiet conversation." This is the texture, the pattern, of Arapesh life, quiet, uneventful co-operation, singing in the cold dawn, and singing and laughter in the evening, men who sit happily playing to themselves on hand-drums, women holding suckling children to their breasts, young girls walking easily down the centre of the village, with the walk of those who are cherished



by all about them. When there is a quarrel, an accusation of sorcery, it breaks through this texture with a horrid dissonance that is all the sharper because the people are unaccustomed to anger, and meet hostility with fear and panic rather than with a fighting *élan*. In their panic and fright, people seize fire-sticks and hurl them at each other, break pots, cast about for any weapon that comes casually to hand. And this is specially true because Arapesh marriage has no formal pattern that takes account of anger and hurt. The assumption is that the mild, gentle husband, eight years or so older than his docile and devoted wife, will live with her in amity. Her own kin keep no sharp surveillance over her. It is not customary for her to run home to her father or brother over some slight disagreement. Her husband is now as close to her as her own blood-relatives, as much to be trusted and relied upon. He and she are separated by no differences in temperament; he is simply older and wiser than she, and equally committed to the growing of food and children.

But if he should die or turn his attention entirely to another wife, the wife goes through the drastic experience of a second weaning, an experience that her brother has undergone in some measure when he is weaned from his second great attachment, his father, but which she has been spared. From a small toddler, balancing a huge net bag from her forehead, she has been surrounded by loving care; she has passed from the home of her father-in-law to the home of her husband without a wrench. There have always been older women with her whose constant companion she has been. Her marriage has been no sudden, frightening shock, but the gradual ripening of a tried affection. Widowhood comes as the first break in the security of her life. Not since her mother left her alone with women who had no milk has she known such misery. And perhaps because this experience of bereavement comes to a woman so late, after she has spent so many shel-

tered years, she is likely to react with more violence than does the eleven-year-old boy, raging after his father's departing steps. Widowhood is, of course, a major weaning experience, when the husband on whom she has depended is entirely removed by death, but Me'elue suffered something of the same sort when Ombomb, whom she had been reared to love and trust, turned to Sauwedjo. All the threads upon which her life had been suspended were rudely torn away. This experience of losing a husband or a husband's affection is the one that brings self-consciousness to Arapesh women. It is at this crisis rather than at adolescence that a woman sees herself pitted against her environment, wanting that from it which it is unwilling or unable to give her.

Very occasionally this awakening may come at adolescence. This is particularly true if one or other of the betrothed pair has some defect. Then the parents may keep the young people a little part until, with the girl's adolescence, she must finally take up her residence in her husband's home. In such cases her dependence upon him is not the result of actual day-by-day contact, but rather a contented identification of herself with all other betrothed girls and young wives in their attitudes towards their husbands. When she finds her husband, then, to be deaf, or foolish, or diseased, she may fling away from the shock and refuse to go on with the marriage. This was what happened to Temos, the daughter of Wutue. Wutue was a quiet, frightened little man; he spent all of his time gardening in the bush, and his young relatives came and gardened with him, while he himself went about very little. During the period when Temos was ten or eleven, her mother died, and although she was already betrothed to Yauwiyu, she was kept much at home with her widower father. Yauwiyu was an empty-headed, very unstable youth. Wutue was himself a little afraid of the boy, and anyway he needed Temos at home to care for her younger sisters under the

unusually isolated conditions of the life that they led. And before Temos reached adolescence, another of the ubiquitous Plainswomen came on the scene, and married herself to Yauwiyu. Temos as a young, not yet adolescent girl entered her husband's house, to find a jealous, ranting Plainswoman there before her. Nor did she like Yauwiyu, with his silly grin and boorish gaiety. Before she reached adolescence, she ran home to her father, and refused to have anything more to do with Yauwiyu. She had learned to storm and rage in the manner of her Plains cowife, and Wutue was now a little afraid of her also. He and his brother consulted, and finally decided that it might be well to betroth this unrestful child to someone who had the age and wisdom to supply that contrast between husband and wife which the Arapesh depend upon age alone to produce. They selected Sinaba'i, a mild, middle-aged widower, father of two children, a man who had not hoped to find himself another wife, since he was a member of a vanishing clan and there were no widows to come his way. The house of Sinaba'i, one that he shared with his young cousin Wabe, stood just opposite the house which Wutue shared with his nephew Bischu when they two came into Alitoa. Temos had known Sinaba'i all her life. Now she spent part of her time working with his young daughter in his gardens. His gardens were not plentiful. Sinaba'i was too sympathetic, too willing to yield to every suggestion, too compliant to everyone's demands, to provide even the Arapesh minimum of individual effort. He lived in half of a house that really belonged to Wabe, who lived in its other end.

Now Wabe was having troubles of his own. He was the elder brother of Ombomb, and he was more violent, more sulky, and less well adjusted than his younger brother. The Arapesh convention that sex-desire is something which arises in marriage, but does not spring up spontaneously, was not congenial to Wabe. While his young affianced wife, Welima,

was still pre-adolescent, Wabe had yielded to the importunities of his Wihun cousins—the same cousins who had held Sauwedjo until Ombomb could come and fetch her—to play the part of abductor in the capture of Menala, a girl who had been betrothed to a man of another village. Menala's kin were disgruntled with her betrothed husband. He had not acknowledged the marriage by a payment of rings, he never sent any meat to his wife's people, he did not come to help them with their gardening or house-building, he had taken another wife who mistreated Menala. For all this the kin of Menala were angry.

But according to Arapesh custom, a wife's kin do not take her away from her husband unless they wish to provoke a genuine fight. The wife's people have given the child to the husband's people; the husband's people have fed her, she is theirs. The payment of rings and meat about which there is so much conversation is not really regarded as the binding element, for even though the payment has not been made the wife's people usually do not feel justified in taking their daughter back.<sup>5</sup> It must be remembered that the Arapesh do not make the sharp distinction that so many peoples make between blood-relationship and relationship by marriage. A brother-in-law is as close to one as a brother; to find that he has turned against one is a devastating, a maddening experience. Under such conditions, a woman's husband's elder brother is more likely to take her part, to protect her if her husband neglects her, to rebuke her husband as a parent does a child, than are her own relatives. This condition makes

<sup>5</sup> Very occasionally a daughter will be taken back as part of a real feud; so the men of Banyimebis took their sister as a way of showing their contempt for a man who had become a proselyte to a strange religious cult that came up from the beach. He had lied and tricked the people, and they were angry; the brothers of his wife were particularly angry to have had their sister involved in a fraud. They took her back. But in such cases, the taking back of the wife is merely a secondary aspect of a quarrel about something else. And even this is infrequent.

for peace and family solidarity among the Arapesh. There is a lack of the continual bickering between in-laws, the continual cross-purposes between husband and wife that result when each one has antithetical kin-dictated interests at heart. For a wife to stand upon the same footing in a clan as a sister or a daughter guarantees her a solid position that is lacking among peoples whose marriage systems are differently organized. But if she is mistreated, if her own kin are actually disgruntled with the marriage, then a difficulty arises, for it is as complicated for an Arapesh to take back his own sister as it would be for him to assist his brother's wife to escape from his brother. If such a situation arises, it is necessary to stage an abduction. The kin of the mistreated or restive wife suggest quietly to some enterprising bachelor, widower, or disgruntled husband, of a different hamlet and, if possible, of a different locality, that he carry off their sister. In most cases the sister is a party to this plan; when the abducting party seize her as she goes for water or firewood, accompanied by a child or so to serve as witnesses, she will only pretend to struggle and scream; secretly she will acquiesce.

It was such a plan as this which was presented to Wabe. Here was a strong young girl whom he knew slightly and of whom he approved, who was being neglected and underfed by an unappreciative husband. The brothers of Menala arranged for the abduction and Wabe and his cross-cousin surprised the girl on the road accompanied by a child, and carried her off with them. She resisted, but this was regarded as appropriate pantomime. Wabe brought Menala home to live with him, into the house with his mother and his not yet adolescent betrothed wife, Welima. Now Menala was stupid—easy-going, good-natured, but stupid. She never quite realized that Wabe had not actually abducted her against her will. His harsh, excited hold on her arm became more of a reality to her than the neglect by her betrothed husband, to which her



brothers may have been oversensitive. She settled down uneasily in Wabe's house; she made firm friends with Welima, who had been shy and nervous before the advent of the new wife. But she continued to remember that Wabe had carried her off against her will, and she used to mention it, resentfully at times, until Wabe began to believe it himself, and occasionally boasted of his prowess. Meanwhile, when they came up to the main village, Wabe and his wives shared one end of their house with Sinaba'i, the widower, and his children. Menala, uncertain and ill at ease with the violent Wabe, turned for comfort to the mild, middle-aged, stupid Sinaba'i, still wifeless, although the truculent little Temos had been promised him presently. Finally, Inoman, dull-witted half-brother of Wabe, reported to Wabe that he had overheard Menala and Sinaba'i making love to each other when they thought they were alone in the house.

Wabe was in a furore of anger and fear. How long had this been going on? Had Menala delivered him into the hands of the sorcerers? What about his yam-crop? For the yams of a man whose wife commits secret adultery are annoyed by it and slip away from his garden. He forced a confession from Menala and wanted to fight with Sinaba'i. But here an elder of the clan stepped in. Wabe and Sinaba'i were "brothers." Quarrelling over such a matter was inappropriate. Since Sinaba'i and Menala liked each other, it was obviously better that they should marry than that Wabe should keep a wife who did not wish to remain with him. Let Sinaba'i give Temos to Wabe, in spite of the fact that Temos and Wabe were cousins and their marriage therefore incorrect, and let him take Menala. And let Sinaba'i return all the presents of meat that Wabe had made to Menala's brothers. This Sinaba'i would never do. Everyone knew that, and Wabe stipulated that if he failed to do so, the first child born to Menala and Sinaba'i should be given to him.

To this they agreed good-naturedly enough. Temos now became Wabe's destined wife and moved her fire from Sinaba'i's end of the house to Wabe's, again to adjust to a new future husband. Menala moved into Sinaba'i's end and they settled down to produce the child that would some day belong to Wabe.

Peace reigned except in the heart of Temos, who was reduced to a frantic state of insecurity by this third change. Twice she had been uprooted, and twice, so it seemed to her now, by other women. She forgot how stupid and foolish Yauwiyu was, and remembered only the cold sound of his Plains wife's voice. Then when she was just accustoming herself to the idea of marrying Sinaba'i, who was really a flabby, almost old, man, not at all the kind of husband that a young girl might look forward to, Menala had come and wrecked it all again. And now, in Wabe's house she found a third woman, the young Welima, who had watched with wide-eyed alarm and lack of comprehension all of these developments, these strange manoeuvrings of Wabe whom she adored, of Menala who was her trusted companion, and of Sinaba'i who was like a father to her. Temos decided to hate Welima, as a possible cause of a new disruption. This was all the easier because Menala, whom she also hated, remained firm friends with Welima.

Both girls reached puberty, and Wabe made their puberty ceremonials close together. Welima hid in Menala's menstrual hut, afraid to share a hut with Temos. When Wabe was kind to Welima, Temos stormed, and when he was kind to Temos, Welima wept and suffered from headaches. He built a separate house for Temos, and still another house as a refuge for himself. Welima continued to live in the house with Sinaba'i and Menala, and after Menala's baby boy was born, she devoted herself to this child. Temos became pregnant and miscarried after a storm of temper. She accused



Wabe of having come to her unpurified from dancing with the *tamberan*. Wabe refused to make the customary payments that accompany a pregnancy, demanding bitterly why he should pay for blood upon the ground. He was harassed and unhappy and jealous. One little incident annoyed him particularly. A cousin of his had sent him half a wallaby. He told his wives to cook it. They immediately fell into an argument as to who was to cook it, Temos claiming the right to do so because the dog that had caught it belonged to her father's brother's son; but Welima and her mother-in-law had fed the dog's mother, so that in native thinking Welima was justified. Finally the two fell to tussling. The fire went out, and Wabe took away the meat and cooked it himself.

Wabe, Temos, and Welima might be said to be suffering from polygyny. But one circumstance alone could not have produced the difficulties; the advent of Yauwiyu's Plains wife; Temo's father's peculiar hermit-like temper and his insistence upon her staying with him in his temporary widowhood; Menala's brothers' oversensitivity or unusual interest in political machinations; Menala's stupidity and inability to sort out structural and personal happenings and so distinguish between a formal abduction and a genuine act of violence; the peculiar form that the solution of the difficulty took in dictating an exchange between Temos and Menala—all of these factors had contributed to produce a difficult social situation among three people, two of whom were singularly unable to stand it, for neither Wabe nor Temos had the gentle, friendly temper to which Arapesh culture is adapted.

But even in these unusual and unhappy marriages, the influence of Arapesh standards can be clearly seen. Me'elue clung to Ombomb and lived patiently on his brother's bounty, as a rejected daughter might live on at home. And the difficulty resulting from one man's seducing his house-mate's wife

was solved—not by a break-up of the living arrangements, but by an exchange of wives and the promise of a baby.

In their married lives it may be said that the Arapesh suffer from overoptimism, from a failure to reckon up the number of mischances that may wreck the perfect adjustment between a young man and his child wife. The very simplicity and sweetness of the ideal make the actual conditions of disruption and interruption more difficult to bear. The boys are not trained to habits of command and an attitude that expects submission from women because women are inherently different. They are trained merely to expect that their wives will obey because they are much younger and more inexperienced. Women are not trained to obey men, but merely to look up to their particular fostering husbands. When either men or women find themselves in a situation in which this condition does not obtain, they are at a loss. The husband still expects his wife to obey him but he has no idea why, and frustrated anger and purposeless quarrelling may result. It is the spectacle of gentle and well-meaning people caught in a net that they possess no culturally sanctioned weapons to sever, and in which they can only flounder and splutter. The ones who splutter and flounder most are the wives whose allegiances have been broken, girls like Temos who have been handed about from one potential husband to another, or young widows who are not old enough to settle down to the resignation that is the only well-defined rôle for a widow.

One case of adultery in middle age will serve to illustrate further the Arapesh attitude towards such occurrences within the family. Manum and Silisium were brothers. Manum was the elder, Silisium was the more intelligent. Both had adolescent children. And at this late date, the long association between Homendjuai, the wife of Manum, and her husband's brother Silisium developed into a sex-relationship. The native account was typical: "Once, on the road to Wihun, the

two played. Manum suspected, but said nothing. Once, after a feast at Yapiaun the two played again. Manum guessed, but he did not speak. Finally a third time the two played. Then Manum was finally angry. He said: 'She is my wife. He is my brother, my younger brother. This is not right. I will stop it.' He set a woman of his kin to questioning Homendjuai. Homendjuai confessed. Then Manum spoke angrily to his brother, and Silisium was ashamed that he had taken his elder brother's wife, and Silisium ran away and took refuge from his brother's anger. He went to his wife's people, and his wife went with him. Manum, meanwhile, wished to beat Homendjuai. But Homendjuai's mother and aunt were visiting them, helping Homendjuai in her garden. If he had beaten Homendjuai, she could not have cooked for them. So he did not beat her. In a few days Silisium returned and gave a ring to his brother. After all, they were brothers; between brothers there can be no long anger." So Sumali, the brother of Homendjuai, told me the story, and a few days later I heard further comment from a group of young people from Ahalesemihi, the village of Manum and Silisium. They giggled at the idea of such middle-aged people becoming so involved in love-making, and while the adolescent son of Homendjuai merely grinned at such foolishness, the son of Silisium hung his head because after all Silisium was younger than Manum. These adulteries within the clan are those which are most congruent with the whole Arapesh ideal of familiar love, and they make much less trouble than the situations in which old and established relationships between a betrothed pair are upset by death, or by the entrance of a Plainswoman with a different standard of life.

Nowhere in Arapesh culture is their lack of structure, their lack of strict and formal ways of dealing with the interrelations between human beings, more vividly illustrated than in

their marriage arrangements. Instead of structure they rely upon the creation of an emotional state of such beatitude and such tenuousness that accidents continually threaten its existence. And if this threat on occasion materializes, they manifest the fright and rage of those who have always been protected from hurt or unhappiness.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE ARAPESH IDEAL AND THOSE WHO DEVIATE FROM IT

WE HAVE now followed the Arapesh boy and girl through early life, through puberty, and into married life. We have seen the way in which the Arapesh mould each child born within their society to an approximation of what they conceive the normal human personality to be. We have seen how they lack the conception of human nature as evil and in need of strong checks and curbs, and the way in which they conceive the differences between the sexes in terms of the supernatural implications of male and female functions and do not expect any natural manifestations of these differences in sex-endowment. Instead they regard both men and women as inherently gentle, responsive, and co-operative, able and willing to subordinate the self to the needs of those who are younger or weaker, and to derive a major satisfaction from doing so. They have surrounded with delight that part of parenthood which we consider to be specially maternal, the minute, loving care for the little child and the selfless delight in that child's progress towards maturity. In this progress the parent takes no egotistic pleasure, makes no excessive demands for great devotion in this world, or for ancestor-worship in the next. The child to the Arapesh is not a means by which the individual ensures that his identity will survive his death, by which he maintains some slight and grasping hold upon immortality. In some societies the child is a mere possession, perhaps the most valuable of all, more valuable than houses and lands, pigs and dogs, but still a

possession to be counted over and boasted of to others. But such a picture is meaningless to the Arapesh, whose sense of possession even of the simplest material objects is so blurred with a sense of the needs and obligations of others as to be almost lost.

To the Arapesh, the world is a garden that must be tilled, not for one's self, not in pride and boasting, not for hoarding and usury, but that the yams and the dogs and the pigs and most of all the children may grow. From this whole attitude flow many of the other Arapesh traits, the lack of conflict between old and young, the lack of any expectation of jealousy or envy, the emphasis upon co-operation. Co-operation is easy when all are whole-heartedly committed to a common project from which no one of the participators will himself benefit. Their dominant conception of men and women may be said to be that of regarding men, even as we regard women, as gently, carefully parental in their aims.

Furthermore, the Arapesh have very little sense of struggle in the world. Life is a maze through which one must thread one's way, battling neither with demons within nor demons without, but concerned always with finding the path, with observing the rules that make it possible to keep and find the path. These rules which define the ways in which sex and growth may and may not be brought in contact are many and complicated. From the time that a child is six or seven he must begin to learn them, by early puberty he must be taking responsibility for their observance, and by the time he is adult a careful meticulous observance, which will make yams grow beneath his hand, game come to his traps and snares, and children spring within his household, will be established. There is no other major problem in life, no evil in man's own soul that must be overcome.

Upon those who do not share this mild and loving attitude towards life, the Plainsmen, the Arapesh project the



responsibility for all their misfortunes, for accidents and fire, for illness and death. Their own supernatural guardians, the *marsalais*, punish lightly and always for a breach of one of the rules by which men live in comfort with the forces of the land, or because men have failed to keep separate the natural potency of female functions and the supernatural forces that aid and abet men. But the Plainsmen kill for profit and for hate; they take advantage of slight breaches in the warm wall of affection by which an Arapesh community is usually encircled; they convert this slight ill feeling into illness and death, a result that no one of the Arapesh himself intended. That the Arapesh feel this lack of intention is evident whenever there is a death. Then by processes of divination it is possible to place the blame upon the member of the community who originally opened the way to sorcery by sending the dirt to the Plainsmen. But the Arapesh shrink from such an imputation. They perform the divination, but find no one guilty. That quarrel was healed long ago; they cannot believe that the anger which was then generated was of a strength to bring about death. No, the death is the hostile act of a disgruntled blackmailer or of some impersonal anger in another community far away, a community that, losing one of its own people, has paid the blackmailer to revenge the death upon someone whose name they will never even know. When one of their young men dies, the Arapesh avoid placing the responsibility for his death and attempting to wreak revenge within their own community; instead they in turn pay the Plainsmen to kill another such young man, in some distant community, so that they may obey the traditional forms and say to the ghost: "Return, thou art revenged." Those who are distant, who are unknown, who because one has never seen them or given them fire or food are believed to be capable of any evil, are the ones whom it is possible to hate; they and the arrogant, swaggering, bullying sorcerers who boldly ad-



vertise their inhumanity, their willingness to kill for a price. Thus, with the aid of the Plainsmen and of this formula of distant, impersonal, and magical revenge, the Arapesh exile all murder and hate beyond their borders, and make it possible to call any one of fifty men "brother" and eat trustfully from the same plate with any one of them. At one blow they demolish the hierarchy of distinctions between near relative, far relative, friend, half-friend, affinal relative, and so on, the gradations of trust that distinguish most communities, and they make instead absolute categories of friend and enemy. This absolute dichotomy leads, as we have seen in the discussion in Chapter III, to the compulsive resort to sorcery practices whenever slight expressions of hostility occur. This resort to sorcery can be explained by the way in which they have built up a trustful, loving attitude, an attitude that can be shattered at a blow because no blows are received in childhood to habituate the growing child to ordinary competitive aggressiveness in others. As a result, in adult life on those occasions when hostility becomes overt, its expression is random, unpatterned, uncontrolled. The Arapesh do not reckon with an original nature that is violent and must be trained to peace, which is jealous and must be trained to sharing, which is possessive and must be trained to relinquish too fast a hold on its possessions. They reckon instead on a gentleness of behaviour that is lacking only in the child and in the ignorant and an aggressiveness that can only be aroused in the defence of another.

The last point is vividly illustrated in the quarrels when a woman is abducted. In formal compliance with the firm belief that no brother-in-law would take back his sister, it then becomes a quarrel between two communities, the community into which the woman was married and the community by which she has been abducted. It is not the husband who habitually takes up the quarrel, demanding the return

of his wife, the vindication of his rights, and so forth, but one of his relatives, and more often one of his maternal relatives, who can speak entirely disinterestedly. A mother's brother or a mother's brother's son will rise up in wrath: "What, should I stay quiet when the wife of my father's sister's son is taken from him? Who grew her? He. Who paid rings for her? He. He, indeed! He, my father's sister's son. And now he sits, his wife gone, her place empty, her fire dead on her fire-place. I will have none of this. I will gather people together. We will take spears and bows and arrows, we will bring back this woman who has been stolen away"—and so on. Then this distinterested and therefore properly enraged defendant of the injured man will gather a group of the husband's relatives and go to the community that has stolen the woman. The fight that follows has already been described. It is again phrased always as: "Then La'abe, angry because his cross-cousin was wounded, threw a spear that wounded Yelusha. Then Yelegen, angry that his father's brother's son, Yelusha, was wounded, threw a spear that hit Iwamini. Then Madje, angry that his half-brother was wounded"—and so on. Always there is the emphasis that one fights not for one's self, but for another. Sometimes anger over the abduction of a relative's wife will take a more arbitrary form, and the vindicator of his relative's rights will carry off some other woman married into the abducting community and give her away to someone else. Such acts of virtuous highway robbery are regarded by the Arapesh as overstatement, extravagant action, which is, however, based upon such sound principles of anger on behalf of another that they hardly know what to do about it. But the phrasing of anger as anger for someone else, not for one's self, is again a maternal phrasing. The mother who engages in quarrels on her own is disapproved, but the mother who will fight to the

death for her young is a figure that we ourselves invoke with approval from the pages of natural-history annals.

In the matter of the acceptance of leadership and prestige, the Arapesh phrasing again presupposes a temperament that we regard as properly womanly. The promising young male is prevailed upon to assume the very distasteful and onerous task of being a big man for the sake of the community, not for his own sake. For them he organizes feasts, he gardens and hunts and raises pigs, he undertakes long journeys and establishes trade-partnerships with men of other communities, that they, his brothers and his nephews and his sons and his daughters, may have more beautiful dances, fairer masks, lovelier songs. Against his will, with promises of early retirement, he is thrust into the forefront, and bidden to stamp about and act as if he liked it, talk as if he meant it, until such time as age releases him from the obligation of imitating a violent, aggressive, arrogant person.

In the relationship between parents and children, and between husband and wife, there is again no reliance upon any contrast in temperament. Age, experience, the responsibility of the parent greater than that of the child, of the older husband greater than that of the younger wife—these are the points emphasized. A man will listen with equal readiness to chiding by his mother or by his father, and there is no feeling that it is by virtue of his maleness that a man is wiser than a woman. The marriage system, the more slowly developing pace that is permitted women, their long period of great vulnerability while they are bearing children, which defers the age when their relationship to the supernatural is almost identical with that of a man—all these contrive to preserve the sense of an age-contrast, a contrast in wisdom and responsibility, between men and women.

In the sex-relationship, in which so much argument, resort to considerations of anatomy, and analogies from the animal

kingdom have gone to prove that the male is the natural initiator and aggressor, the Arapesh again recognize no temperamental difference whatsoever. A scene that culminates in intercourse may be initiated by "his holding her breasts" or "her holding his cheeks"—the two approaches are regarded as equivalent and one as likely to occur as the other. And the Arapesh further contravene our traditional idea of men as spontaneously sexual creatures, and women as innocent of desire until wakened, by denying spontaneous sexuality to both sexes and expecting the exceptions, when they do occur, to occur in women. Both men and women are conceived as merely capable of response to a situation that their society has already defined for them as sexual, and so the Arapesh feel that it is necessary to chaperon betrothed couples who are too young for sex-relations to be healthful for them, but they do not feel that it is necessary to chaperon young people in general. Unless there is deliberate seduction with ulterior, non-sexual motives, sex-responses take a slow course, follow on the heels of affectionate deep interest, do not precede it and stimulate it. And with their definition of sex as response to an external stimulus rather than as spontaneous desire, both men and women are regarded as helpless in the face of seduction. Before the affectionate and amorous gesture, which comforts and reassures even as it stimulates and excites, a boy or a girl has no resources. Parents warn their sons even more than they warn their daughters against permitting themselves to get into situations in which someone can make love to them. In that case, "Your flesh will tremble, your knees will weaken, you will yield," is the prophecy. Not to choose, but to be chosen, is the temptation that is irresistible.

This then is the Arapesh ideal of human nature, and they expect each generation of children born to them to conform to it. The reader schooled in a knowledge of humanity that makes this picture seem like a day-dream of an age of inno-

cence will inevitably ask: "But is this true of all Arapesh? Are they a race among whom there are no violent, no possessive, no strongly sexed individuals, a people incapable of developing the ego to a point at which it is ruthless to all other interests except the interests of the self? Have they different glands from other peoples? Is their diet so insufficient that all aggressive impulses are blocked? Are their men feminine in physique as well as in their imputed personalities? What is the meaning of this strange anomaly, a whole culture that assumes men and women to be alike in temperament, and that one a temperament which we consider to occur most often and most appropriately in women, a temperament, in fact, that is regarded as inconsistent with the true male nature?"

Some of these questions can be answered categorically. There is no reason to believe that the Arapesh temperament is due to their diet. The Plainsmen, who speak the same language and share much of the same culture, have a diet which is even more circumscribed and lacking in proteins than that of the mountain people. Yet they are a violent, aggressive people; their whole ethos contrasts strongly with that of their mountain neighbours. The physique of the average Arapesh male is not more feminine than that of the males of the other peoples whom I shall presently describe. Nor do the Arapesh present a uniform temperamental picture which would suggest that a local type has been developed by inbreeding, a type of peculiar gentleness and lack of aggressiveness. There are highly developed individual differences, far more conspicuous individual differences than in cultures like that of Samoa, where the assumption is that human nature is originally intractable and therefore must be systematically moulded to a set form. The Arapesh acceptance of human nature as good and altogether desirable, their lack of realization that there are many human impulses which are definitely



antisocial and disruptive, makes it possible for aberrant individuals to flourish among them.

Also their easy-going acceptance of the individual's own wishes in regard to choice of work increases the range of individuality. All men garden to some extent, but beyond that a man may spend much time hunting or never hunt at all; he may go on trading-expeditions or never stir from his own locality, he may carve or make bark paintings, or he may never take a carving tool or a brush in his hand. In none of these matters is any social compulsion exercised. The fostering duty of all persons towards the young, the obligation to provide food and shelter for them, and in a few cases to assume the additional responsibility of leadership, these are insisted upon. Otherwise the growing boy is left to his own devices, the growing girl may learn to make netted bags and elaborate grass skirts, to be proficient in the plaiting of belts and arm-bands, or she may remain innocent of these arts. It is not technical skill or special brilliance that the Arapesh demand either in men or in women; it is rather correct emotions, a character that finds in co-operative and cherishing activities its most perfect expression. This premium upon personality rather than upon special gifts is shown particularly if one examines the history of the bones of the dead. The bones of men who have been valued are exhumed and used for hunting, yam-planting, and protective fighting magic. It is not, however, the bones of the hunter that are used for hunting magic, or the bones of the truculent that are used to give protection in a possible fight, but rather the bones of the gentle, wise, reliable man, which are used indiscriminately for all these purposes. It is upon character, in the sense in which they understand it, that the Arapesh feel that they can rely, not upon anything as erratic and unpredictable as special skills. So while they permit the development of a gift, they put no premiums upon it; the specially fortunate hunter or



the gifted painter will be remembered for the degree to which his emotions were congruent with the dominant ethos of the people, not for his full traps or brightly coloured bark paintings. This attitude decreases the influence that a specially skilled individual might have in changing the culture, but it does not detract from his own individual expression during his lifetime. Dealing with no established tradition of great skill, he must work out his own methods and so is offered a greater field for his individuality.

Neither among Arapesh children nor among Arapesh adults has one a sense of encountering a dead level of temperament. Individual differences in violence, in aggressiveness, in acquisitiveness, are as marked as they are among a group of American children, but the gamut is different. The most active Arapesh child, schooled to a passivity, a mildness, unknown to us, will be far less aggressive than a normally active American child. But the difference between the most active and the least active is not thereby reduced, although it is expressed in so much milder terms. It is not, in fact, as much reduced as would probably be the case if the Arapesh were more conscious of their educational aims, if the passivity and placidity of their children were the result of constant purposeful pressure, which would definitely check and discourage the too active and aberrant child. It is possible to contrast here the point of activity with the point of loving trust of all those persons whom one calls by a relationship term. Here the Arapesh do definitely train their children, and the difference between Arapesh children in this respect is less than among children in other cultures where no such training is given. That is, although the range in actual temperamental differences among the children born into any society may be approximately the same, that society may and will alter the interrelations between these differences in several different ways. It may mute expression all along the line or stimulate

expression all along the line, so that the children retain the same relative position in regard to a trait, but the upper and lower limits of its expression have been altered. Or culture may skew the expression of temperament, it may select one temperamental variant as desirable, and discourage, disallow, and penalize any expression of contrasting or antithetical variants. Or culture may merely approve and reward one end of the scale and discipline and thwart the other, so that the result is a high degree of uniformity. The Arapesh may be said to produce the first type of result in the passivity that descends upon all of their children like a pall, due to the lip-bubbling, the tiring cold life and the contrast of the warm fire at evening, the lack of large children's groups, the encouragement in children of a receptive, non-initiatory attitude. All children are exposed to these influences and they respond to them differentially—the gamut is changed, but the differences in any group of children remain more or less constant.

In their attitudes towards egotism of any sort, either of the type that seeks recognition and applause or of the type that attempts to build up a position through possessions and power over others, the Arapesh take the second position. They reward the selfless child, the child who is constant in running hither and yon at the beck and call of others; they disapprove of and reprove the other types, as children and as adults. Here one variant of human temperament, and that a rather extreme variant, is definitely encouraged at the expense of other types, and the interrelations within a group of children are changed in a different way. As I have already mentioned, in the attitude towards relatives, in their stress upon the importance of food and growth, the Arapesh culture has the third effect; it tends to make all Arapesh much more alike in these respects than their original temperamental position would dictate; it shortens the gamut and does not merely change the position of its upper and lower limits.

There thus grow up among the Arapesh, in each generation, groups of children whose temperamental position has been moulded and changed in these various ways. As a group they are more passive, more receptive, more enthusiastic about the achievements of others and less inclined to initiate artistic or skilled occupations themselves, than are most primitive people. Their trust in each other, their all-or-none type of emotional response that makes every person into a relative to be loved and trusted or an enemy to be feared and fled, is extreme and stands out in very strong contrast to many other peoples. There are certain types of individuals—the violent, the jealous, the ambitious, the possessive, the man who is interested in experience or knowledge or art for its own sake—for whom they definitely have no place. The question remains as to what happens to these disallowed persons in a community that is too gentle to treat them as criminals, but too set in its own milky-mouthed way to permit any real range to their talents.

Those who suffer most among the Arapesh, who find the whole social scheme the least congenial and intelligible, are the violent, aggressive men and the violent, aggressive women. This will at once be seen to contrast with our own society, in which it is the mild unaggressive man who goes to the wall, and the aggressive, violent woman who is looked upon with disapproval and opprobrium, while among the Arapesh, with their lack of distinction between male and female temperament, the same temperament suffers in each sex.

The men suffer a little less than the women. In the first place their aberrancy is not recognized quite so soon, because of the circumstances that result in the boys having more temper tantrums than the girls. The girl who throws herself down in a fit of rage because her father will not take her with him becomes therefore more conspicuous, she is rebuked a little more because she deviates from the behaviour of other

small girls, and she learns at an earlier age either to trim her sails or to rebel more whole-heartedly. Judgment is also passed upon her character at an earlier age than it is upon a boy's. While her brother is still roaming, unbetrothed and free, in search of a bandicoot's track, she is already being judged as a possible wife by her future husband's parents. While a boy remains in his own home, where his parents and near relatives have become inured to his fits of rage or sulks, a girl passes at an early and impressionable age into a new home where everyone is more acutely aware of her emotional deficiencies. The sense of being different from others, of being a disapproved person, settles therefore a little earlier upon a girl; it is likely to make her recessive and sulky and liable to sudden inexplicable outbursts of rage and jealousy. The fact that at no age is her conduct regarded as normal, as possibly promising, distorts her personality earlier and more definitely.

Such a girl was Temos, violent, possessive, jealous; in her series of unfortunate marriages she had encountered all of the circumstances with which she was least fitted to cope. She became therefore almost obsessive in her hostilities; she followed her husband about everywhere, she quarrelled continually even with the small children in the village, who muttered behind her back: "Temos is bad. She does not love to give to others." Yet Temos was merely an egocentric girl who was more possessive and exclusive in her sentiments than Arapesh society voted to be appropriate.

Boys, on the other hand, are free to develop a tempestuous and touchy personality right up into adolescence, and even here there is some chance of their escaping social disapproval because of the fantastic Arapesh belief that leadership and aggressiveness are so rare that they need to be encouraged, cultivated, and finally overstimulated in adult life. So an arrogant, ambitious boy may pass for one who will be willing

to lead; and if his aggressiveness is combined with sufficient shyness and fearfulness—a not infrequent combination—he may pass into young manhood with the stamp of social approval upon him and be selected by the community as one of those whose duty it is to become a big man. In rare cases, he may actually become a big man before the community realizes that his stamping and shouting are not good play-acting but genuine, that his threats against his rivals are not mere idle and appropriate bluster, but are accompanied by thefts of their dirt and continuous attempts to deliver them into the hands of sorcerers. This had been the case with Nyelahai, and Alitoa found itself saddled with a loud-mouthed, malicious man, who took delight in the sorcery traffic, and went up and down the country-side abusing his neighbours. He was not quite a big man, so they said, for his mouth was too ready with angry abuse, although he had done the things that make one a big man. And Nyelahai had none of the serenity and ease of the men who had had greatness thrust upon them; he walked restlessly up and down the community, nicknamed by his wives as “One-who-walks-about”; he was constantly being accused of sorcery, he beat his wives, and put a curse on his younger brother’s hunting, and was not at home in his own world. This was because he was in actuality what he should only have been in mere theatrical imitativeness. Only too naturally, he was a confused person and gave all the appearance of stupidity. His culture had said he must bluster and shout, and when he blustered and shouted, they turned their backs upon him in shame.

But Nyelahai’s case was the unusual one. More often, the violent, aggressive boy, the boy who in a head-hunting, war-like society would be covering himself with glory, the boy who in a culture that permitted courtship and conquest of women might have had many broken hearts to his credit, becomes permanently inhibited in his late adolescence. This

was so with Wabe. Tall, beautifully built, the heir of one of the most gifted family lines in Arapesh, Wabe at twenty-five had retired from taking any active interest in his culture. He would help his younger brother, Ombomb, a little, he said, but what was the use, everything was against him. His *buanyins* had all died, Menala had been unfaithful to him, Temos had borne him no child but a blood-clot, Welima's relatives resented the way he treated her and no doubt were doing black magic to prevent his finding any meat—although they were the people who would be the recipients if he caught any—his dog was dead; all of his real and imaginary difficulties were jumbled together into a paranoid construct that left him gloomy, jealous, obsessive, confused, and useless to his community. One war-party, one good fight, one chance for straight, uncomplicated initiative, might have cleared the air. But there was none. He began to believe that other men were trying to seduce his wives. People laughed, and when the accusation was repeated, they grew a little remote. He decided that his gardening partners were using black magic for theft—a magic that is a mere matter of folk-lore and of which no one knows the formulas—on his yam-gardens. One month he accused Welima's relatives of being responsible for his bad luck in hunting, the next month he became jealous of Alitoa men and ordered his wives to pack up, and much against Temos' will, went to live in Welima's village. His behaviour was jerky, irrational, changeable, his temper dark and sullen. He was a definite liability to his society, he who had the physique and the intelligence to have been very useful to it. His capacity to lead was high. If we wished a convoy of cargo taken to the coast, or a far-away village stimulated into acting as carriers for our goods, Wabe was the man for the job. He was the man who naturally gravitated to the service of the white man, an ideal boss boy in a hierarchical scheme. In his own culture, he was a loss



both to himself and to his community. Of all the men in the locality of Alitoa, he was the one who approached most strongly to a western-European ideal of the male, well built, with a handsome face with fine lines, a well-integrated body, violent, possessive, arbitrary, dictatorial, positively and aggressively sexed. Among the Arapesh, he was a pathetic figure.

Amitoa of Liwo was Wabe's temperamental counterpart among women. Raw-boned, with a hawklike face and a sinewy body that lacked all the softer signs of femininity, her small high breasts already shrunken although she was a scant thirty-five, Amitoa had found her life a stormy one. Her mother before her had been a violent, tempestuous person, and both Amitoa and her sister showed the same characteristics. She was betrothed at an early age to a youth who died, and she was inherited by a man much older than she, a man enfeebled by illness. Now although Arapesh girls prefer young men, this is not on grounds of physiological potency, but rather because they are less grave and decorous, and less exacting in the matter of household duties. Amitoa alone, of all of the Arapesh women whom I knew well, was articulately conscious of sexual desire and critical of a husband in terms of his ability to satisfy it. She alone knew the meaning of climax after intercourse, while the other women to whose canons she had to adjust did not even recognize a marked relaxation, but instead described their post-intercourse sensations as diffused warmth and ease. Amitoa despised her timid, ailing husband. She mocked her husband's orders, she flew out at him savagely when he rebuked her. Finally, enraged at her insubordination—she who was a mere child whose breasts had not fallen down, while he was an older man—he tried to beat her, seizing a fire-brand from the fire. She wrested it from him, and instead of giving blows he received them. He took up an adze and this also she seized. He

screamed for help, and his younger brother had to rescue him. This was a scene which was to be repeated again and again in Amitoa's life.

The next day she ran away to Kobelen, a village nearer the beach with which her own village had extensive ceremonial relationships. Following the fashion of the Plainswomen, whom she had seen enter her native village and find a welcome, she went from one man to another, demanding to be taken in. She had intuitively adopted a procedure that had been developed by women like herself. But she was not a Plainswoman, she was one of their own people. The people of Liwo and the people of Kobelen had been friends for generations; no wild undisciplined woman who came unsolicited into their midst should upset that, so the old men said. The young men hesitated. Amitoa, with her flashing eyes and decisive expressive manner, was very aggressive, but very attractive. It was true enough that such women made bad, jealous wives, and were moreover too strongly sexed to permit yam magic to flourish peacefully in their vicinity. Still . . . They dallied with the idea of taking her in. She went back to Liwo to visit her brother, who scolded her roundly for her desertion of her husband. When he tried to use force, she ran away again to Kobelen. There the counsels of prudence had asserted themselves in her absence. She sat among the women of her father's trade-friends' household, and no one would take her for a wife. Again she returned, furious, baffled, to Liwo, where people sent word to her husband. He and his kin had meanwhile consoled themselves with a magical explanation. The Plainsmen had made *wishan*, the species of secondary black magic by which one member of a community is acted upon through the dirt of another, and had caused her to run away. As one member of her husband's clan related it long afterwards:

"People said to my uncle: 'Your wife has come on top.

Go and get her.' He got up, he took his two younger brothers. They went down. They waited at the river. Amitoa and another woman and her father's elder brother came down to bathe. Amitoa went to loosen her grass skirt to bathe. My uncle seized her hand. She called out to her uncle: 'Uncle, they are taking me.' Her uncle said: 'What, did he pay for you and feed you? Did men of Kobelen pay for you? Is it another man who is taking you? If it were another man, you could shout. But it is your husband.' The other woman screamed: 'They are carrying off Amitoa.' My uncle called out, 'Come, bring the spears.' They all ran away and my uncle brought Amitoa back. She was heavily adorned, as had always been her custom. She wore many bracelets, many ear-rings. She sat down in the centre of the village and she wept. My uncle said: 'It is I, your husband, who brought you back. Had it been another, you could cry.' She stayed. She conceived. She bore a female child. Amitoa wanted to strangle the child. The other women held her fast. She wished to run away. My uncle beat her. He made her stay. He made her suckle it. She became pregnant again. The child was a male. She bore him alone and she stepped on his head. If there had been another woman present the child would have lived. Had he lived he would have been as old as my younger brother. Then they buried the dead child."

This simple account sums up, with the cool impersonality of a young man who was a small boy at the time, the struggle that Amitoa went through in her fight against the traditional placid rôle of women. Behind the first attempt at infanticide, its failure, her rejection of the child and unwillingness to suckle it, and her successful lonely delivery in the bush that made it possible for her to kill her second child, there were years of anguish. She was an intelligent, vigorous, outgoing person, interested and alert. The unhappiness and despair of

her conflict between her own violence and the prescribed gentleness of her culture baffled her as much as it did others. They would say in one breath that she should have been a man because she liked action and as a man she would have had more scope, and in the next that as a man she would have been undesirable, a quarreller and a fomenter of trouble.

When her little girl was five, Ombomb, her cousin, whose temperament was very akin to her own, helped her elope and marry Baimal, also of Alitoa and a widower. He tried to persuade Amitoa to take the child with her, arguing in a manner more characteristic of Ombomb than of Arapesh thought that then perhaps he could share in the bride-rings. But Amitoa refused, arguing that as her husband, now really an old man with a bad sore, had grown her, Amitoa, and paid rings for her, he should be left the daughter. She never saw her daughter again; she did not wish to see her. Her daughter was after all a child whom she had wished to kill and whom she had rebelled at suckling.

Amitoa became passionately attached to Baimal, to Baildu, the elder of Alitoa, to her new village in all of its ramifications. She was loud and continuous in her praises, in her disparaging comments upon the community of her former husband and its headman. She bore Baimal a daughter, Amus, to whom both of them were devoted, but the child's life was made miserable by continual conflicts over her allegiance. Since she was an only child, Baimal tended to take her about with him. If she cried to accompany him, Amitoa quarrelled with him furiously. He was inclined to slip away quietly or to advise the five-year-old Amus to stay with her mother. He could not understand what the quarrels were about or why his wholly traditional and gentle behaviour aroused such storms in Amitoa's breast. The night that the *tamberan* chased all of the women from the village <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 68.

Amitoa was suffering from an attack of fever and Baimal begged her not to dance, saying it would make her ill. She met his solicitude by putting on heavier ornaments and preparing to dance. Baimal, already strung up and nervous from his onslaught on the *tamberan*, lost his temper and ordered her not to dance, saying that she was ill, and furthermore too old to deck herself out like a young girl. For this remark Amitoa attacked him with an ax, and his younger brother, Kule, arrived just in time to save him from serious injury. Amitoa took refuge in a sister-in-law's house, weeping noisily and uttering again and again a sentiment that is almost unknown among the Arapesh—that she hated all men, as such, that she was through with matrimony, and meant to go and live in her own village by herself. All the while she was furiously working into a cord a series of mnemonic knots, which she said indicated the number of times that Baimal had beaten her. Baimal appeared on the scene for a moment to exhibit his wounds. He was a sensitive, valiant little person, devoted to Amitoa, wholly without malice or genuine violence, and very much perplexed by the whole affair. This quarrel was one of many. Amitoa was, in middle age, more fortunate in Baimal's devotion than she had been in her young girlhood. She was still, however, a wild creature, without any genuine place in her cultural tradition.

The adjustment of these violent natures, of Wabe and Ombomb, or Temos and Amitoa and Sauwedjo, varied in accordance with the accidents of their early upbringing and of their marriages. Wabe had been reared by his maternal relatives, gentle, retiring, friendly people, who succeeded in making him feel so alien that he never came to take an active part in his culture. His younger brother Ombomb had been partly reared by the violent half-brother who had fled from Alitoa years before. Ombomb had what Wabe lacked, a partial sanction for his arrogant, violent, possessive nature.

The addition of a wife who was bred in such a tradition and pursued her own ways without any conflict or sense of guilt again strengthened his position, while Temos' violence and possessiveness, which were as atypical as his own, rather reinforced the weakness of Wabe's. The possibility of marrying a Plainswoman always complicated the fate of mountain men with such temperaments, and the presence of Plainswomen in the community gave Arapesh mountain women models that their culture had not trained them to follow with safety and would not permit them to essay. These aberrants' own misunderstanding of their cultures was further aggravated by the existence of very stupid people among themselves—such as Menala, who further complicated Wabe's life by accusing him of a wilful act of violence that had actually been carried out in strict accord with the rules of the culture, in which he had co-operated with her brothers in breaking up a marriage of which they disapproved.

Further flicks to the suspicions and maladjustments of aberrant people are given by the stupid and malicious people in the society who purloin dirt for no reason at all, or try to practise the little bits of black magic that are Arapesh heritage from former times or other cultures. Such a man was Nahomen, of a very low-grade intelligence, incapable of understanding more than the rudiments of his own culture and practically insensible to moral appeal. He and his brother Inoman, who displayed the same personality traits, would seize on pieces of other people's food arbitrarily, with a sly, half-witted malice, and one or two acts of this sort would serve to shake the faith of men like Wabe or Ombomb in the safe world in which they had been assured that they lived. Continually battling within themselves with attitudes and impulses that their society either declared to be non-existent or implicitly disallowed, such as jealousy, a strong desire to mount guard over their own property and define the limits



between it and other people's possessions, and definite sexual urges that were not mere responses to defined situations—it was only natural that all the overt contradictions in the social order should strike them most forcibly. The single cases in which a woman had attempted to seduce them stood out far more sharply in their minds than the hundred times that they had passed lonely women upon the road and received only a shy and friendly greeting.

Among the aspects of the culture that confused them most was the insistence upon reciprocity. The Arapesh ideal of a man is one who never provokes a fight, but who if he is provoked will hold his own, give as much as he takes and no more, and so re-establish the equilibrium that is lost. This premium on a level relationship between all men is carried into every aspect of life, but ordinarily it is not carried to extremes. In the revenge for the dead, we have seen how it was translated into revenge upon some far-distant and anonymous person. In revenge between villages, a long time is permitted to elapse, and the most fortuitous happening is interpreted as revenge. So in the case of the final elopement of Amitoa. The clan of Suabibis of Liwo had paid for her and grown her; when Baimal of the Totoalaibis clan of Alitua married her, he committed a hostile act against Suabibis, a matter about which Suabibis muttered and grumbled. Three years later Tapik, a woman who had been grown from early childhood by Totoalaibis, ran away and married a man of Suabibis. Totoalaibis attempted to get her back by force and failed. It was then decided that Tapik should be regarded as a return for Amitoa, and years later, whenever Amitoa threatened to run away the men of Totoalaibis would invoke this fact, as if it had been a sister-exchange, as an argument that her running away would be illegal.

So it is also with all the payments to a mother's brother or to a mother's brother's son, which are demanded at in-

itiation, when one is in disgrace, or when one's blood has been shed, or at death. These payments are always returned later when the mother's brother finds himself in similar circumstances. So on any given occasion, say a death, it will be said, "Rings are paid to the mother's brother and the mother's brother's son, and to the sister's son," and no mention is made that one is a new payment, for which the mother's brother makes a specific demand, and the other is a repayment. But crystallized in the ritual of the *rites de passage* are the demands that the mother's brother makes, the special song he sings to his nephew after initiation, the type of mourning that he wears when his nephew dies. The man whose natural bent is towards initiating demands upon others rather than towards a mere preservation of equilibrium seizes upon these cultural gestures; he is loud in his demands upon his sister's son, and dilatory in his repayments. Similarly, the Arapesh share with the adjoining tribes the institution of the familial curse, in which a father, an elder sister, a brother, a mother's brother, can invoke the ancestral ghosts in a curse that will prevent a man's working and finding game, and which will prevent a woman from having children. The power of this curse depends upon the fact that the person who puts it on is the only person who can take it off. So if a man offends his mother's brother in any way, his mother's brother's position is only strengthened by cursing his nephew if only he himself can remove the curse. The Arapesh have made this curse nugatory in most cases by blithely ignoring this structural point. In the first place, they permit anyone who is called "mother's brother," traced through any line of blood-kinship, however remote, to perform the ceremonies of cursing and "uncursing," and furthermore, they believe that one man can take off a curse that another put on. Only in the most extreme cases is it impossible to find such a person, and the mother's brother's curse is therefore relatively meaning-

less. It is, however, still invoked by violent and bad-tempered people, who do not pause to reckon with the modification that the culture has introduced. People like Wabe and Ombomb are for ever cursing and believing that they have been cursed; they serve to keep alive in the culture these structural aspects which are no longer relevant, which the culture itself had practically outlawed long ago, just as some forgotten anti-witchcraft act or blue law can be invoked among ourselves by a paranoid personality.

The violent aberrant personalities, either men or women, have therefore a very difficult time among the Arapesh. They are not subjected to the rigid discipline that they would receive among a people who deal seriously with such temperaments. A woman like Amitoa who murders her child continues to live on in a community; similarly a Suabibis man who murdered a child in revenge for his own son's fall from a tree was not disciplined by the community, nor by the child's relatives, because they lived too far away. The society actually gives quite a good deal of leeway to violence, but it gives no meaning to it. With no place for warfare, for strong leadership, for individual exploits of bravery and strength, these men find themselves treated as almost insane. If they are very intelligent individuals, this curious mute ostracism, this failure by their fellows to understand and recognize their demands, merely sends them into sullen recessive fits, blunts their minds, ruins their memories, as they find themselves increasingly unable to explain why people have acted as they have in any given instance. When they think about their society they attempt to reinstate the formal relationships, such as those of a genuine claim of the mother's brother over the sister's son, and to ignore all the blurring, softening distortions that the society introduces in practice. They state with a beautiful clarity points of social structure that would make sense to them, but which are not borne out by the actual facts.

Intellectually they are lost to their society, always seeking to project their own violent and aberrant temperamental choices upon it. If in addition circumstances are adverse, if their pigs die or their wives miscarry or the yams fail, far from being merely a loss to society, they may become a menace, and substitute overt murderous activity for glowering suspicion and impotent rage.

Such a man was Agilapwe, a hard-faced, vitriolic old man who lived on the side of a cliff across the valley from our house. On his leg was a great sore from which he had suffered since childhood—a red and running demonstration of someone's hostility towards him. The Arapesh exempt sores from their theories of sorcery; unlike all other forms of illness and death, sores can be caused within their own safe society, by hiding dirt in the roots of wild taro, and in one or two *marsalai* places of evil omen. If the sore causes death, then the theory is advanced that there must have been additional and unlocated dirt in the hands of the Plains sorcerers also, and the community is absolved from responsibility for the death. Now the normal course of bad tropical sores is a reasonably quick healing, or occasionally a rapid degeneration of the affected limb, which ends in death. When sores occur, people use the ordinary reasoning applied to sorcery. They ask who was likely to have been angered and who had an opportunity to purloin a bit of dirt, and what route they would have taken in disposing of it. The displacement of the responsibility for these minor ailments is merely upon a distant community of the mountain or beach people, not upon the Plainsmen, so that a mountain man suffering from a sore suspects that his dirt has been buried in a *marsalai* place in the beach villages of Waginara or Magahine; a beach man in turn suspects the mountains, the *marsalai* place of Bugabahine or the wild taro patches of Alitoa. It was believed that a particularly tough and imperishable part of Agilapwe's per-

sonality—for example, a bone that he had once gnawed—lay rotting in one of these *marsalai* places, long ago forgotten, with the man who had hidden it there dead these many years. Meanwhile, Agilapwe lived on, an angry man. There was never a fight but he was part of it, never a dispute but he wished to be in it. His wife wearied of his behaviour, for the Arapesh say of a bad man: "If his wife is a good woman, she will leave him." They count it as no virtue to stay faithful to one whose conduct has alienated him from society.

His wife ran away to Suapali while she was still a young girl, and this is the account that tradition has preserved: "Agilapwe thought her brother Yaluhaip of Labinem had helped her. Yaluhaip was in his garden. He had an ax. Agilapwe had a spear. Agilapwe went inside the garden. He looked at Yaluhaip. He asked him: 'Where is your sister?' Yaluhaip answered: 'I do not know.' 'You are a liar, she has run away.' Yaluhaip said: 'If she had run away I should know it.' Agilapwe said: 'Yes, she has run away for good. You can't lie to me. I know it.' Yaluhaip answered: 'Oh, brother-in-law, if she has run away, I will find her.' Agilapwe started forward. He seized Yaluhaip's ax. He cut his shoulder open. The ax stuck fast. Agilapwe pulled at it but it was fast. Now Agilapwe took up a spear. He threw it at Yaluhaip. Yaluhaip dodged. His wife climbed over the fence and ran away. Yaluhaip ran away. They both fled. Agilapwe chased them. He lost their tracks in the bush. He went up on the hill-top. They weren't there. He ran back to the garden. They weren't there. The man had run away far below. His wife hunted for him. She thought he was dead. She found his blood. She tracked him. She found him. She held him by the arm. The two ran and ran. They came to our place. She called out to my father: 'Elder brother-in-law, your brother is all cut up.' My mother came down. She washed the wound, she put



lime on it, she bound the jagged edges together with a vine. They brought him into the village. They made two supports for him. He leant against one and rested his arm on the other. He was a fine strong man, but Agilapwe had wounded him. They slept. In the morning they went and built a house in the bush. They built a high bed in it. They carried him there and hid him. At night Agilapwe would go prowling about trying to find him. If he had found him, he would have killed him. Later when they all went to a feast they took Yaluaipa with them and hid him near by. The wound healed. Father wished to take an avenging party to Manuniki [the home of Agilapwe], but it was impossible. The flock of white parrots who lived there always flew up and gave warning. Agilapwe stood up above and hurled spears and stones down. Afterwards Agilapwe married a woman whom my father called sister's daughter and the quarrel was healed. No rings were ever exchanged."

This gives a fair picture of the violent, unreasonable rages to which persons like Agilapwe were subject, and the attitude of their chance victims towards them. Later Agilapwe aggravated his rift with the community by purposefully cultivating the rapidly reproducing wild taro all over his rugged mountain side. More and more frequently people with sores accused Alitoa of sorcery. The people of Alitoa hamlet tore down their *tamberan* house, which was said to be making the ground in the centre of their village supernaturally hot, and they rooted up all the wild taro that grew on their hill-sides. But in Manuniki, just across the gorge, Agilapwe lived on, trafficking in sorcery, gloating over his wild taro, and beating the victory-call on his slit gong whenever any news of a death reached him. Like several other of the violent misfits in the community, he had also taken a partial refuge in art, and his fantastic, dour paintings adorned several *tamberan* houses.

Persons like Wabe and Agilapwe, Amitoa and Temos, by



their conspicuous aberrancy serve to distort for growing children the picture of Arapesh life. Their own children and those brought up close to them may take their conduct as patterns and so become confused in adult life. The picture of a gentle community in which all men are loving relatives is not quite so vivid to the little boy who has just seen his mother bind up Yaluaipa's wound. The quiet responsive non-initiatory nature of men and women is blurred for those who watch Amitoa take an ax to Baimal, or Wabe beat both his wives and declare that he wishes he was rid of the pair of them. By the insistence that all people are good and gentle, that men and women alike are neither strongly nor aggressively sexed, that no one has any other motive except to grow yams and children, the Arapesh have made it impossible to formulate rules for properly controlling those whose temperaments do not conform to the accepted ideal.

The Western reader will realize only too easily how special an interpretation the Arapesh have put upon human nature, how fantastic they have been in selecting a personality type rare in either men or women and foisting it as the ideal and natural behaviour upon an entire community. It is hard to judge which seems to us the most utopian and unrealistic behaviour, to say that there are no differences between men and women, or to say that both men and women are naturally maternal, gentle, responsive, and unaggressive.

PART TWO

THE RIVER-DWELLING MUNDUGUMOR

## FINDING THE MUNDUGUMOR

It will be remembered that the underlying purpose of my field studies in New Guinea was to discover to what degree temperamental differences between the sexes were innate and to what extent they were culturally determined, and furthermore to inquire minutely into the educational mechanisms connected with these differences. I left the Arapesh with a disappointed feeling. I had found no temperamental differences between the sexes, either when I studied their cultural beliefs or when I actually observed individuals. The inference was that such differences were purely a matter of culture, and that in those societies in which the culture disregarded them they did not occur. The Arapesh had been selected for study for a variety of ethnographic and practical considerations that had no relation to my special problem. This is always unavoidable, because by the time that enough is known about any primitive society to assure the investigator that it is relevant to a particular line of investigation, that culture has already been thoroughly studied. In the present state of research among primitive peoples, when cultures with thousands of years of history behind them, cultures that are unique and can probably never be duplicated in the future of the human race, are breaking up, no one trained in ethnological research can retread the footsteps of another investigator if he can by any possibility combine his special problem with a complete investigation of a new culture. This obligation was intensified in my own case by the fact that two field-workers were together, and we wished to have the scope of an entirely unknown culture for our combined and separate researches. So I left the Arapesh pleased with the temper of the people and interested in the consistency of their culture, but with little additional knowledge about my own problem.

From the Arapesh we decided to undertake a journey up the Sepik River to escape the arduous of mountain living with its attendant difficulties of transport. Again our choice of a tribe had to be arbitrary and was governed by considerations remote indeed from the problem of differences in sex temperament. Two other ethnologists had proceeded us in this general region. Dr. Thurnwald had recorded the culture of the Banaro on the Keram River and Mr. Bateson was at that time studying the Iatmul culture of the middle Sepik River. The villages on the lower Sepik were in a partially disintegrated state, owing to mission influence and overrecruiting. We had hoped to make our way into one of the inland tribes north of the Sepik, whose culture adjoined the Plains Arapesh, and so to make a study of a continuous strip of territory from the Sepik to the Pacific Coast. When we reached the government station at Marienberg, a day's journey from the mouth of the Sepik, consultation of government maps showed that it would

be impossible to get our goods and equipment into that country at present. To aid us in selecting a possible alternative site we had only a map, the knowledge that we had gained from the publications of Dr. Thurnwald and Mr. Bateson, and the information the government patrol officer could furnish us in regard to the condition of villages, whether they were missionized, overrecruited, whether they were under complete or partial government control. Our choice was very simply determined. We selected the nearest tribe that was accessible by water which was unmissionized, and which seemed to be least likely to have been extensively influenced, either linguistically or culturally, by either the Iatmül or the Banaro. The most accessible tribe of this type was the Mundugumor, reported in the government records to have been well under control for over three years. They were located a half-day's voyage up the Yuat River. We had never heard either of the tribe or indeed of the swift muddy river on which they dwelt. The patrol officer at Marienberg had only recently come to the Sepik and could tell us nothing about them. A party of recruiters passing through Marienberg extended us their sympathy when they heard we were going up the Yuat and advised us to lay in a good supply of buttons, as the Yuat people had a liking for them. With this, and no further information, we landed our goods in Kenakatem, the first Mundugumor settlement, and the one that the government census books showed to be the center of the largest locality.

I have stressed these points at some length, because the astonishing way in which the emphasis of the Mundugumor culture contradicts and contrasts with the emphasis of Arapesh culture will be bound to strike the reader at once. If I had grasped the full implications of my Arapesh results and cast about to find the New Guinea culture that would throw them most into relief, I could not have bettered the choice of Mundugumor. That two peoples who share so many economic and social traits, who are part of one culture area and live separated by only about a hundred miles, can present such a contrast in ethos, in social personality, is in itself of great interest. But when it is realized that whereas the Arapesh have standardized the personality of both men and women in a mould that, out of our traditional bias, we should describe as maternal, womanly, unmasculine, the Mundugumor have gone to the opposite extreme and, again ignoring sex as a basis for the establishment of personality differences, have standardized the behaviour of both men and women as actively masculine, virile, and without any of the softening and mellowing characteristics that we are accustomed to believe are inalienably womanly—then the historical accident that led us to study them rather than some other people is the more remarkable.



WHERE THE ARAPESH, THE MUNDUGUMOR AND THE TCHAMBULI LIVE

## CHAPTER IX

### THE PACE OF LIFE IN A CANNIBAL TRIBE <sup>1</sup>

IN COMING from the gentle Arapesh people to a group of cannibals and head-hunters we made a transition between two ways of life so opposed to each other that every step by which we gradually learned the structure and emphases of Mundugumor life was puzzling and astonishing. When we left the Arapesh the old men warned us: "You are going up the Sepik River, where the people are fierce, where they eat men. You are taking some of our boys with you. Go carefully. Do not be misled by your experience among us. We are another kind. They are another kind. So you will find it."

Although the reader has merely to shift his attention from one set of values to another, while we had to shift our actual adjustments to the daily life of a native people, nevertheless he will find that transition as difficult as we found it. During our first weeks among the Mundugumor there was much that was startling, much that was incomprehensible. The violence, the strangeness of the motivations that controlled these gay, hard, arrogant people, came to us abruptly, without warning, as we studied their customs and watched their lives. In this chapter I shall present some of these startling

<sup>1</sup> The Mundugumor had been under full government control for about three years. When this control outlawed war, head-hunting, and cannibalism, Mundugumor life stopped dead, like a clock of which the mainspring is broken. But the memory of that way of life which they had so recently and unwillingly forsaken was still vivid and green; small children of eleven and twelve had all taken part in cannibal feasts. In this section I shall use the present tense to describe the life as it had been lived up to three years before we came to the people.



comments, these strange occurrences and unexpected phrasings of life, as abruptly, as inexplicably, as they were presented to us. So perhaps the reader will be better prepared to understand the pattern of their lives, as it emerged from the first shock and perplexity of contact.

The Yuat River is a swift-flowing, treacherous tributary of the Sepik, which has cut its way through a patch of quite high ground and joins the Sepik at the village of Yuarimo. At low water the banks stand ten feet high, and high water comes with a rush, rising several feet in a night and in some years, but not in all, flooding the clay floors of the hamlets. The current is so swift that a motor boat makes very little progress against it, and the natives never attempt to swim the river. It is a turbid colour; floating twigs and trunks and bits of land, and packets of bark that the natives remark upon as probably containing a new-born child which has been tossed away unwashed, rush by the spectator very quickly. For twenty miles below the first hamlet of the Mundugumor people, the river-banks stand high and empty, good coconut and tobacco land in a country where reliable dry land is very scarce. But such is the terror in which the Mundugumor people are held that no other people will venture to occupy this land. It stands, a clear empty swath across which the Mundugumor head-hunting parties must go to attack the Andoar people of the mouth of the Yuat River, a people who, like themselves, are head-hunters and cannibals.

The Yuat divides the country of the Mundugumor in half. Just a few generations ago, so the people say, there was no river here but only a slight trickling stream, which finally widened until it was necessary to bridge it, and then, in their great-grandfather's time, it suddenly swelled to its present terrifying width and swiftness, now impossible for them to bridge. It was then that they, a bush people, unaccustomed to the water, unskilled at swimming, and unlearned in the art

of canoe-making, had to become in some slight measure a river people. They still live in fear of the river, and the people who dwell directly upon the banks are obsessed by a haunting fear that one of the children will fall in. They dread someone's drowning, because it will contaminate the river as a supply of drinking-water for months, compelling everyone to carry their water a long distance from springs in the bush. The canoes, which they have copied from their neighbours at the mouth of the Yuat, are simple dug-outs, with shovel-shaped sterns. They paddle them clumsily and apprehensively under shelter of the banks, and only cross the river when absolutely necessary. In flood-times they make clumsy round dug-outs that look like great wooden bathtubs in which they can paddle short distances, in and out among the coconut- and areca-palms.

The Mundugumor now number some thousand people, and at one time must have numbered fifteen hundred or so. They are divided into two groups, those who live in the four hamlet-clusters on the two banks of the Yuat, and a section who live in the two hamlet-clusters to the west and who are still unused to the river. When the latter come to visit their acquaintances in the river villages, they are likely to swamp a canoe and get a ducking that is exceedingly inconvenient for them, since any one of the river people who can call the clumsy one "sister's son" can then plunge himself hastily into the water near the bank, and the visitor must then give him a feast for his courtesy in imitating his misfortune. Although the two groups of the Mundugumor speak the same language, they no longer feel themselves as one people; the river life has divided them. Formerly it was regarded as taboo for a Mundugumor to eat anyone who spoke the Mundugumor language. But after the river intervened and the two groups became alienated in their way of life, some of the river people, so their descendants say, tried

eating a member of the bush group, and since they suffered no ill effects therefrom they continued to do so. As they were now free to eat each other, marriage became less desirable between the two groups, and the people of the four river localities married among themselves, or the men took as wives captives and runaway women from the miserable inhabitants of the swamp-lands that lay to the east of them.

The Mundugumor wander far afield not only in search of enemies to ambush, but in search of trade-acquaintances and valuable objects. From the mountains at the far-off head waters of the Yuat they receive shell ornaments, ax-blades, bows and arrows, and hunting magic. This hunting magic had to be repurchased from the upper river in almost every generation, they explained, for no father will take the trouble to see that his young son observes the necessary meat taboo so that he can inherit it. From the emaciated, half-starved, rickety peoples who inhabit the eastern swamps, they buy cooking-pots, carrying-baskets, mosquito-bags, fans, and now and again a flute fetish to which is fastened the image of a supernatural's face, wrought from clay and gum and shell. These are the images of the spirits of the bush, in which the Mundugumor believe also. From the bush people they also purchase a strange, grotesque image of a snake, an object exceedingly dangerous to women. The men perform a special dance with these snake carvings between their legs, but the principal use for them is to conceal them in the fishing *barads*<sup>2</sup> of the next hamlet, to ruin the health of the neighbouring women who may come upon them in the course of their fishing.

For these miserable swamp people the Mundugumor preserve a contempt tinged with a sense of their usefulness as

<sup>2</sup> *Barad* is a pidgin-English term that applies to any narrow water-way, either natural or artificial, which connects two bodies of water. Many of them are specially dug as canals, or for fishing purposes.

makers of pots and baskets. They said they were careful not to kill all of them, for then there would be no makers of pots left alive. They comment upon the advantage of having trade-connexions with two groups of mosquito-bag-makers; if one group becomes too depleted by head-hunting, they can always get mosquito-bags from the others. Sometimes they make temporary alliances with groups of the swamp people, in order to ensure a large head-hunting party. For Mundugumor head-hunting is not a matter of taking risks—the ideal is a party of a hundred men who go out to ambush a hamlet sheltering only two or three men and some women and children. For such extensive expeditions it is necessary to have allies, and children are exchanged with neighbouring tribes, the youngsters living among them as hostages until the raid comes off. The little Mundugumor children sometimes spend several months at a time in a swamp village, learning the language and the secret roads, and complaining bitterly of the miserable diet of rancid sago and smoked sago-grubs and the foul, evil-smelling drinking-water that flows in thousands of small trickles about the grassy clumps upon which the swamp people build their houses. Children are used as hostages because if there is treachery between the allies and the hostages are killed, after all it will only be a child, and in most instances a male child—who is less valued than a female child—who pays the penalty.

For the manufactures of the impoverished swamp-dwellers, the Mundugumor trade tobacco, areca-nut, and coconuts, which grow abundantly upon their rich high land. This rids them of the necessity of doing any manufacturing themselves and frees the men for head-hunting and theatrical spectacles, and the women for gardening, tobacco-curing, and fishing. Only an occasional Mundugumor woman plaits the little vase-shaped creel that the fishing women wear suspended from the back of their necks as they go fishing. These basket-

makers are the women who were born with the umbilical cord twisted around their throats. Males so born are destined to be artists, to continue the fine tight tradition of Mundugumor art, the high-relief carving on the tall wooden shields, the low-relief stylized animal representations on the spears, the intricate painted designs on the great triangles of bark that are raised at yam-feasts. They it is who can carve the wooden figures that fit into the ends of the sacred flutes, embodiments of the crocodile spirits of the river. Men and women born to arts and crafts need not practise them unless they wish, but no one who lacks the mark of his calling can hope to become more than the clumsiest apprentice.

From the Andoar people at the mouth of the river the Mundugumor import new dances occasionally, for the Andoar people are near enough to the great Sepik water-way to share in the interchange of dances and ceremonies that the lower Sepik villages import from the islands along the coast. Now and then an ambitious Mundugumor man, anxious to stress his own importance further, will import a new and more ferocious mask and give a ceremony at which all of the young men of his hamlet-cluster are initiated into the mysteries of the new cult. Occasionally the Mundugumor would raid an Andoar house and come away with a trophy spear-thrower, which, however, they never learned to use, for the spear-thrower is the weapon of the practised canoe-man. When Andoar canoes went up the Yuat on trading-journeys, the Mundugumor stood on the shores and hurled spears at them, compelling the Andoar people to leave hostages among them until the boats returned from the up-river trading.

But principally Andoar represented to them a final resort for the man or woman who had been too grievously insulted. Such a one could take a canoe and float down the river to Andoar. The Andoar people would come out into mid-stream, capture the canoe, and eat the angry suicide. Some-



times also a Mundugumor was lost in the river. Often the corpse would become entangled in the weeds at the river-bottom, and defy all searching until decomposition brought it to the surface. Sometimes, however, it would drift down the river, and the people of Andoar would salvage it. They would give it an expensive burial, for which the Mundugumor people would have to make them even more expensive return presents. This was regarded as a great nuisance by the Mundugumor, who were always likely to scant their mourning observances even for their greatest men. Tradition prescribed that the corpse should be slowly smoked and that the mourners should cluster in the closely shuttered house while the steady decomposition took place. But the Mundugumor said that the children held their noses and fled before the stench of their father's decaying flesh, and the widows were only too likely to have already chosen new husbands, so many a man was bundled unceremoniously into the earth on the plea that the survivors were not strong enough to undertake the long mourning. To have to pay heavily for burial rites performed by an enemy was maddening, and the vengeful people at the mouth of the Yuat knew it well when they gleefully salvaged a corpse from the muddy waters.

On their own high fertile land, which they hold by virtue of a greater ferocity and recklessness than any of their neighbours, the Mundugumor live among themselves in a state of mutual distrust and uncomfortableness. There is no village with a central plaza and a men's club-house, such as occurs in so many parts of New Guinea. Each man seeks to live unto himself within a palisade in which cluster a number of houses: one for each wife, or perhaps for each two wives, a special, badly thatched hut for his adolescent sons, where they sleep, miserable and mosquito-bitten, not even worthy of a mosquito-bag among them; a house of his own where he eats his meals, choosing arbitrarily and capriciously from the plates



of sago seasoned with fish or sago-grubs that each wife prepares for him, and an extra house in which to store slit gongs, receive visitors, and hang up tobacco. This compound, containing nine or ten wives, a few young and dependent males, sons or sons-in-law, and a few unaggressive nephews, is only attained by about one man in twenty-five. Such a household, however, is the ideal, and the man with two or three wives, or sometimes with only one wife and some stray old female relative to swell his *ménage*, will clear himself a little secluded patch in the bush and take care to approach it by a circuitous path, so as to preserve the secret of its location. In every locality there are men of mixed extraction, of foreign mothers, who have kept up kinship allegiances to other localities of other tribes. These men are the professional traitors, ever ready to lead a raiding party to some ill-defended house—and it is from these men that the roads are supposed to be kept secret, for the success of a raiding party depends upon the ability to go directly to the house of the victims, strike quickly, and get away.

There are other reasons for scattering the residences about in the bush. Brothers cannot live close together, for a younger brother only speaks to an elder when necessary and then with the greatest circumspection and respect. Two brothers are ashamed to sit down together, and a younger brother may not address his elder brother's wife. These prohibitions do not veil the hostility that exists between all the males of a household, between father and son as well as between brothers. Sometimes a man builds a house near one of his mother's brothers, until he or his host becomes involved in some small civil war that breaks up the temporary living-arrangements. Between the women, the bush is divided in partial hostility also; women retain a special power over the spirits of the bush, and a married woman from another place usually goes fishing with her sister-in-law and shares the

catch; otherwise the sister-in-law may curse her fishing. The bush is threaded with little artificial ditches for dip-net fishing, and about them clusters a great amount of fear; a *pelewa*, the snake carving of the swamp people, may be hidden there, a curse, either of a sister-in-law or of a former owner who, disgruntled at dying, may curse the *barad* that he had dug, and all who fish there afterwards. And one of the numerous crocodiles may take a bite from a stooping woman's buttocks. But the *barads* are full of fish, and the sleek, well-kept skins of the women testify to many a gluttonous meal in the early morning before returning to the compound.

There is no place where a group of men can sit down together except upon the rare occasions when a ceremony is on foot. Ceremonies are individually organized with some prominent man as leader, who makes his son's initiation into one of the series of fetish-object cults the excuse for the undertaking. He usually builds a fair-sized home in which the paraphernalia of the ceremony can be assembled.

But feasts are oases in a life that is riddled with suspicion and distrust. In ordinary times only women gather in chattering groups to comment cattily upon each other's brightly coloured grass skirts, or laugh at the older women who stubbornly insist upon dressing in the modes of an earlier period. Out of feast-times it is not unusual for a brother to go armed against a brother; a man hears of a relative's visit to his compound with apprehension or anger; children are trained to feel uncomfortable in the presence of most of their relatives; and the sounds of angry voices are frequent in the by-paths and clearings on the edge of the river.

## CHAPTER X

### THE STRUCTURE OF MUNDUGUMOR SOCIETY <sup>1</sup>

THERE is no genuine community in Mundugumor; there are a series of named places in which individuals own land, and in which they reside more or less irregularly, living in different small residential constellations that represent temporary alignments of male kin or of men related by marriage. The society is not organized into clans, as is the Arapesh, so that a group of related individuals form a permanent unit, bound together by common blood, a common name, and common interests. Instead Mundugumor social organization is based upon a theory of a natural hostility that exists between all members of the same sex, and the assumption that the only possible ties between members of the same sex are through members of the opposite sex. Instead therefore of organizing people into patrilineal groups or matrilineal groups, in either one of which brothers are bound together in the same group as either their father or their mother's brother, the Mundugumor have a form of organization that they call a *rope*. A rope is composed of a man, his daughters, his daughters' sons, his daughters' sons' daughters; or if the count is begun from a woman, of a woman, her sons, her sons' daughters, her sons' daughters' sons, and so on. All property, with the exception of land, which is plentiful and not highly valued, passes down the rope; even weapons descend from father to daughter. A man and his son do not belong to the same rope, or respect the same totemic bird or

<sup>1</sup> For the illustrations of malfunctioning in this chapter I am directly indebted to Dr. Fortune's notes.

animal. A man leaves no property to his son, except a share in the patrilineally descended land; every other valuable goes to his daughter. Brothers and sisters do not belong to the same rope; one is bound in allegiance to the mother, the other to the father.

Furthermore the social ideal is the large polygynous household, in which a man has as many as eight or ten wives. In such a household there is a definite division between the group composed of the father and all of his daughters and the group composed of each mother and her sons. Between own brothers the attitude is one of rivalry and distrust. From early adolescence they are forced to treat each other with excessive formality, avoid each other whenever possible, and abstain from all light or casual conversation. Between brothers there is only one possible form of close contact; they can fight each other and abuse each other publicly. Half-brothers must observe the same avoidances in a slightly less stringent form, but half-brothers are divided also by the fierce competitive enmity that exists between cowives, their mothers, the spirit that makes one wife refuse to give food to the child of her husband by another wife. Fathers and sons are separated by early developed and socially maintained hostility. By the time a boy is ten or twelve his mother is old and no longer a favourite wife; his father is casting about for a young wife. If the older wife objects, the husband beats her. The small boy is expected to defend his mother in these scenes, to defy and abuse his father.

This is the situation within the compound of the successful man, the man who has succeeded in getting the largest number of wives. A large number of wives means wealth and power. A man can command certain services from his wives' brothers and, more importantly, the wives themselves by growing and curing tobacco furnish him with wealth, for tobacco is the most important trade-article. These compounds

are not situated in a village,<sup>2</sup> but hidden away in the bush, and the head of the compound looks with great suspicion upon the visits of any adult males unless they come to transact definite business with him.

Although brother and sister do not belong to the same rope, and are trained from childhood to recognize separate allegiances, there is another institution that runs counter to the rope arrangements, and that is the insistence upon a form of marriage based upon brother-and-sister exchange. Every man is supposed to obtain a wife by giving his sister in return for some other man's sister. There is theoretically no other way in which he can legally obtain a wife, although in actual practice occasionally a wife is paid for with a valuable flute. Brothers therefore have pre-emptive rights over their sisters, and they are trained by their mothers to appreciate this right at its full value. Men without sisters have to fight for their wives, and a family that consists of a large number of sons and no daughters is doomed to a long career of fighting, for only after an elopement and a fight is it possible to compound for the theft of a woman by the payment of a flute. As the number of brothers and sisters is seldom adjusted to the equitable exchange of a man's own sister for a wife of the proper age, the brothers are constantly at odds with each other to enforce their claims on the sisters. An eldest brother, especially if the father is dead, may trade all of his sisters for wives and leave all of his younger brothers unprovided for. The existence of polygyny as an ideal of power means inevitable conflict between brothers, no matter how many sisters they have, and when there are fewer sisters than brothers, this conflict is sharpened. Rivalry is complicated further by the fact that old men can marry young women. In theory, individuals are not permitted to marry out of their

<sup>2</sup> Under government instigation the natives were building houses closer together, but they only lived in them part of the time.

generation, but the Mundugumor respect none of their own rules, and the violent social personality that has been fostered in both men and women breaks out in direct sexual rivalry between father and son. The son can trade his sister for a wife; with his sister he can buy a sexual partner. But so also can the father. Instead of permitting his son to use his sister to obtain a wife, the father can use her himself; he can trade his adolescent daughter for a young wife. The father has already a strong sense of possession in his daughter. She belongs to his rope, not to her brothers' rope. She gardens with her father, works in the bush with her father, uses kinship terms calculated through her father. when she talks, bears the name of one of her father's female ancestors. Her father has the closest supervisory rights over her; he may sleep in the same sleeping-basket<sup>3</sup> with her until she marries, and accompany her if she gets up in the night. He comes to regard her as his property, of which he can dispose as he wishes. Every growing boy has dinned into his ears by an anxious mother the possibility that his father will rob him of his sister, and so of his future wife. The mother has many and sufficient reasons for favouring the exchange of her daughter for the son's wife rather than for a new wife for her husband. Her daughter has long ago been removed from her control by the father; with a pert smile, the little girl has used the kinship terms that her father has taught her. Often after the mother has carried up an especially tasty dish for the father's evening meal, it is the daughter, not the mother, who is bidden to creep into her father's sleeping-bag for the night. When the father and mother have gone into the bush to select house-posts, there has always been a competition to

<sup>3</sup> These mosquito-proof baskets are plaited of sago-shoots or bast. They are cylindrical bags from ten to fifteen feet long, distended by bamboo hoops, and accomodating two to four sleepers comfortably. One end is closed permanently and the other end is fastened up after the sleepers have entered the basket.



see which one would see a strong straight tree first. If the father sees it first, he cries out: "That is for my daughter!" If the mother sees it first, she cries out: "That is for my son!" As the children have grown older, the mother has worked the sago-logs that her small immature son has cut; if the daughters work sago at all it is from the logs that their father has cut with his stronger, more skilled arms. The mother would like to see the daughter out of the way, and in her place a daughter-in-law who will live in her house and be under her control, whom her son will trust her to guard against his father. All her strongest motives, her dislike of the bond between her husband and her daughter, her fear of having that bond translated into the appearance of a young rival wife in the compound, her practised solicitude for her son—all are directed against letting her husband exchange the daughter for a young wife.

A set of complementary motives controls the father. He dislikes his small son just in proportion as the son is sturdy and masculine. The whole structure of the society defines the father and son as rivals. The son's growth is an earnest of the father's decline. The father's jealous regard for his daughter is outraged by his son's claim upon her, and he has a deep-seated hostility to permitting her exchange at all unless that exchange is made at his behest and results in direct sexual satisfaction to himself. Within his compound, as his sons mature, he sees a set of hostile camps developing; in each hut a disgruntled, superseded wife and a jealous aggressive son ready to demand his rights and assert against him a claim to the daughters.

In greater or lesser degree this pattern of hostility between father and son, between brothers, and between half-brothers is repeated in every family group in Mundugumor. Even if a man has but one wife, the expectation of hostility, the conflict over the sister, remains. It will readily be seen

what uncertain ground such a social system is on which to base an ordered society. There is no genuine community, no nucleus of related males around which the society can permanently crystallize. The *tamberan* cult, which in other parts of New Guinea unites all the adult males in the community as over against the women and the young boys, has been robbed in Mundugumor of most of this integrating rôle. There is no permanent *tamberan* house that can shelter cult objects, or in which the men can gather together. There is no men's club-house of any kind. Instead of a village or tribal cult, there are several cults, a cult of water-spirit flutes, a cult of bush-spirit flutes, and cults of different imported masks that are regarded as supernaturals. Each of these sacred objects is owned by an individual and passes down a rope. The owner of a crocodile flute keeps the flute wrapped up in his own house. Initiation has ceased to be a process by which all the boys of a certain age are admitted into the community of adult males. Instead, the sacred flutes, and the ceremonies of initiation without which no one may look at the flutes, have become part of the game that big men play for prestige and fame. A big man, a man with many wives and consequently the necessary wealth, can take it upon himself to give an initiation feast. He builds a large house for the occasion, and all of the boys and young men who have never seen this particular kind of sacred object are rounded up and forced to undergo the particular torture which goes with that sacred object: cutting with crocodile-teeth or burning or beating. These feasts are given very irregularly, at the whim of a big man. Many of the uninitiated are full-grown and married. The initiation has nothing to do with the attainment of growth or status or the right to marry. It is all organized about the idea of exclusion and the right of those who have been initiated to taunt and exclude those who have not been. Those men who as young boys congratulated them-

selves if they escaped to the bush and missed the rough man-handling that the older men give them at initiation, as young men slink away in shame and fury before the cry of: "Get out, you can't see this! You have never been initiated." To escape this indignity they finally consent to be initiated.

Nor does the initiation serve to reaffirm the solidarity of the men as over against the women. Girls in Mundugumor are given a choice. Do they wish to be initiated and observe the food taboos consequent upon initiation—for girls are subjected to none of the ordeals of scarification—or do they wish to remain uninitiated spectators who eat what they wish during the year following the initiation? About two-thirds of the girls elect to be initiated. Any initiation, then, represents a ceremony in which a miscellaneous and mixed age-group of boys and girls is initiated by an individual feast-giver and a group of men who are temporarily associated with him. It does not make for a sense of age, sex, or community responsibility. It does make for a very real awe of the sacred flutes, an awe that in practice is reserved, however, for the special flutes of one's own family line, not for the flute that was used in the initiation. There is no translation into group-feeling even of the awe-inspiring, the shared experience of seeing for the first time, under circumstances of great solemnity, the staring mother-of-pearl eyes of the shell-encrusted idol. Each boy will henceforth honour the flute of his own line if it possesses one, or strive to obtain one if there is none in existence.

The religious cult is thus as powerless to integrate the group permanently as are the lines along which descent is organized. The Mundugumor did, at some period in their history, as is demonstrated by the existence of maxims and rules that are mainly honoured in the breach, make some attempt to intertwine the intractable ropes into some sort of co-operative society. This was done by the establishment of

mutual obligations between the descendants of an intermarrying pair of brothers and sisters. The son of the sister scarified the grandson of the brother, who in turn scarified the grandson of his scarifier, and in the fourth generation the children of the two lines were supposed to marry. This elaborate and impractical system of preserving obligations through five generations, and expecting to have at the end of the process two brother-and-sister pairs of the right age to marry, is never carried out in practice.

The only consequence of the existence of such a traditional system is to intensify the conviction of every Mundugumor that he is doing wrong and that he is being wronged by others. The right to scarify a boy is financially profitable; the scarifier receives pigs and rings from the novice and the return on this investment comes when the one-time novice, now grown to adult years, is called upon to scarify the grandson of the man who performed the operation on him a generation before. Similarly, when a woman pierces a girl's ears and receives gifts for it, it is expected that some day that girl will pierce the ears of the granddaughter of the woman who is now being paid, and in return receive handsome presents. But this meticulous observance of obligations through three generations is too difficult for the aggressive individuality of Mundugumor. Quarrels, removals, the desire to pay off debts by asking someone else to perform the lucrative ceremony—all these interfere. As a result a great number of people are always angry because someone else has been asked to perform the ceremony that they have inherited the right to perform. As for the proper marriages that should reunite two ropes after four generations of reciprocity, these never take place. They are remembered in phrase and maxim and are invoked by those members of Mundugumor society who rebel against the disorganized state of its social life. The memory of what is assumed to be the orderly way in which

the ancestors did things serves to give everyone a sense of guilt, to colour all their activities with the kind of angry defiance that is most characteristic of Mundugumor social relations. It is the usual attitude in a host of situations. A father who plans to defraud his son by using the daughter to obtain a wife for himself quarrels with his son upon some pretext and forces him to run away from home; a man who intends to ask some recent ally to scarify his son will accuse the proper scarifier of sorcery or of theft or of an attempt to seduce his wife—anything to produce a coolness under cover of which he can more comfortably betray his obligations. Thus these fantastic provisions for social co-operation between kindred over several generations not only do not operate to integrate the society, but actually contribute to its disintegration.

Between a boy and his mother's brother there are often friendly relations. It is true that he does not belong to either the same rope as his mother's brother or the same landowning group. But the mother's brother is always willing to shelter his nephew if the boy gets into trouble with his father. The relationship between brothers-in-law is one of strain in almost all instances, characterized by shame, embarrassment, and hostility, a hostility that is often the residual of an actual armed encounter when one eloped with the sister of the other. That the elopement was compounded afterwards by the exchange of another woman or by the payment of a flute does not entirely wipe out the memory of the encounter. So giving his nephew help against the latter's father is congruent with the mother's brother's other attitudes. A boy's own mother's brother is felt to be a very close relative, so close that he will perform the scarification ceremony without pay. Mean and stingy people trade upon this, and so save the price that they would have to pay a more distant mother's brother—that is, a mother's male cousin—to



perform the same ceremony. In later life men are very often found living and temporarily co-operating with their mother's brothers or their mother's brothers' sons, whom they learned to know during the runaway days of childhood.

In order to understand how the society can exist at all with so much mutual hostility and distrust among all the related males, so little structure upon which genuine co-operation can be based, it is necessary to consider the economic and ceremonial life. The Mundugumor are rich; they have a superabundance of land, their fishing *barads* are filled with fish; generation after generation of their forbears have planted coconut-trees and areca-palms. They have plentiful supplies of the sago-palms; their gardens grow the tobacco so highly valued by their neighbours. Their palm-trees are so plentiful that they say casually that the flying foxes plant them. Compare this abundance with Arapesh conditions, in which every coconut-palm is named and its genealogy lovingly remembered. Furthermore, this economic life requires practically no co-operation between households. What work the men do can easily be done alone. They make yam-gardens, and they cut down sago-palms for sago-working and to rot upon the ground so that the edible sago-grub will flourish in the rotting trunk. The women do everything else. The men can quarrel and refuse to speak to each other; they can move their houses, most of which are flimsy, hastily constructed affairs, up and down the locality; they can sulk by their firesides, or plot revenge with a new set of associates—the work of the household goes on uninterrupted. Distances are short, the ground is level, there are canoes to go longer distances up and down the river. Cheerfully and without over-exertion, the strong, well-fed women conduct the work of the tribe. They even climb the coconut-trees—a task from which almost all primitive New Guinea exempts grown women.

Upon this basis of women's work, the men can be as active



or as lazy, as quarrelsome or as peaceful, as they like. And the rhythm of the men's life is in fact an alternation between periods of supreme individualism, in which each man stays at home with his wives and engages in a little desultory labour, even an occasional hunting-excursion with his bow and arrows, and the periods when there is some big enterprise on foot. The competitiveness and hostility of one Mundugumor for another are very slightly expressed in economic terms. They quarrel principally over women. They may occasionally quarrel over land or fishing-rights, but the food-supply is plentiful and economic competition does not play any great rôle. If a man wishes to demonstrate his superior wealth he may choose to give a yam-feast to a man who has been his enemy, and so heap coals of fire upon his head. The man to whom the feast is given will have to return it in kind or else lose prestige. But for such a feast a man draws mainly on his own garden and the gardens of immediate allies.

We have already referred to the initiation feasts given by big men. There are also exchanges of food made between a pair of big men, and there are the victory-feasts that follow a successful head-hunting raid. The leaders in all of these undertakings are known to the community as "really bad men," men who are aggressive, gluttons for power and prestige; men who have taken far more than their share of the women of the community, and who have also acquired, by purchase or theft, women from the neighbouring tribes; men who fear no one and are arrogant and secure enough to betray whom they like with impunity. These are the men for whom a whole community will mourn when they die; their arrogance, their lust for power, is the thread upon which the important moments of social life are strung. These men—each community of two or three hundred people boasts two or three—are the fixed points in the social system. They build their compounds well and firmly. There is a strong

palisade around them; there are several strong houses; there are slit drums too big to be moved about easily. Meanwhile, less important men, men with fewer wives and less security, quarrel among themselves, move about, now living with a cousin, now with a brother-in-law, now with a mother's brother, until a quarrel over a woman disrupts the temporary alliance, which is based upon no economic necessity. These less important men shift their allegiance from one of the established big men to another, or begin to work with a man who, though still young and possessed of only three or four wives, is rising rapidly to a position of power. In this atmosphere of shifting loyalties, conspiracies, and treachery, head-hunting raids are planned, and the whole male community is temporarily united in the raid and the victory-feasts that conclude them. At these feasts a frank and boisterous cannibalism is practised, each man rejoicing at having a piece of the hated enemy between his teeth.

During periods when no raids are in progress, a big man may decide to give one of the large ceremonies. The uncertain constellations form about the two main parties to the feast, and a truce is called to all intra-community quarrelling. There must be no wife-stealing, no surreptitious spear-throwing, during this time of preparation. A big feast involves not only a good supply of yams, which are not an important element in Mundugumor diet but are reserved for these display occasions, but also a large amount of ceremonial paraphernalia. For one kind of feast a great model crocodile twenty feet long is constructed of bark, and painted with elaborate designs. For another type, a bark triangle some thirty to forty feet high is painted and raised against the coconut-trees. Sometimes new flute figures are carved, and must then be decorated with real hair, shells, seeds, opossum-fur, feathers, and tiny crocheted garments. Shields and spears must be refurbished for the dance, or new ones carved.

All of this labour, under the protecting shadow of the truce, is done with the greatest good spirits. Men are called together each morning by the sound of flutes; all day a group sits crocheting, stringing shells, or chewing charcoal under the arrogant direction of the master artist, who has superseded the leading head-hunter as dictator for the occasion. Little boys and men who have never seen the ceremony are shooed contemptuously away. At noon the women bring great heaping dishes of food, well garnished with fish and sago-grubs. For several weeks men who ordinarily distrust each other's every move, and hesitate to turn their backs to one another for an instant, work together, while the more level heads scheme to bring advantage to themselves out of the temporary lull in hostilities. Finally the feast is given, the dance is over, the truce is finished, and the normal conditions of hostility and quarrelling reassert themselves until the next big feast or head-hunting raid draws the people together again.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL MUNDUGUMOR

THE Mundugumor man-child is born into a hostile world, a world in which most of the members of his own sex will be his enemies, in which his major equipment for success must be a capacity for violence, for seeing and avenging insult, for holding his own safety very lightly and the lives of others even more lightly. From his birth, the stage is set to produce in him this kind of behaviour. When a Mundugumor woman tells her husband that she is pregnant, he is not pleased. It makes him a marked man. When he goes among a group of men who are carving a slit gong, they will officiously and with broad grins brush up the chips lest he tread upon any of them, which would be bad for the child, whom he does not want, and for the slit gong, from the manufacture of which he is thus publicly excluded. If he fences a garden, someone else will insert the posts; if he gathers ratan in the bush, some impudent small boy will warn him to pluck only the green ratan or the child will stick fast in his wife's womb. These taboos, which might unite him to his wife in care for the child if having a child were something to look forward to among the Mundugumor, are used by his associates to aggravate his annoyance with his wife. He abuses her for having become pregnant so quickly, and curses his anti-pregnancy magic that he had set in motion in vain. If he has intercourse with her after she is known to be pregnant, he runs a further risk; she may have twins, the second child being the result of more male stimulation, which

is all that a male is believed to contribute, semen that, by continual stimulation of a blood-clot, causes it to develop into a child. The father's interest, therefore, instead of being enlisted on the side of the child is already enlisted against it. And the pregnant woman associates her pregnancy with sexual deprivation, her husband's anger and repudiation, and the continual risk that he will take another wife and temporarily desert her altogether. This latter he is particularly likely to do if the new woman who attracts his attention has to be fought for—as is usually the case. Whether she is the wife or the daughter of another man, the new husband first has to elope with her, then defend her against the party of enraged men who will come to fight over her, and finally compensate them for her either with a woman from his kindred or with a valuable sacred flute. During the course of such proceedings he naturally does not confide in his pregnant wife, and she often finds herself stranded with some one of her own relatives while her husband is careening off after a rival. So to the mother, even more than to the father, the coming child is unwelcome. The first highly charged days of marriage in which an active interest in sex held them both together have given place to anger, hostility, and very often to charges of infidelity, as the husband refuses to believe that he is responsible for this unwelcome event.

This attitude towards children is congruent with the ruthless individualism, the aggressive specific sexuality, the intra-sex hostility, of the Mundugumor. A system that made a son valuable to a man as an heir, as an extension of his own personality, might combine the Mundugumor personality type with an interest in parenthood, but under the Mundugumor rope and marriage system, a man has no heirs, only sons who are hostile rivals by definition, and daughters who, defend them as he will, will eventually be torn from him. A man's only hope of power and prestige lies in the

number of his wives, who will work for him and give him the means to buy power, and in the accident of the occurrence of some mild characters among his brothers. The phrase "a man who has brothers" occurs every now and again in their remarks, and this means a man who, by a stroke of luck, has some weak-willed, docile brothers who will follow his lead, and instead of disputing his progress will form a more or less permanent constellation about him in his middle age. Allies whom he can coerce and bully in the days of his strength, not sons who will come after him and by their strength mock his old age, these are his desire. A wife who becomes pregnant has therefore hurt a man at his most vulnerable spot; she has taken the first step towards his downfall by possibly conceiving a son. And for herself, she has shifted her husband's active sexual interest into angry frustrated resentment—for what? Possibly to bear a daughter, who will be her husband's, not hers.

Before the child is born there is much discussion as to whether it shall be saved or not, the argument being partly based upon the sex of the child, the father preferring to keep a girl, the mother a boy. The argument is weighted against the mother, however, because her father and brothers also prefer a girl. Boys in the kin-group lead to trouble if there are not enough girls to purchase wives for them; and, even if they have a sufficient number of sisters, aggressive boys are apt to carry off additional women who will have to be fought over. The chance of survival of a Mundugumor child increases with order of birth, the first child having the poorest chance. Both father and mother are less intensely upset by the advent of later children, and also once a son is born it is absolutely necessary that he should have a sister to exchange for his wife. This feeling that one's very social existence depends upon having a sister was vividly illustrated when a Mundugumor woman offered to adopt one of our Arapesh



boys.<sup>1</sup> The earnest of the offer was that she promised him—with her husband's approval, of course—one of her daughters as a sister, thus assuring him a proper position in Mundugumor society. A girl-child, therefore, has a better chance of survival than a boy; she is an advantage to her father, to her brothers, and also to the entire kin-group on both sides, who, if she is not requisitioned at home, may use her to compensate for one of her cousin's wives.

There is also some feeling that once one son is kept, he might as well have brothers. If a child survives long enough to be washed instead of being bundled up in the palm-spathe upon which the delivery took place and thrown into the river, it will not be killed afterwards, although it may be treated most summarily and exposed to many risks to which young children are not subjected among most primitive peoples. Also if a man deserts his wife during her pregnancy, his chances of having a son survive are much higher, for he will not be there to command her to kill it. In a polygynous household, furthermore, each rival wife insists upon having a son, and the husband is enmeshed in a net of cause and effect from which he seldom entirely extricates himself.

Thus while the motivations that control husband and wife during first pregnancy in a marriage of choice are all opposed to preserving the child, they are not the only considerations which influence the keeping or killing of new-born children. These attitudes do indeed set the tone of Mundugumor feeling about birth, but they are not allowed sufficient sway to prevent Mundugumor society from reproducing itself.

Besides the circumstances that lead to keeping the first child, and the considerations which then result in keeping other children, there are two other factors making for in-

<sup>1</sup> This woman was far easier and more good-natured than is usual in Mundugumor and she took a great fancy to the personality of our most typically Arapesh boy.

crease in population: the birth of twins and the custom of adoption. As if in mockery of their dislike of children, Mundugumor women have an extraordinarily strong tendency to twin birth; the twin birth-rate is far in excess of that for any of the other known tribes of that part of New Guinea. Both twins are seldom killed. If they are two boys or a boy and girl, it is the boy that is not kept; in the event of two girls, both are kept. One twin, however, is always adopted, as a Mundugumor mother does not customarily undertake to suckle two children. In addition to adopting one of a pair of twins, ordinary adoption is a very common occurrence. Even women who have never borne children are able in a few weeks, by placing the child constantly at the breast and by drinking plenty of coconut-milk, to produce enough or nearly enough milk to rear the child, which is suckled by other women for the first few weeks after adoption.<sup>2</sup> There is a great deal in favour of adoption. Pregnancy and birth are avoided, and the lactation taboo upon intercourse, under penalty of contracting a skin disease, need not be observed, as the suckled child has no relationship to father and mother. Although it is usual to adopt a girl, rather than a boy, the wife is compensated for this by the better relationship to her husband, and by avoiding the aspects of motherhood that she most dislikes. Many of these adopted children had been already condemned to death when the foster-parent appeared on the scene; such children are spoken of as "one who was

<sup>2</sup> The Mundugumor say that the breasts of some, but not of all, women will secrete milk under the stimulating effect of a child's suckling, combined with drinking large quantities of coconut-milk. I was able to compare the weight and health of two sets of twins, one of each pair being suckled by its own mother, the other by an adopted mother in whose breasts milk had been artificially stimulated. One was a case of a two-year-old child entirely suckled by the adopting mother; the other of an infant of four months, whose adopted mother had only within the last month had enough milk to feed it entirely without aid from other women. In each case the adopted twin showed as high a development as the twin suckled by its own mother.

adopted unwashed from the palm-spathe of birth." It must be remembered also that if a sister is to be of any use to a brother the sibling pair should be near of an age. If she is much older than her brother, she will elope before he is old enough to marry. Even if a half-grown girl is given in return for her, the small husband of ten or eleven will not be able to keep his gawky bride, who will mature only to be carried off by some older man. Sometimes a man who has several sons and no daughters, and a wife who is unwilling to adopt daughters, will bespeak the child of a sister by undertaking part of its care. Under the influence of the theory that girls are very difficult to obtain, this petition for a sister's child is more often made before birth. The petitioner then sends food regularly to the pregnant woman, but the child turns out to be the wrong sex half the time and the father of sons finds himself in the uncomfortable position of having assumed a quasi-paternal responsibility for still another boy.

It is into such a highly charged world, a world constantly disposed to hostility and conflict, that the Mundugumor infant is born. And almost from birth, unless it is an adopted child and the constant stimulating of its suckling is needed for the first few months to produce milk, the child's preparation for an unloved life is begun. Very little babies are kept in a carrying-basket, a closely woven, rough-plaited basket, semi-circular in profile, which the women wear suspended from their foreheads as the Arapesh women wear their net bags. (And as the Arapesh call the womb by the word for net bag, so the Mundugumor call the womb by the word for carrying-basket.) But whereas the Arapesh net bag is flexible, adapting itself to the child's body and exerting pressure to curl the body in upon itself in a pre-natal position, and is furthermore so slight that it interposes no barrier between the child and its mother's warm body, the Mundugumor basket is harsh and stiff and opaque. The child's body must accommodate

itself to the rigid lines of the basket, lying almost prone with its arms practically pinioned to its sides. The basket is too thick to permit any warmth from the mother's body to permeate it; the child sees nothing but the narrow slits of light at both ends. Women wear the babies only when they are walking from one place to another, and as most of their expeditions are short, to their own fishing *barads* and sago-bush, they usually leave them at home, hung up in the house. When a baby cries it is not fed at once; instead some bystander resorts to the standard method of soothing restless infants. Without looking at the child, without touching its body, the mother or other woman or girl who is caring for it begins to scratch with her finger-nails on the outside of the basket, making a harsh grating sound. Children are trained to respond to this sound; it seems as if their cries, originally motivated by a desire for warmth, water, or food, were conditioned to accepting often this meagre remote response in their stead. If the crying does not stop, the child is eventually suckled.

Mundugumor women suckle their children standing up, supporting the child with one hand in a position that strains the mother's arm and pinions the arms of the child. There is none of the mother's dallying, sensuous pleasure in feeding her child that occurs among the Arapesh. Nor is the child permitted to prolong his meal by any playful fondling of his own or his mother's body. He is kept firmly to his major task of absorbing enough food so that he will stop crying and consent to be put back in his basket. The minute he stops suckling for a moment he is returned to his prison. Children therefore develop a very definite purposive fighting attitude, holding on firmly to the nipple and sucking milk as rapidly and vigorously as possible. They frequently choke from swallowing too fast; the choking angers the mother and infuriates the child, thus further turning the suckling situation

into one characterized by anger and struggle rather than by affection and reassurance.

As soon as children can sit up they can no longer be left safely in their baskets, although they can be carried about in them. If the basket is hung up on the wall, the child kicks and twists around in it, and is in danger of falling out—and making more trouble. For it is in these terms that the Mundugumor greet all illness and accident, even in little children. All such things are matters for exasperation and anger, as if the personality of the parent were invaded and insulted by the illness of the child. In the case of a death the whole community is similarly enraged. To have to attend to a sick child makes a mother sulky and resentful.

As might be expected, only the strongest children survive. Those who will not use the few minutes vouchsafed to them to drink enough milk to last them through the next few hours perish for lack of the careful solicitous wooing towards life that Arapesh mothers give their punier children. So the husky, independent infant begins to kick in his basket and has to be taken out of it, and laid on the floor of the house or carried about upon the mother's back. It is, of course, not safe to leave a crawling child alone in a house the floor of which is raised some four or five feet from the ground upon piles. Children of one year to two years are carried about on the mother's back. If a crawling child cries hard it is lifted up and placed firmly astride the mother's neck. A child is only given the breast in case it is believed to be really in need of food, never to comfort it in fright or pain. Here again the contrast with the Arapesh is striking; if an Arapesh child that has been weaned for several years is screaming from pain or fright, the mother will offer the child her slack, dry breast to comfort it; the Mundugumor mother will not even offer a still suckling child her full one. This attitude was particularly noticeable when I gave native babies castor-oil;

all other native women in New Guinea of whom I have had any experience will give a crying child the breast as a solace after the child has been given castor-oil. The Mundugumor woman merely claps the child on to the back of her neck and goes on with her work or her conversation, completely disregarding its screams, except, in the case of an older child, for a slap or so. Nor is the child supported in this precarious position by a firm and friendly hand; instead it is taught to maintain a strong hold on its mother's bushy hair, and thus keep itself from falling.

As soon as a child can walk it is set down most of the time, and permitted to fend for itself. But it is not allowed to wander far because of the fear of drowning, an event which upsets the entire routine of the village for months, since, as has been noted, the water in which it drowns becomes taboo for drinking purposes. The Mundugumor uneasiness in the presence of water does not suggest to them that children might be trained not to fall into the river. With water-conditions incomparably simpler and safer than those under which the natives of the main river live, the fear of drowning is much greater. This fear makes the supervision of children far more of a chore than it need be; the mothers have to remain more tense and attentive, and are for ever screaming at wandering children, or snatching them back violently from the river-bank. So the Mundugumor child is given a first association with the territory beyond his home as a dangerous place, an association that is reinforced by all the kinship prohibitions which he learns later. And from the time that he learns to walk, his mother's hostility to suckling him becomes even more pronounced. He is now free to run up to her, to cling about her leg or attempt to climb up her lap in order to get at her breasts. It never occurs to him, unless he is so ill that he is almost unconscious of what he does, to attempt to lie in his mother's lap. But he will



attempt to reach her breasts, only to be thrust away, as often as not, and slapped, as the mother tries to discourage his suckling. There are no weaning methods that substitute a food, lovingly given, for a breast which has been made specifically unpalatable. Children are weaned by being progressively pushed away by their mothers; they no longer sleep with them in the long plaited sleeping-bags; their mothers never hold them or carry them in a position from which they could get at the breasts. The milder women put bitter sap on their breasts. After weeks of a losing battle, the child settles down to eating sago-soup, and expects even less of comfort from its mother. In infancy, the mother's resentment and impatience were demonstrated to the child by her tense, uncomfortable standing position, her haste, the relief with which she put the child from her. The whole weaning process is accompanied by blows and cross words, which further accentuate the picture of a hostile world that is presented to the child. A few Mundugumor children suck a pair of fingers or the back of the hand; this is individual behaviour, not a recognized habit-pattern followed by all children. A child so occupied is fretful, with an anxious, peevish look on its face, and gnaws at its fingers rather than sucking them or using them to stimulate its lips or tongue.

A little child must observe a series of food taboos until, when it is about two years old, a father's sister feeds it the tabooed foods in a special ceremonial meal. These taboos instead of focusing parental care upon the child are used to formulate enmity. When a child that has not yet been released from its taboos falls ill, someone is accused of having purposely fed it the tabooed foods, as a way of injuring its parents. When a Mundugumor parent can regard the child as an extension of the parental ego, then, and then only, does the term "my child" have an emphasis that lacks ambivalence.

Although there is some difference between a woman's treat-

ment of a boy and a girl, this difference is against such a general background of maternal rejection that to an observer the treatment of both seems hostile and harsh. The little girls are taught from earliest childhood that they are desirable. Baby girls a few weeks old are laden with shell ornaments, ear-rings two or three inches long, and necklaces and belts of shells as big as slices of lemon. Thus conspicuously are they set off from their brothers, who go about in a naked, unadorned state. The women's interest in dress includes occasionally dressing up their small daughters in highly coloured and very diminutive grass skirts; the children have not been trained to take care of these skirts and they rapidly soil them, whereupon an enraged mother rips off the damaged skirt and tells the small girl that she can go naked for her bad behaviour. The little girl is also accustomed to being paraded about in the arms of a vain but unsolicitous father, and being commented upon and chucked under the chin or poked at by the other men.

Little boys go naked until they are seven or eight, when under present conditions they put on loin-cloths. The Mundugumor men seem earlier to have gone naked until after they had acquired head-hunting honours, at which time they assumed a pubic covering made from a flying-fox skin, ornamented with a pendant covered with nassa-shells. About ten years ago, and before they were brought under government control, they obtained cloth from the lower-Sepik peoples and the entire male population over seven or eight put on loin-cloths. It is interesting that although the custom of wearing clothing is three generations old in Alitoea and only half a generation old in Mundugumor, Mundugumor men showed far more shame over any exposure than did Alitoea men, and small boys clung more vigorously to their loin-cloths.

The first lessons that a Mundugumor child learns are a

series of prohibitions.<sup>3</sup> It must not defecate in the house. It must not wander out of sight. It must not go into the house of its father's other wife and ask for food. It must not cling to its mother, in fear or in affection. It must not cry unless it wishes to be roundly slapped. It must not make demands for attention except on the very occasional adults who are fond of children. Within every child's circle of kin there are likely to be one or two of these persons, a mild, unassuming paternal uncle, or some remarried widow who lives a quiet, unaggressive life, not competing with her cowives or thinking it worth while to be disagreeable to their children. Whether the child can actually turn to such refuges, however, depends upon the relations between his own parents and the kind relative; if these are at all strained, he will be forbidden to enter the house of the kind person. While children are still very small, four or five years of age, they are taught to classify their kin, the boy being taught by his mother, and the girl by her father. The importance of this point in separating parent from child of the same sex, and in separating brother from sister, can hardly be exaggerated. Mundugumor kinship behaviour is very different from Arapesh behaviour, where a child is taught practically identical behaviour towards every person, male or female, old or young, whom he calls by a kinship term. Instead, the Mundugumor divide the kin up into those persons with whom one jokes, those whom one avoids in shame, and those whom one treats with varying shades of ordinary intimacy. A joking relative is not a person with whom one may joke if one wishes, but rather a relative towards whom joking is the correct behaviour, a kind of behaviour that is as culturally fixed as shaking hands.

<sup>3</sup> The people make an extraordinarily frequent use of the imperative form. When I think of a Mundugumor verb it is always the imperative form that leaps into my mind, in strong contrast to my memory of Arapesh, in which imperatives were very seldom used.

Perhaps it will make the matter clearer to imagine what it would be like if one were taught in America to shake hands with one's uncles and kiss the hands of one's aunts, while when one met a grandparent, one took off one's hat, threw away one's cigarette or pipe, and stood rigidly at attention, and upon meeting a cousin the correct behaviour was to thumb one's nose. Imagine further that in a small, inbred rural community, relationships were traced a very long way in every genealogical line, and so not only one's mother's sisters and one's father's sisters but all of their first and even second cousins of the female sex were called "aunt," until there were some twenty or thirty relatives of varying ages in the community, all of whom had to have their hands kissed, and an equal number at whom one thumbed one's nose. It will be seen also that in such a large group, one's "aunts" and "uncles" and "cousins" would be of all ages, and would occur in the same school or the same play-group. This approximates the normal condition in a primitive society that insists upon different treatment for different classes of relatives. In Mundugumor everyone must be continually on the alert and ready to respond with the appropriate behaviour. A failure to joke is more serious than a failure of an American to greet properly an acquaintance upon the street. It may easily be as serious as a failure to salute a superior officer, or to acknowledge a possible employer's friendly greeting. And whereas the American can walk down the street only watchful to distinguish between those whom he knows and those whom he does not, and only sufficiently attentive to the form that his greeting takes to regulate its boisterousness or its familiarity, in many primitive societies much more elaborate behaviour is demanded.

So a Mundugumor child is taught that everyone who is related to it as mother's brother, father's sister, sister's child of a male, brother's child of a female, and their spouses, is a

joking relative with whom one engages in rough-house, accusations of unusual and inappropriate conduct, threats, mock bullying, and the like. If a man meets his father's sister—and this applies not only to his father's own sister but to all the women whom his father calls sister, and whom we should call first, second, sometimes third cousins of his father—he slaps her on the back, tells her she is getting old, will probably die soon, has a frightful-looking bone ornament in her nose, and he tries to pull some areca-nut out of her carrying-basket. Similarly when a man meets a brother-in-law, any man whom his wife calls brother or any man married to a woman whom he calls sister, he must be shy and circumspect, not ask him for an areca-nut or offer to share food with him, but greet him with great coolness tinged with embarrassment. The world is early presented to the child as one in which there are a large number of such fixed relationships, with a separate behaviour-pattern appropriate to some and highly inappropriate and insulting to others, a world in which one must be always upon one's guard, and always ready to respond correctly and with apparent spontaneity to these highly formal demands. It is not a world in which one can walk about happily, sure of a friendly smile, a pat on the head, a piece of areca-nut from everyone, in which one can relax and be gay or sad as one wishes. Even gaiety is not in any sense a relaxation for a Mundugumor; he must always be gay on the right occasions and addressing the right persons; he must always be watchful that none of the persons towards whom, or in the presence of whom, such behaviour would be incorrect are anywhere about. This gives a tight-rope quality to all jest and laughter; Mundugumor laughter is bright, but not happy; it has a harsh sound as it crackles in its defined tracks.

In these respects, however, Mundugumor society is very like many other primitive societies, and somewhat like very

highly formalized parts of our own society, such as the army and the navy, where there are strict limits to the amount of jesting and familiarity that are permitted between, or in the presence of, men of different rank. But the rope system of the Mundugumor adds other complications. It will be remembered that along one rope are ranged together a man, his daughter, and his daughter's son, and that his wife, his son, and his son's daughter belong in another rope. These rope organizations are partly defined by the possession of names which help to identify a woman with her paternal grandmother and a man with his maternal grandfather. In the theory which underlies this structure, a man is socially identical with his maternal grandfather and may apply the same kinship terms to his grandfather's generation that his grandfather himself uses; this includes calling his maternal grandmother "wife." Such use of kinship terms is congruent with the ideal marriage that reunites the ropes, but is so meaningless in the present disorganized state of Mundugumor society that the people now phrase this tendency to identify members of alternate generations by saying that a boy is permitted to joke by using his grandfather's terms. They thus convert a formal structural point into a point of licence, and small boys—grown men do not have living grandfathers with whom they can identify—strut about referring to old men and women as their sisters and brothers, wives and brothers-in-law. As a girl is supposed to take over the social identity of her paternal grandmother, she has to learn the details of her kinship from her father, who knows it better than would her mother, and the same thing holds for a boy—it is his mother who can instruct him in his rope relationships. But here again what is in form a simple point of structure the Mundugumor phrase as a girl's helping her father and a boy's helping his mother.

By means of their rope relationships husbands and wives



habitually insult each other. In a small inbred community, it is obvious that individuals will be related to each other by more than one genealogical path. So a man's wife's uncle may be also a second cousin of his mother's, to whom he would normally refer<sup>4</sup> as "mother's brother," rather than by the term that means "elder male relative-in-law." If the husband wishes to insult his wife, he may continue to do this in her presence, and this is tantamount to denying that he is married to her. Similarly, a woman by insisting upon her distant blood-connexion to one of her husband's relatives may insult and infuriate him. The psychology underlying this formal kind of insult is often seen in remarks made within a family group in our own society, when a woman who is angry with her husband may refer to him, in addressing her children, as "your father," with strong disassociation in her voice, or a son may say of his father to his mother: "That's the kind of thing your husband would do." The Mundugumor have simply seized upon this convenient form of insult and standardized it. As a result, a father's teaching his daughter her kinship is regarded not primarily as orienting her in rope membership, but as making points against his wife. The father is particularly careful to seek out those persons who are related in most contrasting ways to himself and to his wife, so as to ensure that every time his daughter opens her mouth to refer to them she will be making a conspicuous point against her mother. The mother retaliates by instructing the son in the same way.

In addition to all of these complications, the Mundugumor have a very strong feeling, amounting almost to a feeling of incest, against marriages between the generations, that is, against a man's marrying any girl whom he would classify as a "daughter," even though she be the daughter of a male

<sup>4</sup> Despite the enormous importance given to kinship terms among them, the Mundugumor never use the terms in direct address.

fourth cousin. It is felt that the fact that she is classified in the same generation with his daughter should be enough to forbid the marriage. In actual practice, however, such marriages and others of like nature, such as a man's marrying a woman whom he would call "mother" or "aunt," do occur, and whenever they occur the interrelationships of a large number of people are upset. Since normally if no such marriage occurred there would be no choice of generation between the terms that one applied to any member of the community, whenever there is such a choice, people feel uncomfortable, ashamed, angry, as in the presence of incest. They stare at each other angrily, drop whatever form of kinship behaviour they used before, whether jesting, intimacy, or formal shyness. They say: "He was my mother's brother, until he married my sister. Now I should call him brother-in-law. But I do not. I stand up and stare." This stare, which is substituted for all other forms of behaviour, is one of anger and of shame, and is the behaviour that characterizes one's attitude towards fully a third of the community.

This then is the world into which the growing boy seeking to classify those whom he sees every day is introduced. He learns that such and such a man or boy is a "mother's brother," which means that one is due for a rough-house whenever he appears on the scene. This is also true, with slightly less physical hazing, of those whom one classifies as "father's sister." He learns that the terms which his mother teaches him to use irritate his father. He learns that he and his sister do not classify people in the same way and have not equal freedom in entering the same houses. This he finds is also true of himself and his half-brothers. He further learns that with his own brother he must be stiff and distant, so that the presence of his own brother, of his sister, of his father, of any of his father's brothers, or of any of the relatives who are classified as affinal relatives, all cramp his

behaviour in relation to those relatives with whom he is supposed to jest. He also learns that, by using the genealogical paths by which he can identify with members of his grandfather's genealogy, he can address grown men haughtily by terms which make them inferior in age and generation to himself. As he grows a little older, he learns that all the girls whom he calls "sister" yet who are not his own sisters, but merely his first or second cousins, stand in a special jesting relationship to him that calls for the continual interchange of very broad scatological comments, which they will reciprocate in kind. These are girls whom he should not marry; but if he does marry them, the social conscience will not be very much shocked, the interrelations between generations will not be upset and no one will have to "just stand up and stare." But if a man does marry such a woman, he will immediately have to drop all this light scatological conversation, which is inappropriate between husband and wife. The chance that he may perhaps marry one of the girls to whom he is commenting upon their lack of personal hygiene adds piquancy to this jesting, rather of the order that might be duplicated among ourselves by a man's flirting with a woman who he suspects may become his mother-in-law. All of this interplay the small boy or girl sees and assimilates.

What houses a child may enter, whom he may ask for food or water, whom he may accompany on expeditions, are all regulated by these multiple considerations plus the state of his parents' actual personal relationships with others, owing to recent quarrels and disagreement. And all of these points are phrased negatively: "You may not enter this house," not, "You *may* enter this one." It is small wonder that kinship and personal relationships make a child nervous and apprehensive, and that he comes to associate the whole problem with discomfort, trouble, misunderstanding, and quarrels. The fact that his mother's brothers do offer him a refuge

against his father, that his father's brothers may in some cases also offer him shelter, are pleasant facts in an unpleasant context, and only serve to re-emphasize the conflict that is all about him.

Children's play-groups are also invaded by the question of kinship, for, exercising the licence of "mother's brothers," older boys are continually pinching, pushing, threatening, teasing, bullying, smaller children. This is the sole invasion of little children's casual associations by the adult world, unless they stray towards the water and are shrieked at and perhaps beaten. For the rest, little children wander about playing with bright inedible orange fruits that litter the ground, balancing them in the air, or throwing them at each other. Or they play endless little games with their hands, with pieces of stick, or with their toes, the emphasis always being on the skill with which the trick is performed, one child attempting to emulate and outdo another. Into this competitive but unorganized group come the older children, armed with licence to oppress, a licence that they use to the full. If, however, a twelve-year-old "mother's brother" has reduced a four-year-old "sister's son" to tears, one of his own brothers passing near may make this the excuse for thrashing him soundly in theoretical defence of the small sufferer, who is his "sister's son" also. By every turn and twist the rules of kinship are used among pre-adolescents to give licence, licence to tease small children, licence to insult one's father or mother, and licence to humiliate older people. This may in some measure compensate them for the amount of shame that they have been taught to feel about in-law relationships and relationships connected with irregular marriages. By the time the boys are eight to ten years old, patterns of group-play among boys—Mundugumor children never play in two-sex groups—are entirely based on kinship. A spectator who did not realize this would watch with astonishment the end-

less display of physical violence, which is returned in kind with no show of resentment. A blow given by a "mother's brother" or a "sister's son" cannot be resented, and so the small boys grow accustomed to stand a great deal of knocking about and harsh treatment. Only when two brothers become involved in a tussle does the emotional tone change.

The girls, on the other hand, never form a play-group, and have no such set patterns of social behaviour. There are several features of the social structure that are favourable to girls' maintaining more comfortable relations among themselves. This does not mean that sisters are always friendly; the general atmosphere of struggle, competition, and jealousy is too great for that. There is no insistence upon sisters behaving formally and distantly to each other, and half-sisters belong to the same rope. Also there is a close relationship between a girl and the girl for whom she was exchanged; they are spoken of as the "return," one of the other, and there is no emphasis upon rivalry or injury, as there is so often between brothers-in-law. Finally the ordinary marriage picture, the social ideal, is that of one husband and several wives. Although these wives get on rather badly together, although they refuse to feed each other's children and are constantly struggling to be the chosen one who is summoned to the husband's sleeping-basket, nevertheless they form one of the most permanent semi-co-operative organizations in Mundugumor. They live in the same compound, they see each other constantly, and no formalized avoidance or jesting behaviour separates them or regulates their conduct. They call each other "sister" and reproduce the constellation of daughters around the father of the polygynous household. The element of extreme discomfort that characterizes irregular marriages enters the compound when a man marries a widow with a daughter and later marries her daughter, or when he marries a girl who has previously been betrothed to one of his sons.



Here the violation of the generation taboo is felt very strongly indeed, and a mother and daughter who are the wives of the same man may refuse to speak to each other, or may resort to such violent public abuse that the more easily shamed one will commit suicide. Still, there are sometimes twelve or fifteen women in a compound, and the tendency, in the absence of fixed rules of conduct between them, is towards forming shifting alliances within which the degree of enmity is at least less than it is towards the other parties or trios. All of this provides a ground-plan that makes it possible for a group of girls to sit about quietly talking or making grass skirts without the restrictions imposed by an insistence upon avoidance, jesting, or shyness. The very little girls follow their older sisters about, and imitate this busy cheerful behaviour.

The child learns in his experience in the random group of small children a sturdy degree of independence, to return blow for blow, to value his physical liberty. From earliest childhood both boys and girls have been accustomed to resent and fight interference. Very small Mundugumor children resent above everything else having their arms held tight; to be held still in the presence of something that frightens them drives them almost to frenzy. A confining arm does not mean safety; it means a cut-off escape. The only protection that is ever offered to children is the position on the parent's shoulder, where they cling high above the world, and by their own efforts. When they grow a little older, even this succour is denied them and the frightened or angry child retreats into an empty mosquito-net, and lies there, thinking of revenge, until his tears have dried. No gentleness or coddling has ever come their way to make them docile. As they grow older, little girls attach themselves with strong partisan feeling to some older girl or woman in their small locality; little boys do the same. Meanwhile, their rela-



tionships to their parents become more and more tense. Seven-year-old boys will defy their fathers and leave home. Their fathers will not pursue them. But as the girls approach adolescence they are watched with a jealous care, a humiliating surveillance that infuriates them. And behind this difference in the treatment of boys and girls lies no theory that women differ temperamentally from men. They are believed to be just as violent, just as aggressive, just as jealous. They simply are not quite as strong physically, although often a woman can put up a very good fight, and a husband who wishes to beat his wife takes care to arm himself with a crocodile-jaw and to be sure that she is not armed. But as a rule women have no weapons; they are not taught to use weapons, and pregnancy will reduce them to reason if nothing else does. For these reasons, although women choose men as often as men choose women, the society is constructed so that men fight about women, and women elude, defy, and complicate this fighting to the limit of their abilities. So little girls grow up as aggressive as little boys and with no expectation of docilely accepting their rôle in life.

Thus long before a boy is adolescent he understands the behaviour required of him, and resents it. His world is divided into people about each of whom there is a series of prohibitions, cautions, restrictions. He thinks of his kinship to others in terms of the things that are forbidden to him in relation to them, and in terms of hostile attitudes which he may take up; the houses that he may not enter, the boys whom he may not tease or punch because they are his "brothers-in-law," and the little girls whose hair he may pull, the boys whom he may bully, the men from whose baskets he may purloin areca-nut or tobacco. He knows that one way or another he will have to fight over his wife, either fight his father who will wish to take his sister, or his brother who will wish to take his sister, or some prospective brother-

in-law who will steal his sister, or if he has no sister, or loses her, he will have to steal a wife and fight her brothers. The little girl knows that she will be the centre of such conflicts, that the males of her family are already considering her with an eye to their matrimonial plans, that if she is exchanged as a young pre-adolescent girl she will enter a household where the quarrel will merely be shifted—instead of her father and brothers quarrelling as to which one is to exchange her, her husband and his father and brothers will fight over which one is to have her.

When a boy or more rarely a girl is eight or nine, he or she may have the experience of being sent as a hostage to a strange tribe while arrangements are being made for a head-hunting raid. Although all children do not have this experience, and some have it more than once, it is nevertheless significant of the sturdiness of the children's personality that any one of them is felt capable of undergoing such an ordeal. Frightened, not comprehending the language, amid strange faces, strange sounds, strange smells, eating strange food, the small hostage may have to remain for weeks or even months in the hostile atmosphere. And occasionally such child-hostages are sent into Mundugumor hamlets, where they are teased and bullied by the Mundugumor children. Every child has before him, therefore, the possibility of which he knows by hearing other children's tales and because of the stranger children that he has himself maltreated.

Some time before he is adolescent, many a Mundugumor boy will be called upon to despatch a captive for the cannibal feast. This is not a privilege or an honour. The father does not capture or buy<sup>5</sup> a victim so that his son may wear homicidal decorations—as is done in other parts of the Sepik

<sup>5</sup> Victims were sold or exchanged in the eventuality of the capturing group not wishing to eat a member of another group with whom they were on fairly intimate terms. Here, as in all the discussions of war, head-

region. A child does the killing lest the men of other villages should say: "Have you then no children, that grown men among you despatch your captives?" No decorations are given to the child for this kill and unless he takes other heads, it will become a matter for reproach: "You! As a child you killed a captive who was tied fast. But you have killed no one since. You are no warrior!"

As a result of all this Spartan training, pre-adolescent Mundugumor children have an appearance of harsh maturity and, aside from sex-experience, are virtually assimilated to the individualistic patterns of their society by the time they are twelve or thirteen. Initiation comes to girls as somewhat of a privilege granted to them in proportion as they are aggressive and demanding, to boys as a penalty that they cannot escape. It serves to blur the difference in the amount of freedom allowed girls and boys, for while the adolescent girls merely file in to observe the sacred objects, the adolescent boys are rounded up with blows and curses and scarified with crocodile-skulls, a sadistic exercise that obviously pleases their tormentors. Initiation does not come at any stated period, but is a matter of the time when a big man gives an initiation ceremony, so that it occurs several times in the life of a boy or girl from twelve to past twenty or so. These are not *rites de passage*, rituals that tide the individual over changes in his life; they are merely something to which one's society subjects one, if one is a boy, permits one, if one is a girl, at a time when one is still young and immature.

The actual experience of seeing one of the sacred figures or masks is a dignified and awe-inspiring one. The ceremony is prepared for days in advance; all quarrelling and shouting is hushed in the hamlet, flutes play in the morning and eve-

hunting, and cannibalism, it must be remembered that the present tense is used merely stylistically, and that the government has suppressed these practices.

ning, everyone's attention is directed to a common end. The initiates are solemnly led into the presence of the sacred figures, which have been disposed to the best advantage in a nearly dark house. They are instructed in the food taboos which this privilege imposes upon them, and these are the only restrictions that are borne willingly by the Mundugumor. But to enter and see the sacred flutes with their tall, thin shell-encrusted standards surmounted by a manikin figure with a huge head, wearing a diadem of shell and hundreds of graceful and valuable decorations from the midst of which its mother-of-pearl eyes gleam—this is an experience of major importance. About these sacred flutes, the hereditary possession of a rope, the almost-equivalent of a woman, these flutes upon which all the artistic skill of the best carvers and the cherished shell valuables of a whole group of men have been lavished, is centred the pride of the Mundugumor. Of their lands, of their houses, of their loose possessions, they are careless, prodigal, and often generous. They are not an acquisitive people, interested in piling up possessions. But of their flutes they are inordinately proud; they call them by kinship terms, they offer them food with a great flourish, and in a final burst of shame and anger, a man may "break his flute," that is, take it apart and strip it of all its lovely ornamentation, and take away its name. That the young people are allowed to see these objects finally only amid blows and gleeful abuse is simply one more stress on the hostility that exists between all males. For the girls, with their right to choose their rôles, it intensifies their sense of independence. For both sexes, initiation is likely to be a pivot of quarrelling on the part of their parents, and to come only after their pride has smarted under exclusion.

## CHAPTER XII

### YOUTH AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE MUNDUGUMOR

IT is characteristic of Mundugumor conditions that it is not possible to discuss the development of children as an orderly process in which all young people of a certain age have similar experiences. Because there is no systematic sheltering of the young, no tender parental tempering of the wind to the immature, no social concern with rearing and disciplining children, there is an enormous discrepancy between the social positions of two youngsters of the same age. One boy of eleven may have spent three seasons as a hostage in strange tribes, may have fought with his father and left home only to return sulkily to try to defend his sixteen-year-old bride, in whose presence he is resentful and ashamed. Another boy of the same age may still be his mother's pet; he may have been spared any hostage experience, spared a conflict with his father because he is much older than any of his sisters and so no question of their marriage has yet come up; the father, having no daughters to work with him, may still work with his wife, so that the boy is not yet an economic mainstay of his mother. One may have been initiated, the other not. Groups of boys who have undergone such strikingly different experiences have very little coherence. Sometimes a group of boys will play games, games in which there are always two sides and vigorous competition. Or they may band together in outlaw activity, going off to live in the bush, steal from the gardens, hunt and cook their own game. They do this very seldom, but each boy remembers with enthusiasm these nights in the bush, and the glee over stolen

food that was somewhat dampened by a fear of the bush *marsalaïs*.

A boy's usual occupation is that of helping his mother or some elder male relative, usually not his father or his brother, in finding wood for house-building or woodwork, in hunting pigeon, felling sago-palm trunks to make grub-traps, or gathering breadfruit for a feast. All of this activity is casual and desultory, never planned except when a feast is on foot. An adolescent boy may spend a great deal of time with some one young man, as a brother-in-law, for several weeks, then some slight insult may alienate them altogether, and the pair be seen together no more.

Girls of this age are also divided by their experience; some are married and living in the houses of their mothers-in-law, some have been successfully kept at-home by jealous fathers. While the betrothed girls may be fretting over the indignity of having husbands too young to copulate with them, or too old to be desirable, the unbetrothed girls are fretting because their fathers follow them about everywhere and never permit them any privacy. Temporary alliances are sometimes formed in pursuance of love-affairs, but for the most part each pair of Mundugumor lovers acts in complete secrecy. The implications of a love-affair are so dangerous that it is inadvisable to trust anyone. In the face of all Mundugumor conflicts about arranged marriages there exists a violent preference for individual selection of one's mate. Children who have been accustomed to fight even for their first drops of milk do not docilely accept prescribed marriages arranged for other people's convenience. Almost every girl, betrothed or not, goes about with her skin polished and her grass skirt gay and stylish, with her eye out for a lover, and boys and men are watchful for the slightest sign of favour. The love-affairs of the young unmarried people are sudden and highly charged, characterized by passion rather than by tenderness



or romance. A few hastily whispered words, a tryst muttered as they pass on a trail, are often the only interchange between them after they have chosen each other and before that choice is expressed in intercourse. The element of time and discovery is always present, goading them towards the swiftest possible cut-and-run relationship. The words in which a slightly older man advises a boy give the tone of these encounters: "When you meet a girl in the bush and copulate with her, be careful to come back to the village quickly and with explanations to account for your disappearance. If your bow-string is snapped, say that it caught on a passing bush. If your arrows are broken, explain that you tripped and caught them against a branch. If your loin-cloth is torn, or your face scratched, or your hair disarrayed, be ready with an explanation. Say that you fell, that you caught your foot, that you were running after game. Otherwise people will laugh in your face when you return." A girl is similarly advised: "If your ear-rings are torn out of your ears, and the cord of your necklace broken, if your grass skirt is torn and bedraggled, and your face and arms scratched and bleeding, say that you were frightened, that you heard a noise in the bush and ran and fell. Otherwise people will taunt you with having met a lover." Foreplay in these quick encounters takes the form of a violent scratching and biting match, calculated to produce the maximum amount of excitement in the minimum amount of time. To break the arrows or the basket of the beloved is one standard way of demonstrating consuming passion; so also is tearing off ornaments, and smashing them if possible.

Before she marries, a girl may have a number of affairs, each characterized by the same quick violence, but it is dangerous. If the matter is discovered the whole community will know that she is no longer a virgin, and the Mundugumor value virginity in their daughters and brides. Only

a virgin may be offered in exchange for a virgin, and a girl whose virginity is known to be lost can be exchanged only for one whose exchange value has been similarly damaged. However, if a man marries a girl and then discovers she is not a virgin, he says nothing about it, for his own reputation is now involved and people would mock him. Sometimes the bush meetings are varied by an accepted lover's slipping into the girl's sleeping-basket at night. Fathers may, if they wish, sleep with their adolescent daughters until they marry, and mothers have a similar right to sleep with their sons. Particularly jealous fathers and particularly possessive mothers exercise this privilege. Often, however, two girls are allowed to sleep together in a basket; if one of the pair is away, the other temporarily has the basket to herself. If she receives a lover in her sleeping-basket, she risks not only discovery but actual injury, for an angry father who discovers the intruder may fasten up the opening of the sleeping-bag and roll the couple down the house-ladder, which is almost perpendicular and some six or seven feet in height. The bag may receive a good kicking and even a prodding with a spear or an arrow before it is opened. As a result, this method of courtship, although very occasionally resorted to by desperate lovers in the wet season when the bush is flooded, is not very popular. Young men relate with bated breath the most conspicuous mishaps that have befallen their elders, mishaps so uproariously humiliating and damaging to pride and person that they have become sagas of mirth. While the lover from another hamlet will therefore seldom risk a tryst within the house, new relationships between people temporarily housed together are often set up in this way, where the risk is much smaller.

The mosquito-basket plays a constantly recurring rôle in the lives of the Mundugumor. As an infant a child is carried into the basket with its head pinioned firmly under

its mother's arms for fear that its neck will be broken. Later in life, frightened children and sulking adults hide in their mosquito-baskets. Angry parents eject their children from the mosquito-basket to spend a cold, mosquito-tormented night outside. Fathers fasten the openings of their adolescent daughters' baskets with a spear, and force their adolescent sons to sleep on an exposed platform with no protection whatsoever. All ideas of secrecy, concealment of hurt pride, tears, anger, or sexual delinquency centre about the mosquito-baskets, which afford a degree of privacy unusual in native society. Whereas a bush encounter between lovers is violent and athletic, a tryst in a basket must be in absolute silence and comparative immobility—a form of sex-activity that the Mundugumor regard as much less satisfactory. In later married life, men who are actively interested in their wives accompany them habitually into the bush, ostensibly to assist them in their work, actually to copulate with them under the courtship conditions in which a rough-and-tumble battle is permitted. The delights of these bush encounters may be enhanced by copulating in other people's gardens, an act that will spoil their yam-crops. These expeditions of married couples into the bush are a form of permissible exhibitionism; people will remark with a cheerful leer: "Oh, he has gone to *help* his wife cut sago. He *helped* her yesterday, too." The swing between extreme reticence and such unabashed frankness runs through all Mundugumor behaviour. At one moment a woman will refuse to wear any ornaments given her by her husband and insist upon wearing no ornaments except those which her father or brother has given her; at another she will be shouting frank abuse and strong personal claims on her husband to one of her cowives. A man who is accustomed to receive when leaving a ceremonial group the parting injunction: "Don't stop to copulate with your wife. Hurry back, we all know what you are likely to do": will

turn suddenly sullen with rage when he discovers that two small boys have been peering at his wife and himself from behind a log. He may be so angry that he will attempt to kill the boys by sorcery. The changes between a deep sense of personal inviolability and privacy and the coarsest, most Rabelaisian references to all of one's activities are continually being rung under cover of the various joking relationships. As a result, all conversation, especially about matters pertaining to sex, has the character of playing ball with hand-grenades. The point of the game is to make the most unbearable comment that the butt will bear without resorting to a spear, sorcery, the destruction of his own property, or suicide. It is against such a background of overt comment and frank sadistic enjoyment of other people's discomfiture that young lovers must walk warily, with ready alibis for their wounds.

In the quick, violent love-affairs of the young a strong possessiveness develops rapidly, especially on the part of a girl in her first affair. The married men have more affairs than the married women. A girl's first lover is very often a married man. She will try to persuade him to elope with her; very often she will take the matter into her own hands and run away to him in spite of his prudent demurrer. Very rarely she may have a sympathetic and easy-going father, or her lover may have a younger sister unbetrothed and available for the necessary return wife for her younger brother, and in this case it may be possible for her to tell her father that she has chosen such and such a lover. The affair may then be arranged quietly between the parents of the lovers, and the girl will go with slight ceremony to the house of her lover. At this time she may carry the shell-covered sacred flute that is her dowry, which she will pass on to her son, or this flute may not be given to her until the birth of her first son. If, on the other hand, the girl is betrothed, or her

lover has no sisters who can be given in exchange for her, then a fight is inevitable. A day for the elopement is set and the lover gathers about him as many of his male kin as he can enlist. The girl runs away to a spot they have agreed upon and the party of the man gathers there to defend her. She carries with her, if she has one and if she can manage to do it, the sacred flute, which otherwise her angry male relatives will try to keep from her. Her relatives pursue her, and a battle is fought, varying in bitterness according to the chances of a return payment, and in proportion to her father's or brother's possessiveness about her. About one-third of Mundugumor marriages begin in this violent fashion.

The third form of marriage is the arranged marriage between very young adolescents, arrangements that usually follow one of the two forms of marriage by choice, but which sometimes, if there are two sibling pairs anywhere near the right ages, will be entered into as a peacemaking ceremony between the two fathers concerned. With a desperate desire to exchange a sister for a sister, the Mundugumor pay little attention to relative ages. A sixteen-year-old sister is regarded as the property of her five-year-old brother. When she chooses a husband, or even when an exchange marriage is arranged for her, his wife must be chosen also—and this wife may be of any age from one year to fourteen or fifteen. If the girl who is given in return is nearing adolescence she is sent almost at once into her betrothed's household, not that she may learn to like living there, or that the transition from one household to another may be easy and gentle, but so that her own kin can shift the responsibility for her elopement if it should occur. They have washed their hands of the whole matter; they have paid for the wife of their son and they can no longer be held responsible. Hastily, unceremoniously, they hand over the pre-adolescent girl to her future parents-in-law.

The girl who has been sent to discharge her brother's debt enters a situation that is well-defined culturally. Her husband is almost always younger than herself, and even if they are nearly of an age he is at least at just the age to be most embarrassed and miserable over having a wife. She has not chosen him; she does not expect to have any use for him. He will avoid her, growl angrily if she is referred to as his wife, and yet watch her every move jealously, continually schooled by his mother in the need for asserting his possessiveness. Since he is too young to possess her sexually, this nervous self-assertion is likely to take the form of spying. Meanwhile the elders are divided. It may be that as the girl develops she catches the eye of the father or of an elder brother of the boy husband. Then a struggle develops within the household, depending primarily upon the strength of the different personalities, and to some extent upon the girl herself. If she prefers one member of the family above another, her choice is often decisive; if she hates the entire family as a group of people who have been forced upon her, she will be pulled about with very little voice in the matter unless she can find a lover who will elope with her. If no older member of the household desires her or considers that it is safe to try to obtain her, the attention of the household will be focused upon chaperoning her, and this chaperonage is more rigid than that afforded her by her blood-kin, because their chances of reclaiming her or getting a return for her will be less. So the affinal group try to get the marriage consummated as quickly as possible. They agree with the Arapesh that precocious sex-indulgence stunts a boy's growth, but far from taking the Arapesh way of stalling off sex-indulgence, they actually force the boy into it. Once married, he may stick to his wife, and she may remain with him rather than eloping; a lot of trouble will be saved. So two sulky, hostile young people are bundled into a mosquito-net. If they quar-



rel so that one is ejected, no one in the household will shelter the one who has been ejected; he or she must sleep among the mosquitoes. If the boy runs away to some relative and refuses to have anything to do with the girl, he forfeits his right to demand that his kin provide him with a wife. They have fulfilled their obligation and he has refused to accept the wife provided for him. Sometimes he runs away, sometimes she finds herself a lover. The girl, however, is often too young and unformed to be able to do this; most often the two, if near of an age, will remain together, at least for some years. A man now has a first wife to whom he is bound by ties of custom rather than by those of desire. If she becomes pregnant, he will be less annoyed than in the case of the wife of his hot choice. Young, weedy, bewildered, and sulky, he finds himself a father. And the girl once burdened with a child finds her chances of ever escaping less, for Mundugumor men may have affairs with married women but they are not interested in marrying a woman with children. These young wives early attach themselves to their sons, and in middle age seem more like widows than like wives. In fact, I found that in my thoughts I was continually referring to the mothers of adolescent boys as "widows" although they might actually be the first wives of hale and hearty husbands.

This then is the structure of Mundugumor society within which young people grow up, marry, and have children. There is a premium upon virginity, and a vigorous, positively sexed group of young girls who plan their own affairs in spite of a restrictive chaperonage. There is a social standard which prescribes that the sister is used in payment for her brother's wife, and a continuous flouting of this standard by her father, her brother, and the sisterless lover who attempts to abduct her. The marriages that become established are first, the arranged marriages between the very young,

which persists because the spouses are too young to escape it, and second, the marriage of choice in which a strong passionate relationship is muted by pregnancy, another wife, and the resulting quarrels and jealousy. Finally, death and the redistribution of the widows creates further confusion, quarrelling between the male heirs, and quarrelling within the polygynous households, especially when a woman brings with her a partly grown daughter or son. While the abduction of a woman is a concern for a whole community, quarrels within the household are frequent and have small effect outside the compound. A man may beat his wife so that she puts on white mourning-paint and sits far from the house, wailing ceremonially so that all passers-by can see her. They may stop in curiosity, but even her own brothers will not participate. It is not a society in which women are regarded as fragile and in need of male assistance. When women are intractable, husband and brothers may band together to keep them in order. Although the trouble which they cause is of a different order from that caused by men and is more confined to the field of personal relations, they are regarded as fully responsible trouble-makers, not as persons in need of protection or guidance. Because the girl is very often more mature than the boy, either because of the conditions of the marriage return or because she has made the first move in a bush liaison, many marriages of young people are dominated by the more aggressive, mature wife. As she ages a little, the husband becomes more conscious of his own powers, and is ready to exercise his initiative in courting younger women if possible. The aggressive wife continues upon her aggressive course, now operating through her son. It is not a society in which anyone retires willingly. Grandmothers who are newly widowed and remarried make a strong bid for their husbands' attention, counting upon the newness of their charms.

The interests of the children are not something upon which the two parents can unite; rather children tend to separate them, or to be used in the conflicts between the parents. The element of fierce, specific sexual antagonism is as strong in a household that contains adolescent children as it is in the marriages of young people. And throughout the battle, the woman is regarded as a fit adversary, who is, it is true, handicapped, but never weak.

## CHAPTER XIII

### DEVIANTS FROM THE MUNDUGUMOR IDEAL

WE HAVE seen how the Mundugumor ideal of character is identical for the two sexes; how both men and women are expected to be violent, competitive, aggressively sexed, jealous and ready to see and avenge insult, delighting in display, in action, in fighting. The Mundugumor have selected as their ideal the very types of men and women which the Arapesh consider to be so incomprehensible that they hardly allow for their occurrence. Wabe and Temos, Ombomb and Sauwedjo, would have adjusted much more easily to Mundugumor standards than to Arapesh ones. We saw in the discussion of the Arapesh that these more violent personalities were given slight outlet there, and were in fact driven towards a neurotic paranoid response to unintelligible social requirements. What happens in Mundugumor, where this type, so unprovided for among the Arapesh, is given the fullest chance for social development? If the violent, strongly sexed man or woman is driven to neurotic conflict with his or her society, does the opposite condition obtain in Mundugumor? What happens to the mild man who would like to shelter his sons as well as his daughters, and the woman who would like to cuddle her baby in her arms? Do they stand out as clearly as misfits as do the Arapesh misfits?

"He was not strong, he had no brothers," say the Mundugumor, in spite of their formulations of mutual hostility and distrust between brothers. And in this often repeated saying, they state the use that Mundugumor society has for its misfits, for the boys whose hands tremble on the massacring

knife at their first kill, for the boys who never appoint a rendezvous with a woman in the bush from which they will return proud and bleeding, for the boys who do not try to appropriate all their sisters or, being younger, accept the elder brother's appropriation of them all, for the boys who never defy their fathers, even when their mothers goad them on. They are the ones in whose purposes no brother will co-operate. These become the men who make the continuance of Mundugumor society possible. They can live near other men without continually quarrelling with them or seducing their wives and daughters. They have no ambitions of their own and are content to play a humble part in the fight, to stand back of their aggressive brothers in an intra-hamlet scrap, an inter-hamlet fight, or on a head-hunting raid. They form the constellations about the leaders, living as younger brothers, as sons-in-law, as brothers-in-law, co-operating in house-building, in feast preparations, in raids. Although the Mundugumor ideal is that every man should be a lion, fighting proudly for his share and surrounded by several equally violent lionesses, in actual practice there are a fair number of sheep in the society, men to whom pride, violence, and competitiveness do not appeal. Because of these men a certain number of the rules are kept, and so are passed on to the next generation; some families of sisters are equally divided among brothers, the dead are mourned for, children are fed. When the proud polygynist quarrels with the son whose sister he is about to use in exchange for a wife for himself, the son can take refuge with one of these milder men. The atmosphere of struggle and conflict would become unbearable and actually impossible to maintain if it were not for them, for each man would have only an army of one to put in the field. Instead of complicating the social life by taking up positions that are confusing and unintelligible, as do the misfits among the

Arapesh, they actually make possible the violent competitive life that is really so uncongenial to them.

And are such men misfits? If by misfit we mean the individual who makes trouble for his society, they are not. But if we include under the term "misfit" all those who find no congenial outlet for their special talents, who never find throughout life a rôle that is suited to them, then they may be called misfits. Where the ideal of the society is a virgin wife, they must be content with widows, with fought-over women, with women whom other men do not want. Where success is measured in terms of number of wives, number of heads taken, and large displays made, they can only point to one wife, often no heads at all, and certainly no large feasts. They are loyal in a society that counts loyalty to be a stupid disregard of the real facts about the essential enmity which exists between all males; they are parental in a society that is explicit about the lack of reward in parenthood.

Beyond the meek acceptance of this minor, undistinguished rôle, there are two courses open to them, day-dreaming, or the circumvention of the social emphases. The first is the more common. A mild man will keep his sons by him, and talk to them of the days when people kept the rules, when people married correctly and there was none of this irregularity which causes people to "stand up and stare" at each other, when fathers cherished their sons, and sons were careful to observe all the little rituals that preserve their fathers' lives, even forbearing to walk in the path that their fathers had recently trodden. So spoke Kalekúmban, a mild and stupid man who had given shelter at one time or another to some dozen of his young male relatives. And so spoke one-eyed Komeákua, who loved to paint but, not having been born with a cord around his neck, could only do apprentice work beneath the lash of the master craftsman's tongue. Komeákua had always stood by his brothers; and later by his



nephews; late in his uneventful life, he had obtained a widow as a wife, and she had borne him two boys whom he paraded about the village in touching disregard of other people's amusement. On his tongue, as on the tongue of Kalekúmban, were the aphorisms that dealt with more peaceful and more organized days. There is a good deal of evidence for the existence in the past of a time when Mundugumor society was less devastated by violence; the kinship organization bears traces of such a period. But there is no evidence as to whether this was three generations or twenty generations ago. Day-dreamers like Kalekúmban are quite capable of perpetuating and elaborating the legend indefinitely, the legend of the time when everything was "straight," when ropes and patrilineal groups were woven together, when people cooperated with each other and kept the rules. And this day-dreaming is probably a real drawback to the society. It prevents young people from adjusting realistically to the actual conditions and formulating new rules that would deal with them adequately. It keeps the attention of the more law-abiding paralyzed with a sterile yearning towards the past, and it gives everyone a sense of guilt. If this former imputed Elysium were ignored, a man might find his erstwhile sister classified as an uncle's wife without tingling with shame and anger. The old residence rules, the old marriage exchanges, being gone for ever, new ones might be worked out. All this the day-dreaming maladjust prevents; too weak, too ineffectual, too unplaced to have very much influence in shaping his present society, he serves to confuse the issues. Whatever gifts he has his society makes slight use of, and the most definite result of his sense of maladjustment is not advantageous.

The other type of maladjusted man is much rarer, and there was only one conspicuous example in the tribe when we were there. This was Ombléan, who was our most gifted

informant. He was a slender, delicately made, vivid young man, by temperament committed to none of the Mundugumor ends. He was gentle, co-operative, responsive, easily enlisted in the causes of others. His household was always filled with people for whose care he had no genuine responsibility. Besides his one wife, Ndebáme, whom he had finally obtained by a fluke, and their three little children, he looked after his mother-in-law, Sangofélia, and her two children by her second husband. This husband was one of the most prominent and wealthy men in the community, but he had wearied of Sangofélia and begun to treat her badly. Ombléan had taken her in. Then there was a sister of Ndebáme who had quarrelled with her husband, and with her small baby had taken refuge there. And while we were in the village, Numba, a great gawky immature adolescent who had been forced by his parents to begin sleeping with his gangly young wife, ran away to Ombléan—who was merely a cousin of his—and continued to live in his house. Ombléan thus had on his hands three women, five little children, and a lazy, overgrown boy. None of these people who imposed upon him respected him particularly; he was too slight and too good-natured to beat them with crocodile-skulls or throw fire-sticks at them. As a result, he did a great deal of work himself, growing yams and working sago and hunting to feed his household, where the women often refused to fish. He was indefatigable, resourceful, and too energetic and intelligent to take refuge in day-dreaming. Instead he studied his society, learned every rule and every loop-hole through which intelligence could outmatch brute strength. He was the most intellectual informant we have ever had, so analytical and sophisticated that we found that in order to avoid being repetitious or monotonous he discussed the actual working of the society with Mr. Fortune, and the way theoretically it should work with me. His own alienation from all the

current motivations had sharpened his already superior intelligence to a point very seldom found within a homogeneous culture. But he was cynical where he would, in another context, have been enthusiastic. He had to spend his splendid intellectual gifts in circumventing a society in which he was spiritually not at home. Two weeks after we left Mundugumor, a recruiter's pinnace returned some thirty Mundugumor young men who had been away working in the gold-fields. These men had gone away with rage and anger in their hearts, ritually shaking the dust of the place from their feet, spitting the earth out of their mouths, swearing never to return until the death of the fathers and elder brothers who had robbed them of wives. Now, after two years spent in aggravating each other's vengefulness, they returned, and leapt, knives and tomahawks in hand, upon the group of men who had gathered to witness their return. Ombléan was a government appointee, he had accepted the burden of negotiating between government and the Mundugumor; he thrust himself into the thick of the fray in an effort to stop the slaughter, and was badly wounded.

And who were the maladjusted women in Mundugumor? Kwenda was a good example. Kwenda was plump and soft, where the ideal Mundugumor woman is tall, lithe, and slender. Kwenda loved children. She had refused to throw away her first child, a boy, in spite of her husband Mbunda's request that she do so. While she was suckling the child he had eloped with another woman. Instead of stiffening her back in anger, she had followed him and his new wife. Outraged, he had thrown her out and left her in his maternal village of Biwat, and himself gone off to work for the white man. In Biwat, Kwenda had borne twins; they died. She returned to Kenakatem, and went to live with Yeshimba, a father's brother. Then Gisambut, the reserved sister of Ombléan, bore twin girls, and Kwenda, with no one to help

her earn a living, adopted one and soon was able to feed it entirely from her ample breasts. The little twin flourished, grew as tall as the sister who was suckled by her own mother, but on the face of Kwenda's twin there was always a dimpling smile, on the face of the child suckled by her own mother, a harsh set frown. Kwenda's twin was more often about the village, and I was accustomed to greeting it and receiving a happy smile. To encounter Gisambut's twin suddenly and meet the set anxious stare was an experience that had a quality of nightmare about it, which summed up all the difference between the average Mundugumor child's experience and that of Kwenda's little twin, upon whom she lavished a joyous, uninhibited affection. Not only would she work willingly all day for her six-year-old son and the little twin, but she worked also for others. Anyone who wanted a coconut-palm climbed had only to coax Kwenda, and disregarding her plumpness and her heavy breasts, which made climbing more difficult for her than for other women, she would be up it, smiling the while. Not only did she suckle the little twin, but often she took on other women's infants for the day. Her husband returned to the village and took a young, sharp-faced wife, for whom he adopted a child so that she would not have to inconvenience him by bearing one. They went every day into the bush to work sago. He hated the sound of Kwenda's name, and declared he would never take her back. He even tried an experiment that is thoroughly abhorrent to most Mundugumor, but is a standard practice of a neighbouring people; he tried to prostitute her to a boy from another tribe. He did this by pretending that he himself would come to her in the night. The plan failed, and while the community was a little horrified, for prostituting their women is incompatible with Mundugumor pride and possessiveness, there was an undertone of feeling that you couldn't blame a man for being fed up with a wife like Kwenda, a woman who was so

consistently, stupidly good-natured, devoted, and maternal. Kwenda, young, warm, and vigorous, would remain a grass widow; no strong man would take her for a wife, no weak one would try because Mbunda, not wanting her himself, would nevertheless demand a high price for her. So in Mundugumor the easy-going, responsive, warmly parental woman, like the easy-going, responsive, warmly parental man, is at a social discount.

On the other hand there are other aberrant personalities who are so violent that even Mundugumor standards have no place for them. A man of this sort becomes too continuously embroiled with his fellows, until he may be finally killed treacherously during an attack on another tribe, or possibly a member of his own tribe may kill him and accept the meagre penalty—a prohibition on wearing head-hunting honours. Or he may flee into the swamps and perish there. A woman of equal violence, who continually tries to attach new lovers and is insatiable in her demands, may in the end be handed over to another community to be communally raped. But the fate of these violent persons is consistent with the Mundugumor ideal, which looks forward to a violent death for women as well as for men. As long as the white man merely raided and burnt Mundugumor hamlets, or killed a few of the Mundugumor on punitive expeditions after some outrage on another tribe or attack on a passing white man, it was impossible to subdue them. To die at the hands of the white man was a little more honourable than to die in a fight with the Andoar men or the men of Kendavi. With pride they relate the story of the Mundugumor who was hung by white men for murder; he had raised his right hand in the air, he had called the names of his ancestors and of his place, and he had died. The only pathetic point was that he had been given a fowl to eat, and as this was his totem, and he had been dying in style—for the Mundugumor are habitually

very careless about their totemic taboos—he had refused to eat it and had died hungry. It was not until the fear of prison for the big men was substituted for the fear of a punitive expedition that the Mundugumor came under government control. The leaders were willing to face death, but to face six months in prison wondering who had seduced or stolen their wives—this humiliating inactivity they were not willing to face. So for three years peace had reigned, head-hunting was over, and the cannibal feast was held no longer.

In such a setting, it will be seen that the occasional individual whose greater violence and bad luck resulted in death was not regarded as having had a poor life of it. It was the Ombléans, the Kwendas, who were the real mal-adjusted persons, whose gifts were spent in a hopeless effort to stem the stream of an uncongenial tradition, where both men and women were expected to be proud, harsh, and violent, and where the tenderer sentiments were felt to be as inappropriate in one sex as in the other.



PART THREE

THE LAKE-DWELLING TCHAMBULI

## THE CHOICE OF TCHAMBULI

Study of the Mundugumor people had yielded results similar to those obtained among the Arapesh; both men and women were moulded to the same temperamental pattern, although that pattern itself, in its violence, its individualism, its lust for power and position, contrasted sharply with the Arapesh ideal personality, with its gentle, cherishing emphasis. We cast about for a third people, again guided by considerations essentially irrelevant to the relations between the sexes. For counsellor we had the district officer, Mr. Eric Robinson, whose years of service on the Sepik had made him familiar with all parts of his district. He offered two suggestions, the Washkuk mountain people, who lived above the government station at Ambunti and were only barely under control, and the Tchambuli tribe on the Aibom Lake. The Washkuks he described as simple, sturdy, lovable people still untouched by very much contact with the white man. The first recruits from Washkuk had not yet returned to flaunt their pidgin English and their loin-cloths in the old men's faces and introduce a new element into the native life. The Tchambuli had been under control a little longer, about seven years. After having been driven away into the hills by the head-hunters of the middle Sepik, they had been brought back to their original villages under government protection. They were a people with an intricate art, an elaborate culture, with many points in common with the complex culture of the middle Sepik. We determined to inspect the Washkuks first, and made a special expedition to their mountain top. Then we found little bearded men who communicated with us through the medium of two intervening languages and implored us not to come and live with them, because then they would obviously have to stay in their scattered villages to look after us, and they had just completed preparations for a long wandering hunting-trip. There were not many of them and they lived in twos and threes all over the steep mountain side. Because they seemed very much like the Arapesh, because they themselves felt that their lives would be hopelessly upset by our stay, because conditions of transport and of field-work would have been very difficult, we decided to try the Tchambuli instead. And so, knowing only that we went to a group of lake-dwellers with a fine and living art, we came to Tchambuli.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE PATTERN OF TCHAMBULI SOCIAL LIFE

THE Tchambuli people live on a lake that two water-ways connect with the Sepik River, about one hundred and eighty miles from its mouth. This lake lies in fen country, with occasional small abrupt hills along its southern extremity. Its outlines are irregular and its contours are continually changing as the large floating islands of grass are pushed here and there by the shifting winds. Occasionally one of these little islands, which are often large enough to carry several full-grown trees, will lodge permanently against one of the shores of the lake; sometimes it will block the mouth of a water-way and have to be chopped up into segments in order to clear a passage for the native canoes. The condition of the smaller water-ways through the high grass changes with the wind, now offering clear passage, now completely blocked.

The water of the lake is so coloured with dark peat-brown vegetable matter that it looks black on the surface, and when no wind stirs it, resembles black enamel. On this polished surface, in still times the leaves of thousands of pink and white lotuses and a smaller deep-blue water-lily are spread, and among the flowers, in the early morning, the white osprey and the blue heron stand in great numbers, completing the decorative effect, which displays almost too studied a pattern to seem completely real. When the wind blows and ruffles the black surface to a cold blue, the lotus-leaves that lay so inert and thick upon the enamel surface are ruffled, and lifting lightly along their stems, show themselves to be not

a green monotone, but a variable rose and silver-green, and of a delicate and pliant thinness. The small sharp hills that edge the lake gather clouds upon their summits which resemble snow and accentuate their steep rise from the fen-land level.

The Tchambuli people are a small tribe; only five hundred in all speak the language, and one division of these speaks it with a different accent and some difference in vocabulary. They live in three hamlets along the edge of the Tchambuli Mountain, with their ceremonial houses standing on high posts like long-legged birds along the plashy lake-shore. Between the ceremonial houses—there are fifteen in all—runs a road on which men go afoot during low water, and along which they push their narrow dug-out canoes with the forked tips of their grass paddles when the lake has risen and flooded the ground-floors of these houses. This floor is merely of packed clay, with raised platforms along each side where each member of the ceremonial houses has his appointed sitting-place. Fire-places are ranged down the centre, about which stand a few carved stools on which one may sit and let the thick smoke play about one's legs as protection from the mosquitoes. Sometimes long flapping shutters of dark and light green leaves woven into intricate patterns are hung along the sides of the lower story, to protect those within from the eyes of passers-by. When footsteps or voices are heard on the path, these flimsy shutters sway back and forth and the people inside peer out curiously, and shout a formal greeting. This is the men's road, and women and girls only honour it upon festival occasions. The road winds along the irregular lake-shore, and at every second turn one comes upon a new ceremonial house thirty to forty feet long, standing parallel with the lake, with slender high steeples set in each gable-end and a ridge-pole that dips in the centre, giving the roof the profile of a crescent moon. On each thatched and

leaf-patterned gable-end there is a huge face, carved in low relief and painted in red and white. When a new house is built, the steeples are first lightly constructed of wattle-work, and wattle-work birds, one male, one female, are set upon the steeple tips. Later, at the leisure of the builders, the steeples are solidly thatched over and the wicker-work birds are discarded for a heavier ornament, a wooden bird whose wings spring from the hollow figure of a man.

From each ceremonial house a path runs a few hundred feet up the steep and rock-strewn hill-side, to the level where the large houses of the women are hidden among the trees. These houses are longer and lower than the men's houses, the ridge-pole is straight and flat; they stand oblong, solid, on firm piles, with well-constructed floors and sturdy ladders leading up to each entrance, strong enough to last a good many years and large enough to house three or four family groups. Pigs root about the ladders, half-woven baskets hang from the ceiling, fishing apparatus stands about. The path to the shore up and down which the women go to their fishing and the men to the gaieties of the ceremonial houses is well worn. The dwelling-houses, which are specifically spoken of as "the houses of the women," are connected by an upper road that runs along the hill-side and upon which women walk from one house to another. Each house shelters from two to four families, and within the roomy walls there is always a group of women, cooking, plaiting, mending their fishing-gear. In their energetic friendly activity there is an air of solidarity, of firm co-operation and group purpose, which is lacking in the gaily decorated ceremonial houses along the shore, where each man sits down daintily in his own place and observes his companions narrowly.

In the early morning, when the first light covers the lake, the people are already astir. The women, with their peaked rain-capes on their heads, come down the hill-sides and wade

through the lotuses to their slender canoes, on their way to inspect or to reset their great bell-shaped wicker fish-traps. A few of the men are already in the ceremonial houses, especially in those where one or two small novices, boys of ten or twelve, their bodies smeared with white paint, are crouching in the chill of the early morning. The novices are permitted to sleep in their mothers' houses but must be up and away before day-break, creeping down to the lake-shore cloaked in a rain-mat that completely covers them. From one ceremonial house a slit gong may be sounding with the beat peculiar to that house, summoning men from other parts of the settlement to some ceremonial task, to help cut new thatch, or to plait masks for a dance.

On market-days, parties of canoes set off for the distant point in the fens where they meet the sulky intractable people of the bush, to trade fish and shell money for sago and sugarcane. The currency of the market is green snail-shells, *talibun*.<sup>1</sup> These shells, which come from the far-away island of Wallis, off the Arapesh coast, have been ground down and ornamented with little scrolls of coiled basketry by the people to the north of the Sepik. The shells come to the Tchambuli each already possessing marked individuality of size, shape, weight, colour, polish, and ornamentation, and the Tchambuli regard each as having sex and personality. Where *talibun* are used, barter at the market becomes not purchase of food for money, but exchange of food for valuables, among which there is wide exercise of choice. It is shopping on both sides, and the possessor of the currency must plead the virtue of his particular coin even more strongly than must the possessor of the food.

As the sun grows hotter women come in from their fishing and climb the hill-side again, and from the tree-hidden houses

<sup>1</sup> This is the pidgin-English term and used here because of its widespread use in New Guinea.



there comes a continuous sound of women's voices like the twittering of a flock of birds. When people pass each other on the paths, or in canoes, they greet each other with endless polite phrases: "You come?" "Lo, I come, on my way to pick lotuses." "You go then to pick lotuses." "Yes, I go to pick lotuses to eat." "Go then, and pick lotuses."

The daily life follows the quiet rhythm of women's fishing and weaving, and men's ceremonial occupations. For an event like a feast, or a masked dance, the whole community stops work, the men and children dress in gorgeous holiday attire. The men, with bird-of-paradise or cassowary-feather head-dresses over their carefully arranged curls, the children, with shell-embroidered cowls and heavy shell necklaces and girdles, gather on the dancing-ground, the men moving self-consciously, abashed to eat, among the crowds of smiling, unadorned, efficient women, and the children munching lengths of sugar-cane. An event such as a death, or a scarification of a small boy or girl, necessitates a feast. Fifty or sixty women gather in one house, clustering in cooking groups about the fire-place pots, meticulously brushing off their pottery griddles, and cooking the thin, perfectly symmetrical sago-pancakes that accompany all feasts. At certain points in the proceedings, specially cooked food or shell valuables are carried along the shore-road, from one ceremonial house to another, by small ritually organized parties of men and women. Masked figures often accompany them, clowning and pantomiming their way among the groups of dancing women, who periodically dive between their legs, or break their beautifully etched lime-gourds in a shower of white powder beneath their dancing feet. Almost always there is plenty of food. The people depend not upon an agricultural crop that has to be tended and harvested—although a few of the more energetic and aberrant men occasionally make themselves yam-gardens on the heights or taro-gardens at low

water—but upon sago, which is purchased in large quantities and stored in tall earthen pots with grotesque faces in high relief around the neck. There is no need for daily labour; sago is stored, fish is smoked, the market does not come every day, and it is always possible to stop all work for several days and attend whole-heartedly to a ritual or a feast. This is the normal course of life, but occasionally, when there has been much war among the sago-producing bush people, or particularly bad fishing for the Tchambuli, and it is the season when the supplementary taro-gardens are all under water, there is hunger. The people, used to the easy hospitality and bright hard display of abundance, have no code to deal with famine except a pitiless intolerance of theft. The food-thief was mercilessly handed over to another of the hamlets, where he or she was executed and his head counted as a trophy to validate the ceremonial house of that group, and a price was paid to the hamlet to which the thief belonged.

Thus head-hunting and the execution of criminals were combined. It was considered necessary that every Tchambuli boy should in childhood kill a victim, and for this purpose live victims, usually infants or young children, were purchased from other tribes. Or a captive in war or a criminal from another Tchambuli hamlet sufficed. The small boy's spear-hand was held by his father, and the child, repelled and horrified, was initiated into the cult of head-hunting. The blood of the victim was splashed on the foot of the upright stones that stand in the little clearing outside the ceremonial house, and if the victim was a child, the body was buried beneath one of the house-posts. The head, like the heads of enemies killed in warfare, was built up in clay modelling on the original skull, and painted in fantastic patterns of black and white, with shell eyes, and glued-on curls, and hung up in the ceremonial house as a trophy to boast about. But the Tchambuli were not enthusiastic about warfare or

head-hunting; it is true that a ceremonial house must have heads, but they preferred to buy the bastards and orphans and criminals of the bush people and kill them ceremonially in the village, rather than run the risks of battle. The adornment of the heads was a fine art, their possession a point of ritual pride; their acquisition was made as safe and tame as possible.

In this, the Tchambuli contrast sharply with their fierce and warlike neighbours of the middle Sepik, who regarded head-hunting as the most important male occupation. The middle-Sepik people depend upon the Tchambuli for the manufacture of the great plaited mosquito-bags that are regarded as the inevitable and necessary furniture of all native houses in this mosquito-infested region. The Tchambuli also offer a market for the canoes made on the Sepik, as the Sepik natives obtained iron canoe-making tools much earlier and in larger amounts than the Tchambuli. But their Sepik neighbours hold the Tchambuli in great contempt and regard them as good raiding material. About twelve years before, the Tchambuli had finally broken before the continuous raiding, head-taking, and house-burning activities of the middle Sepik, and the inhabitants of the three hamlets fled to their trade-friends, one group going far away to the Kolosomali River, a second into the mountains back of Tchambuli, and a third far to the north. This flight corresponded with the strongest trade-ties and intermarriages that the three hamlets had preserved in previous generations. After the white government entered the Sepik, the Tchambuli came back to their old village sites, persuaded the government officials of their claim to them, ousted the small groups of middle-Sepik invaders, and settled down again in their old homes. The protection of the government meant the virtual abandonment of head-hunting, but the Tchambuli dependence upon head-hunting was slight and ritual and unimportant. They care

far more about decorating their ceremonial houses with beautiful carvings, manufacturing the graceful double hooks upon which to hang the highly patterned net bags that they import from the north bank of the Sepik, and plaiting the various masks that belong to the different clans and ceremonial groups. With newly obtained iron tools they now build their own canoes instead of purchasing them at exorbitant rates from the Sepik; with no threat of a raid, the women have time not only for their fishing, but to gather all the delicate varieties of water-lily roots and lotus-seeds and creepers, on which to feast their young male relatives when they come to wheedle *talibun*, and the twentyfold valuable mother-of-pearl crescent, the *kina*, from their mothers and aunts. Beneath the Pax Britannica Tchambuli culture is undergoing a renaissance, and the lake-shore rings to the sound of axes hollowing out canoes. Every man's hand is occupied etching a pattern on a lime-gourd, plaiting a bird or a piece of a mask, brocading a house-blind, or fashioning a cassowary-bone into the semblance of a parrot or a hornbill.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE CONTRASTING RÔLES OF TCHAMBULI MEN AND WOMEN

AS THE Arapesh made growing food and children the greatest adventure of their lives, and the Mundugumor found greatest satisfaction in fighting and competitive acquisition of women, the Tchambuli may be said to live principally for art. Every man is an artist and most men are skilled not in some one art alone, but in many: in dancing, carving, plaiting, painting, and so on. Each man is chiefly concerned with his rôle upon the stage of his society, with the elaboration of his costume, the beauty of the masks that he owns, the skill of his own flute-playing, the finish and *élan* of his ceremonies, and upon other people's recognition and valuation of his performance. The Tchambuli ceremonies are not a by-product of some event in the life of an individual; that is, it cannot be said that in order to initiate young boys the Tchambuli hold a ceremony, but rather that in order to hold a ceremony the Tchambuli initiate young boys. Grief over a death is muffled and practically dissipated by interest in the ceremonial that surrounds it—which flutes are to be played, which masks and clay heads are to decorate the grave; in the etiquette of the groups of formally mourning women, who are given charming little souvenirs of reeds to remember the occasion by. The women's interest in art is confined to sharing in the graceful pattern of social relations, a small amount of painting on their baskets and plaited cowls, and chorus dancing; but to the men, it is the only important matter in life.

The structure of the society is patrilineal. Groups of men all related through male ancestors, and bearing a common name, own strips of territory that stretch from the hill-tops, where occasional gardens are made, down through the wooded mountain-side where the women's houses are built, to the lake-shore, where each clan or sometimes two adjacent clans, building together, have their men's club-house. Within this group of related males there are certain taboos. An eldest son is embarrassed and shy in the presence of his father, and his next younger brother observes the same sort of behaviour towards him. The possibility of inheritance is the subject of their embarrassment. The younger sons, far removed from considerations of the succession, are easy with one another. Relationships between a man and his brother's son are also friendly, and these men—whose position is vividly described by the pidgin-English term "small papa"—intervene between small boys and their self-appointed and light-hearted disciplinarians, the bigger boys. The membership in these men's houses varies, and quarrels are frequent. Upon the merest slight—a claim of precedence that is not justified, a failure of the wife of one man to feed the pigs of another, a failure to return a borrowed article—the person who cherishes a sense of hurt will move away, and go to live with some other clan group to which he can claim relationship. Meanwhile there is a strong social feeling that such behaviour is bad, that the men of a clan should sit down together, that in a large number of older men lies the wisdom of the ceremonial house. When illness or misfortune occurs, the shamans explain that the shamanic spirits and the ghosts of the dead that hang about the house-posts are angry because one or more members of the clan have moved away. The solidarity of any of these groups of men is more apparent than real; it is as if all of them sat very lightly, very im-



permanently, on the edges of their appointed sitting-shelves, ready to be off at a look, a touch, a word of hostility.

Each clan possesses certain privileges: long lists of names that it is privileged to give to the children of all women of the clan; clan songs, and a mass of ceremonial possessions, masks, dances, songs, flutes, slit drums, special calls; and a set of supernaturals of its own, *marsalais* of the lake, sometimes one of the shamanic spirits, and other minor supernaturals whose voices are heard through flute and the drum and the bull-roarer. The men's house of one clan insists that masked dancers who pass that way must stand for a moment beside the standing stones that are set up outside; other ceremonial houses have the privilege of swinging the bull-roarers for high water.

In addition to the clan organization there are various other formal ways in which the society is organized. There is a dual organization; all the members of one clan usually belong either to the Sun or to the Mother people, but occasionally a clan is split in half and one half belongs to each. Marriage should be across the dividing-line of the dual organization, but is not always so. These two divisions also have many ceremonial rights and possessions, the latter usually being kept in one of the men's houses. Each man also belongs to several other groups, in which he plays a special part in initiatory ceremonies and in feasts of other kinds. Although his clan membership is perhaps the most fixed of his allegiances, he can also think of himself as proud of and ennobled by the ceremonial display of any one of these other cross-cutting associations. He may also have his feelings hurt as a member of any of these groups, and by proclaiming his partisanship in one kind of ceremonial dispute become involved in coldness and disgruntlement with his associates in some other activity. Each man has a high feeling of the importance and the value of each one of these allegiances. He

is like an actor who plays many parts, and can, for the duration of any play, identify himself with the rest of the company. One day as a member of the Sun moiety he objects because the members of the Mother moiety have got out their flutes for a funeral when it was not their turn; a week later all of this is forgotten in a furore over the way the other initiatory group behaved at a small initiation-feast. Each of these passing and incompatible loyalties serves to confuse the others; the same man is his ally one day, his opponent the next, an indifferent, carefully nonchalant bystander on the third. All that remains to the individual Tchambuli man, with his delicately arranged curls, his handsome pubic covering of a flying-fox skin highly ornamented with shells, his mincing step and self-conscious mien, is the sense of himself as an actor, playing a series of charming parts—this and his relationship to the women.

His relations to all other males are delicate and difficult, as he sits down a little lightly even in his own clansmen's house, and is so nervous and sensitive that he will barely eat in the houses of other clans, but his relations to women are the one solid and reliable aspect of his life. As a small child, he was held lightly in the arms of a laughing casual mother, a mother who nursed him generously but nonchalantly, while her fingers were busy plaiting reeds into sleeping-baskets or rain-capes. When he tumbled down, his mother picked him up and tucked him under her arm as she went on with her conversation. He was never left alone; there were always some eight or ten women about, working, laughing, attending to his needs, willingly enough, but unobsessively. If his father's other wife failed to feed him as generously as his mother, his mother needed only to make the light reproach: "Are children plentiful that you should neglect them?" His childhood days were spent tumbling about the floor of the great dwelling-house, where his antics were privileged, where

he could tickle and wrestle with the other children. His mouth was never empty. Women weaned their children as carelessly and casually as they nursed them, stuffing their mouths with delicacies to stop their crying. Afterwards the women fed them bountifully with food, lotus-stems, lily-stems, lotus-seed, Malay apples, pieces of sugar-cane, and a little boy could sit and munch in the great roomy house filled with other children of his kin and with groups of working, kindly women. Sometimes there was a ceremony, and his mother took him with her when she went to spend the day cooking in another house. There, in a larger crowd of women, with more children rolling about on the floor, he also munched. His mother took plenty of dainties along in her basket, to give him whenever he cried for them.

By the time a boy is seven or eight, he is beginning to hang about the edges of the men's ceremonial life. If he goes too close to the men's house during a ceremony, he will be chased away, although on ordinary occasions he can slip in and hide behind a small papa's protection. The older boys will haze him lightly, send him on errands, throw sticks at him, or beat him if he disobeys. Back he runs, scurrying up the hillside to his mother's house, whither the big boys will not pursue him. The next time that he and those big boys are in a woman's house together, he will take advantage of the older boy's embarrassment; he will tease and plague him, caricature his walk and manner—with impunity; the older boy will not attack him.

At some point when he is between eight and twelve, a period that is not determined by his age so much as by his father's ceremonial ambitions, he will be scarified. He will be held squirming on a rock while a distantly related maternal "uncle" and an expert scarifier cut patterns on his back. He can howl as much as he likes. No one will comfort him, no one will attempt to stop his howls. Nor will anyone take any

delight in them. Casually, efficiently, performing as relatives their ritual duty, for which they will receive graceful recognition, or performing their duty as artists, they cut patterns on the little boy's back. They paint him with oil and turmeric. All about him is an elaborate ceremonial pattern that he does not share. His father gives presents to his mother's brother. His mother's brother's wives are given beautiful new grass skirts, new rain-cape, new carrying-baskets. His scarification is the occasion for all this display, but no one pays any attention to him.

There follows a long period of seclusion. At night he is allowed to go home to sleep, but in the chill morning, before dawn, he must creep away from the women's house, wrapped from head to foot in a great coarse rain-cape. His body is smeared with white clay. All day he must stay inside the men's house. Every fourth day he washes and assumes a new coat of paint. It is all very uncomfortable. Sometimes two men of the same clan combine to scarify their sons, but as often a boy is initiated alone. There is no suggestion that this is done for his welfare. Nor is there any suggestion that the adults are interested in the discomfort of his position or the pain of his scarifications. All about him goes on the discussion of ceremonial policy, and if his father can make a more effective ceremony by waiting for three months to wash him, he waits. The child is not considered. Or in a great pet over some slight or indignity put upon him by those who should assist him in the ceremony, the father incontinently washes the child within a week or so after his scarification. The washing is ritual, and ends the period of seclusion. The boy's mother's brother presents him with an elaborately woven belt, shell ornaments, a beautifully incised bamboo lime-gourd with a lovely filigree spatula. He may now walk about with these under his arm, accompanying parties of people who take food or *talibun* and *kinas* to other people in

his name. After this he is supposed to spend more time in the men's house, but he still takes refuge among the women whenever possible. He grows gradually into young manhood; his father and elder brothers watching jealously his attitude towards their younger wives and suspecting him if he walks about upon the women's roads.

The women remain, however, a solid group upon whom he depends for support, for food, for affection. There is no split between the women of his blood-group and the wife whom he marries, for he marries a daughter of one of his mother's half-brothers or cousins. He calls her by the name by which he calls his own mother, *aiyai*. All of the little girls of his mother's clan, to all of whom he looks hopefully, he addresses as *aiyai*. One of his "mothers" will some day be his wife. The gifts that his father gave in his name when he was very small, the gifts which he is now being taught to take himself to his mother's brothers, these are the earnest of his claim upon a woman of his mother's clan. In this way, one clan is linked with another from generation to generation, the men of one clan having a lien upon the women of the other.<sup>1</sup> Women are therefore divided for him into the group upon which he depends; these are all considered as of the order of mothers and include his mother, his mother's sisters, his father's brothers' wives, his mother's brothers' wives, and the daughters of his mother's brothers. Towards his father's sister and his father's sister's daughter his behaviour is more formal, for these can never be either mother, wife, or mother-in-law, the three relationships that Tchambuli feeling groups together. For the actual marriage, in addition to the presents that have been sent on ceremonial occasions the bride must be paid for in many *kinas* and *talibun*, and for this payment the young man is dependent upon his

<sup>1</sup> For a discussion of this lien system see Dr. Fortune, "A Note on Cross-Cousin Marriage," *Oceania*, 1933.



immediate male kin. An orphan, if he is allowed to live, has small hope of obtaining a bride while he is a young man. He is no one's child; how, indeed, can he hope to have a wife?

As the young man's attitude towards the women is single-hearted, rather than complicated with different conflicting attitudes appropriate to mother, sister, wife, and mother-in-law, so also the women in the house in which he has been brought up are a solid unit. When a girl marries, she goes not into the house of strangers but into the house of her father's sister, who now becomes her mother-in-law. If a man has two wives they usually, although not always, come from the same clan, and are sisters as well as cowives. To have been cowives, even although separated by death of the husband and subsequent remarriage, is regarded as a great tie between women. The prototype of Tchambuli polygyny is a pair of sisters entering as brides a house into which one or more of their father's sisters have married before them; in which the old woman who sits by the fire, and occasionally utters a few carping comments, is a woman of their own clan also, and so will not deal harshly with them. And this unusual picture of great amity and solidarity within the two feminine relationships that are often most trying, that of cowives and that of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, pervades the interrelations of all women. Tchambuli women work in blocks, a dozen of them together, plaiting the great mosquito-bags from the sale of which most of the *talibun* and *kina* are obtained. They cook together for a feast, their clay fire-places (circular pots with terraced tops, which can be moved from place to place) set side by side. Each dwelling-house contains some dozen to two dozen fire-places, so that no woman need cook in a corner alone. The whole emphasis is upon comradeship, efficient, happy work enlivened by continuous brisk banter and chatter. But in a group of men, there is always strain, watchfulness, a catty remark here, a



*double entendre* there: "What did he mean by sitting down on the opposite side of the men's house when he saw you upon this side?" "Did you see Koshalan go by with a flower in his hair? What do you suppose he is up to?"

As a boy grows up he sees the world into which he will enter as a network of conflicting courses, each one adorned with airy graces. He will learn to play the flute beautifully, to play the flute that sounds like a cassowary, the flute that barks like a dog, the flutes that cry like birds, the set of flutes that are blown together to produce an organ-like effect. If he is politic, if he is well liked, he may have two wives, or even three, like Walinakwon. Walinakwon was beautiful, a graceful dancer, a fluent speaker, proud, imperious, but withal soft-spoken, and resourceful. In addition to his first wife, who had been given him as a child by his mother's clan, two other women had chosen him as a husband. He was a fortunate man. All three of his wives could plait mosquito-bags, and Walinakwon was therefore in a fair way to become a rich man.

For although Tchambuli is patrilineal in organization, although there is polygyny and a man pays for his wife—two institutions that have been popularly supposed to degrade women—it is the women in Tchambuli who have the real position of power in the society. The patrilineal system includes houses and land, residence land and gardening-land, but only an occasional particularly energetic man gardens. For food, the people depend upon the fishing of the women. Men never fish unless a sudden school of fish appears in the lake, when they may leap into canoes in a frolicsome spirit, and spear a few fish. Or in high water when the shore-road is become a water-way, they may do a little torch-light fishing for sport. But the real business of fishing is controlled entirely by the women. For traded fish they obtain sago, taro, and areca-nut. And the most important manufacture, the

mosquito-bags, two of which will purchase an ordinary canoe, are made entirely by women. The people of the middle Sepik purchase these mosquito-bags, in fact they are so much in demand that purchasers take options on them long before they are finished. And the women control the proceeds in *kinas* and *talibun*. It is true that they permit the men to do the shopping, both for food at the market and in trading the mosquito-bags. The men make a gala occasion of these latter shopping-trips; when a man has the final negotiations for one of his wives' mosquito-bags in hand, he goes off resplendent in feathers and shell ornaments to spend a delightful few days over the transaction. He will hesitate and equivocate, advance here, draw back there, accept this *talibun*, reject that one, demand to see a more slender *kina* or one that is better cut, insist on changing half of the purchasing items after they have been spread out, have a very orgy of choice such as a modern woman with a well-filled purse looks forward to in a shopping-trip to a big city. But only with his wife's approval can he spend the *talibun* and *kina* and the strings of *conus* rings that he brings back from his holiday. He has wheedled a good price from the purchaser; he has still to wheedle the items of the price from his wife. From boyhood up, this is the men's attitude towards property. Real property, which one actually owns, one receives from women, in return for languishing looks and soft words. Once one has obtained it, it becomes a counter in the games that men play; it is no longer concerned with the underlying economics of life, but rather with showing one's appreciation of one's brother-in-law, soothing someone's wounded feelings, behaving very handsomely when a sister's son falls down in one's presence. The minor war-and-peace that goes on all the time among the men, the feelings that are hurt and must be assuaged, are supported by the labour and contributions of the women. When a woman lies dying, her thought is for

the young boys whom she has been helping, her son, her sister's son, her husband's sister's son; how will this one, who, it is true, is an orphan also and has no one to help him, fare when she is dead? And if there is time, she will send for this handsome stripling or accomplished youth, and give him a *kina* or so, or some *talibun*. Such a handsome one is sure to arouse jealousy, to get into scrapes; he must be provided with the means by which to bribe his way back into favour.

The women's attitude towards the men is one of kindly tolerance and appreciation. They enjoy the games that the men play, they particularly enjoy the theatricals that the men put on for their benefit. A big masked show is the occasion for much pleasure. When a *mwai* dance is made, for instance, it means that a group of women dance about each of the sets of masked dancers. These masked figures wear wooden masks balanced in the midst of a head-dress of leaves and flowers in which dozens of slender little carvings are thrust on sticks. They have great paunches made up of a long row of the crescent-shaped *kina* shells, which extend below their waists rather like elephants' tusks. They wear bustles in which grimacing carved faces are stuck. Their legs are concealed with straw leggings, and they descend from a platform, which has been specially built with a back-drop resembling the distant mountains. The two male masks carry spears, the two female masks carry brooms; trumpeting and singing esoteric songs through little bamboo megaphones, they parade up and down a long cleared way that is lined with watching women and children. The masks are clan-owned, and when their own masks appear, the women of that clan and other women also go out and dance about them, making a gay chorus, and picking up any feathers or ornaments that fall from them. There are no men upon the dancing-ground except the four men hidden within the mask—older men in the male masks, young and frivolous ones within the female

masks. These young men take a strange inverted pleasure in thus entering, in semi-disguise—not wholly in disguise, for most of them have whispered the details of their leggings to at least one woman—into the women's group. Here masked they can take part in the rough homosexual play that characterizes a group of women on any festive occasion. When there are no masks on the dancing-ground, the women play among themselves, jocosely going through pantomimes of intercourse. When the masked figures appear, the women include the female masks in their play, but not the male masks. The women treat these latter with gentle, careful gravity, lest their feelings be hurt. To the female masks the women give very definite attention, poking them with bundles of leaves that they carry in their hands, bumping against them in definitely provocative positions, tickling and teasing them. The *double entendre* of the situation, the spectacle of women courting males disguised as females, expresses better than any other ritual act that I witnessed the complexities of the sex-situation in Tchambuli, where men are nominally the owners of their homes, the heads of their families, even the owners of their wives, but in which the actual initiative and power is in the hands of the women. To the male mask the women give lip-service, and some of them, usually the older and graver women, dance with it; they pick up its ornaments when they fall. With the female masks they display aggressive sexual desire, and flaunt their right to initiative. After all, the young men can only whisper to the women in which masks they plan to dance and how their legs may be distinguished. Then, imprisoned in the clumsy, unstable, top-heavy masks and partially chaperoned by the older men who are dancing in the male masks, they can only parade blindly up and down the dancing-ground, waiting for a whisper and a blow to advise them that particular women have pressed against them. These ceremonies usually break

up in a far shorter number of days than the original plan provides for, as rumours of liaisons flutter about to frighten the older men, who decide that they have lured their wives out on the dancing-ground for no good purpose. For even if no new alliance has sprung up under cover of the dancing, the dance of the women is itself designed to produce a high degree of sexual excitation, which may become an explosive in the days to come. It is the young wives of old men who enjoy these ceremonies most.

These festivals are a break in the vigorous workaday life of the women. Swift-footed, skilful-fingered, efficient, they pass back and forth from their fish-traps to their basket-plaiting, from their cooking to their fish-traps, brisk, good-natured, impersonal. Jolly comradeship, rough, very broad jesting and comment, are the order of the day. To each household is added once in so often a child-bride, a girl who at ten or eleven is sent to marry her cousin, one of the sons of the household. The bride is not difficult for the women to assimilate. She is their brother's child, they have known her always; they welcome her, teach her more skills, give her a fire-place at which to cook. And whereas the lives of the men are one mass of petty bickering, misunderstanding, reconciliation, avowals, disclaimers, and protestations accompanied by gifts, the lives of the women are singularly unclouded with personalities or with quarrelling. For fifty quarrels among the men, there is hardly one among the women. Solid, preoccupied, powerful, with shaven unadorned heads, they sit in groups and laugh together, or occasionally stage a night dance at which, without a man present, each woman dances vigorously all by herself the dance-step that she has found to be most exciting. Here again the solidarity of women, the inessentialness of men, is demonstrated. Of this relationship the Tchambuli dwelling-house is the symbol. It presents the curious picture of the en-



tire centre firmly occupied by well-entrenched women, while the men sit about the edges, near the door, one foot on the house-ladder almost, unwanted, on sufferance, ready to flee away to their men's houses, where they do their own cooking, gather their own firewood, and generally live a near-bachelor life in a state of mutual discomfort and suspicion.

Tchambuli young men develop their attitudes towards one another in the highly charged atmosphere of courtship, in which no one knows upon whom a woman's choice will fall, each youth holds his breath and hopes, and no young man is willing to trust another. Such courtship arises from the presence of widows or dissatisfied wives. The dissatisfied wives are created by the same fidelity to a pattern without regard for practical considerations that occurs in the exchanges in Mundugumor. If among the "mothers" of his generation, one of whom he has a right to marry, there is no girl a little younger than a boy, his mother's clan will give him a girl who is a little older. While he is still adolescent, insecure, frightened of sex, she matures, and becomes involved in a liaison either with one of his brothers or possibly with an older relative. His mother's brothers will try to prevent this; they will publicly deride the boy who does not enter his betrothed wife's sleeping-bag, and threaten him that trouble will result and she may be lost to another clan. The boy, shamed and prickly with misery, becomes more tongue-tied, more recalcitrant than ever to his wife's advances. Then some rearrangement, her marriage to another man of the same clan, is likely to follow. With a young widow also, it is the girl's choice that is decisive, for men will not be foolish enough to pay for a girl who has not indicated her choice of a husband by sleeping with him. It will be, as they say, money thrown away. A young widow is a tremendous liability to a community. No one expects her to remain quiet until her remarriage has been arranged. Has she not a vulva?



they ask. This is the comment that is continually made in Tchambuli: Are women passive sexless creatures who can be expected to wait upon the dilly-dallying of formal considerations of bride-price? Men, not so urgently sexed, may be expected to submit themselves to the discipline of a due order and precedence.

Yet the course of true love runs no smoother here where women dominate than it does in societies dominated by men. There is sometimes a tendency in describing marriage arrangements to consider that one of the inevitable effects of the dominance of women is the woman's freedom to marry whom she will, but this is no more a necessary aspect of women's power than the right of a young man to choose his wife is an inevitable result of patriliney. The social ambitions of a mother may ruin her son's marriage under the most patriarchal form of society, and in Tchambuli neither men nor women are minded to give young people any more rein than they can help. The ideal is to marry pairs of cousins as children and thus settle at least part of the difficulty. The opportunities that polygyny offers wait, then, upon the ripening of the boy's charms. The older men see with jaundiced eyes the beauty and grace of their younger brothers and later of their sons, a beauty and grace that will soon displace them in the eyes of women, especially of their young wives, whose favour they had perhaps caught in the last flutter of powerful middle age. The young men say bitterly that the old men use every bit of power and strategy which they possess to cut out their young rivals, to shame and disgrace them before the women.

The method of discrediting a young rival that the men find readiest to their jealous hands is the accusation of being an orphan. If a boy's father is alive, he will contribute perhaps 10, perhaps 20, per cent of the bride-price, seldom more, and the other men of the clan contribute the rest. The

principal contribution is made by the man or men whose marriages were mainly financed by the bridegroom's father. The state of being an orphan, then, does not mean that the boy is actually unable to pay a bride-price, but merely that he is in an exposed state of which the other men can take advantage. And cruelly the old lascivious man, nearing his grave, will use this power to interfere between an orphan boy of his clan and the young widow who has expressed a preference for that boy. One of these dramas was played out in detail while we were in Tchambuli. Tchuikumban was an orphan; his father and mother having both been killed in head-hunting raids, he belonged to a vanishing clan. But he was tall and straight and charming, although more arrogant and masterful than Tchambuli men usually are. Yepiwali was his "mother," a girl of his mother's clan, but she had been married as a child in a distant part of the settlement, and Tchuikumban has seen little of her. Then, just about the time we arrived in Tchambuli, the two potential mates, Yepiwali now a widow for many moons, Tchuikumban an orphan of a poor clan and with no betrothed wife, found themselves seeing each other daily, Yepiwali, suffering from a bad framboesia sore, was visiting her own parents, and Tchuikumban was helping work on the new men's house of Monbukimbit, a service that all uterine nephews owe to their mother's brothers. Yepiwali saw him and he found favour in her eyes. She told an older woman that Tchuikumban had given her two bead armlets. This was not true, but was a boast that she intended to capture his favour. Then she sent the head of a fish to Tchuikumban through his brother-in-law. Tchuikumban ate the head of the fish, but did nothing in reply to her overtures. A few days later, Tchuikumban was given a pair of snake-birds. Yepiwali heard of it and she sent word to him: "If you have any bones, send me some of that snake-bird in return for my fish." So Tchuikumban

sent her half the breast of a snake-bird. The next day he made a journey to Kilimbit hamlet, and passed Yepiwali on the road. He did not speak to her, nor she to him, but she noted the new white belt that he was wearing.<sup>2</sup> That night she sent word to him that if he had any bones, he would send her that belt, and some soap and matches.<sup>2</sup> This he did.

About this time, the father of Yepiwali decided that the need to remarry her was urgent. Rumours of her liaisons were rife, and it was not safe to leave her so long unmarried. He could not discuss her marriage with her himself, but he sent for a male cousin, Tchengenbonga, whom she called "brother," to do so. Tchengenbonga asked her which of her "sons" she wished to marry, and she said that Tavalavban had tried to win her affection, he had passed her on a path and held her breasts, but she didn't like him. She showed Tchengenbonga the gifts that she had elicited from Tchuikumban and said that she would like to marry him. Tchengenbonga asked her for the belt, and she gave it to him. Tchuikumban saw the belt on Tchengenbonga but said nothing. Soon after this there were offers for Yepiwali's hand from a man from another tribe, but after prolonged negotiations these were refused—not, however, before her choice of Tchuikumban had been published. The question of paying for her came up among Tchuikumban's relatives, and they refused to pay for her, because she did not know how to make mosquito-baskets. They were not going to have one of their boys marrying a woman who would not be a good provider. His foster-father was merciless: "You are an orphan. How can you expect to marry a wife of your own choice? This girl is no good. She is worn out with loose living. She cannot weave. How will it profit for you to marry her?" He reduced Tchuikumban to sulking misery. Soon after this Tchuikumban encountered Yepiwali on a de-

<sup>2</sup> Traded from our house-boys.

serted path; she paused and smiled at him, but he fled, too ashamed of his miserable status as an orphan to stay and make love to her. Yepiwali lost her patience. She had chosen this man, and why did he hesitate? She sent a message to the men of the next hamlet, together with two baskets of food, saying that since the men of her own hamlet had no bones, one of them might come and carry her off. Her relatives became alarmed. She was watched more closely. Then in the midst of the ceremony and confusion of a house of mourning, word got about that Yepiwali had been meeting someone clandestinely, and this someone turned out to be Akerman, an older man of the clan who had the right to marry her. Still longing for Tchuikumban, although in a fine rage with him and with all of the young men, she was led away to marry Akerman, followed by the consoling word of an older woman: "The other wife of Akerman is your father's sister. She will be kind to you and not scold you because you do not know how to make baskets." The other wife of Akerman made good baskets, Akerman was old and rich, and it was no one's concern if he took a young wife. So the love-affair was defeated because his relatives shamed Tchuikumban in terms of his orphanhood and because Yepiwali was not able to provide for a young husband.

So the conflict over women, outlawed in Arapesh because of the emphasis upon finding wives for sons and so important a part of the struggle and clash of life in Mundugumor, exists too in Tchambuli, where young men and old struggle stealthily for the possession of women's favours—but the struggle is for the most part an underground one. It is not a fight but a secret competition, in which young men and young women are both likely to lose to the will of their elders.

Relevant also to the position of the sexes are the secrets of the men's cults and the sanctity of the men's houses. These

men's houses, which combine the functions of club and green-room, places where men can keep themselves out of the women's way and prepare their own food, workshops and dressing-rooms for ceremonies, are not kept inviolate from a woman's entrance on certain ceremonial occasions. For the scarification of a child, the woman who carries the child enters the men's house in state, and sits there proudly upon a stool. If there is a quarrel, the women gather on the hill-side and shout advice and directions into the very centre of the house where the debate is going on. They come armed with thick staves, to take part in the battle if need be. The elaborate ceremonies, the beating of water-drums, the blowing of flutes, are no secrets from the women. As they stood, an appreciative audience, listening solemnly to the voice of the crocodile, I asked them: "Do you know what makes that noise?" "Of course, it is a water-drum, but we don't say we know for fear the men would be ashamed." And the young men answer, when asked if the women know their secrets: "Yes, they know them, but they are good and pretend not to, for fear we become ashamed. Also—we might become so ashamed that we would beat them."

"We might become so ashamed that we would beat them." In that sentence lies the contradiction at the root of Tchambuli society, in which men are theoretically, legally dominant, but in which they play an emotionally subservient rôle, dependent upon the security given them by women, and even in sex-activity looking to women to give the leads. Their love magic consists in charms made of stolen stones that the women use for auto-erotic practices: this the men deeply resent, feeling that they should benefit by the greater sexual specificity and drive of the women. What the women will think, what the women will say, what the women will do, lies at the back of each man's mind as he weaves his tenuous and uncertain web of insubstantial relations with other men. Each man

stands alone, playing his multiplicity of parts, sometimes allied with one man, sometimes with another; but the women are a solid group, confused by no rivalries, brisk, patronizing, and jovial. They feed their male children, their young male relatives, on lotus-seeds and lily-roots, their husbands and lovers upon doled-out pellets of love. And yet the men are after all stronger, and a man can beat his wife, and this possibility serves to confuse the whole issue of female dominance and masculine charming, graceful, coquettish dancing attention.



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE UNPLACED TCHAMBULI MAN AND WOMAN

THE Tchambuli ideal man and woman contrast sharply with the ideals of both the Mundugumor and the Arapesh, and have in fact very little in common with either. With the Arapesh and the Mundugumor men and women ideally possess the same social personality, while in Tchambuli their personalities ideally oppose and complement each other. In addition both the Arapesh and the Mundugumor are primarily concerned with human relations for their own sakes, while the Tchambuli, in theory, devote themselves to impersonal artistic ends. Although the Mundugumor seek to exalt the self, to bend other human beings to the service of the self, to exploit the weak ruthlessly and sweep aside the opposing strong, and the Arapesh seek rather to depress the self, their ideal man or woman being the individual who finds fulfilment in devotion to the ends of others, nevertheless the Arapesh and the Mundugumor are ultimately personal in their emphases. The structure of their societies is constantly bent or broken to serve personal needs and ambitions, and there is no feeling that that structure is so valid and beautiful that the individual should be subordinated to its perpetuation and elaboration, that the dance and not the dancer is valuable.

But the Tchambuli value primarily their intricate, delicately patterned social life, their endless cycles of ceremonies and dances, the shining surface of their interrelations. Neither men nor women are ideally concerned with personal ends in any way; the woman co-operates with a large kin-group, the

man is a member of several companies whose aims and ends he is supposed to reconcile. For delight in this pattern, the women fish and again set their traps, row out upon the lake in the chill early dawn, and climb back to their houses to sit all day plaiting mosquito-bags that will bring more *kina* and *talibun* into circulation, and it is by the presence of *kina* and *talibun* that the ceremonial life is kept moving, each dance, each ceremony necessitating the expenditure of food and valuables. To these services the women bring an impersonal, vigorous efficiency; they work not for a husband or a son, primarily, but so that the dance can go on in splendid style.

As the women's task is to pay for the dance, the men's duty is to dance, to perfect the steps and notes that will make the performance a success. The women's contribution is general; the money and the food that make the dance possible. The men's, on the other hand, is specific and delicately adjusted, a matter of detailed training in perfection. Prestige that comes from individual exploit has practically been eliminated, and bought victims who are sacrificed on the ceremonial ground have taken the place of victims killed in war by personal prowess. Marriage is supposed to be arranged along completely formal lines, on the basis of long-established emotional ties and blood-ties, a secure background for the conduct of life.

The description of this ideal of an impersonal artistic Utopia may ring strangely in the readers' ears after the material presented in the last chapter, outlining the amount of bickering, hurt feelings, and intrigue that characterizes the life of the men. And it is meant to do so, for the Tchambuli, like the Mundugumor and the Arapesh, have selected as the decreed path for all humanity one that is too special to be congenial to all temperaments. And they have further complicated the issue by decreeing that men shall feel and act in one way, women feel and act in quite a different way. This

immediately introduces a new educational problem. If boys and girls are to be adequately adjusted to such contrasting attitudes towards life, it might be expected that their early education would present contrasting features. Yet until the Tchambuli boy and girl reach the age of six or seven the two are treated exactly alike, and at this age, while the girl is rapidly trained in handicrafts and absorbed into the sober, responsible life of the women, the boy is given no such adequate training for his future rôle. He is left about upon the edges of his society, a little too old for the women, and a little too young for the men. He is not old enough to be trusted inside the men's houses while secret preparations are in progress. His untutored tongue might slip. He is not old enough to learn faultless execution on the big flutes; he cannot be trusted with the elaborate secret clan songs that he will learn to trumpet through a megaphone when he is older. If the emphasis were all upon skill, upon the acquisition of a smooth and perfect technique, these small boys as soon as they leave their mothers' sides might be trained as diminutive performers. The secrecy of the green-room, the Tchambuli heritage from the *tamberan* cults of New Guinea, prevents such a possibility. This secrecy, which is so meaningless, so functionless, such a heavy weight upon the interests of the Tchambuli tribe—interests that are always artistic and never religious—is also their undoing. It makes it impossible for them to bind the growing boy into an impersonal devotion. The arrangement of people at a big ceremony shows in sharp relief the position of the eight-year-old boy. In the green-room, behind the screens of palm-leaf mats, are the old men, the young men, and the just-initiated boys, bobbing about on small errands. On the dancing-ground are groups of women and girls, some of them dancing with a set of masks, others sitting about in happy chatting groups. Some of the little girls are dancing, others are sitting with the women,

holding the babies, peeling sugar-cane for the younger children to eat, thoroughly, solidly identified with their own sex. Only the little boys are excluded. They belong nowhere, they are in everybody's way. In sullen, disconsolate clusters, they sit about on logs. Occasionally they accept food that is offered them, only to go off to eat it sulkily and perhaps quarrel over it with another similarly placed small boy. It is everybody's party but theirs.

This period of three, sometimes four, years in the lives of the boys sets up habits that prevail throughout their lives. A sense of neglect, of exclusion, settles upon them. When the men or big boys ask them to run an errand, they feel they are being used, they who are wanted at no other time. The big boys chase them home at nightfall, and in the houses of the women, where they are still pampered with an even-handed impersonal generosity that does not serve to soothe their hurt feelings, they sit and listen to the flutes. Even the women, they know, are on the inside of the secrets, and their little sisters, who, being oftener with the women, have picked up more of the women's talk, hush their giggling remarks on a ceremony when an uninitiated boy approaches them. No one suggests that it is for their own sakes that this delay occurs, the explanation that is given small Arapesh boys. No, it is for the convenience of the older men. So the smaller boys glower in a resentment that never entirely lifts, and grow up to be typical Tchambuli men, overquick to feel hurt or slight and to burst into hysterical vituperation. One by one, as the years pass, they are admitted to the secrets, with no sense that at last beautiful, awe-inspiring things are being shown to them, for the Tchambuli have no such religious feeling. The beautiful, the almost awe-inspiring spectacle is the finished production that the little boys have seen since childhood. The secrets of the green-room turn out to be the assemblage of little bits of odds and ends, half-masks, un-

painted standards, pieces of ratan, from which the spectacle is built up. When they are initiated they enter a group that is already characterized by rivalries and jealousies, many of them the kind of rivalries that are prevalent in a ballet company, where the subordination of all to the pattern is always coming in conflict with individual ambition and vanity. The piecemeal admission to the secrets, and the way in which as initiates they are made mere pawns with no rôle of their own, complete the mischief, and perfect devotion to the dance, on which the Tchambuli ideal counts, is never attained.

Nevertheless, this slight flaw in the unanimity and harmoniousness of the actors would not seriously mar the surface of Tchambuli life. The play goes on, new masks with the slanting eyes that suggest the face of a werewolf, new flutes with graceful little birds adorning the ends, are made, and as the sun sinks over the smooth, unreal lake, the music of flute-playing rises from the men's houses. If the actors are more interested in their own steps than in the whole dance, still their dancing is perfect. It is true that a slight unreality pervades the whole life. Realistic emotions are so muffled by ceremonial observance that all feeling becomes a little unreal, until the expression of anger and of fear becomes also only a figure in the dance. So from the splashy edge of the lake where the young men are bathing come screams of agony, shouts for help, and the rattling sounds of death. This is no one drowning, although such drowning does occur—did occur last week in fact, when the child of Kalingmale waded out of his depth and was entangled by the weeds. But these shrieks are only the young men playing, playing at death. On a hill-side not so far away Kalingmale sits with his eye on an ax that the women are keeping away from him. His wife has accused him of being responsible for the child's straying in the water; he wants that ax to kill the mother of the child who was with his dead child, but who was not drowned.



Twice he has assaulted her, and now the watching women never leave him. But down on the lake-shore the young men laugh hysterically as the death-rattle is realistically imitated, now by one young voice, then by another.

Or news may come that a woman has been stolen by another tribe. She has been set upon as she was fishing and carried off to be the wife of an enemy. The young men sit in the men's house, drawing patterns on new lime-gourds, and making a *bon mot* with each twist of the carving tool. "Are you angry," one asks them, "over the abduction of your sister?" "We do not know yet," they answer. "The old men have not told us."

But underneath this type of gay disassociation, which is implicit in the formal patterning of life away from primary emotions in the interests of a graceful form, there is a more serious cultural cause of maladjustment. It will be remembered that there is contradiction in Tchambuli society, that underneath patriarchal forms women dominate the scene. With a social personality far more dominating and definite than is usually developed in women even under matriliney, the women are theoretically subject to the men; they have indeed been bought and paid for, and this fact is frequently mentioned. So the Tchambuli boy grows up within two sets of conflicting ideas; he hears that his father bought his mother, he hears how much his father paid for his mother and how much his father will now collect to pay for his son's young wife. He hears remarks like the one I quoted at the end of the last chapter: "We might become so ashamed that we would beat them." He sees young girls who are inappropriately wedded become involved in intrigue, become pregnant, and harried by both men and women, dash madly down house-ladders and up and down rocky paths, until they miscarry. And he sees them in the end consulted about their choices after all. At the same time he leads a life that is



attuned to the voices of the women, where ceremonies are given for the sake of the women, where the women have the first and the last voice in the economic arrangements. All that he hears of sex stresses the woman's right to initiative. The boy who is chosen will receive a gift and a dare from the girl who has chosen him; men may possess desire but it profits them little unless their wives are actively interested; their wives indeed may prefer auto-eroticism. Here is a conflict at the very root of his psycho-sexual adjustment; his society tells him that he rules women, his experience shows him at every turn that women expect to rule him, as they rule his father and his brother.

But the actual dominance of the women is far more real than the structural position of the men, and the majority of Tchambuli young men adjust themselves to it, become accustomed to wait upon the words and the desires of women. In the top of their men's houses, shut away by blinds from the eyes of passers-by, is the wooden figure of a woman with an enormously exaggerated vulva, painted scarlet. She is the symbol that controls their emotions. But while the majority adjust, here, as in the other two societies we have examined, there are some individuals who are unable to adjust to the phrasing of life upon which their culture insists. Among the Tchambuli the unadjusted men are men of the same temperament as those who were unadjusted among the Arapesh, the more viriloid youths, violent, possessive, and actively sexed, intolerant of any control, any activity that they have not themselves initiated. But in Arapesh such young men had the whole weight of their society against them, only rags and tags of folk-lore, bits of obsolete garden magic, gave them any objective material upon which to hang their distrust and suspicions. If they wooed their wives more fiercely than Arapesh feeling dictated, at least their wives did not regard this as an invasion of their feminine prerogatives. In Tcham-

buli, however, the conditions are more difficult. The violent young man with a will to initiate and to dictate finds a wealth of formal justification for his ambitions. Along the sides of his men's house hang rows of heads, theoretically taken from the enemy. He has dreamed of head-hunting expeditions for years before he realizes that these are the spoils of traffic in treachery, not of a battle. He sees payments being made for his wife. Some day she will be his and he will do what he likes with her; has she not been paid for? It is all quite enough to confuse him. And such young men are definitely maladjusted among the Tchambuli, more maladjusted than any similar group that I have studied. Táukumbank was covered with tinea; during a short period away from his village he forgot his own language and had to speak to his father in the trade-jargon of the middle Sepik. (His confusion was further intensified by an irregular marriage between his father and his mother, which made him a member of conflicting social groups and completely blurred his understanding of the working of his society.) Tchuikumban was hysterically deaf, hearing no command that was addressed to him. Yangítimi had a series of boils, and grew lamer and lamer, and more recessive. Kaviwon, a fine muscular youth, the son of the government-appointed Luluai, tried to realize through his father's position his desire to rule. But his father only shook his curls and side-stepped. Kaviwon, seated on his house-floor, was seized by an ungovernable desire to thrust a spear into the group of chattering women, his two wives and their sisters, who sat beneath his house. He said simply that he could bear their laughter no longer. The spear, pushed compulsively through a crack in the floor, pierced his wife's cheek, and for a while it was feared that she would die. Neurotic symptoms, unaccountable acts of rage and violence, characterize these young men whose society

tells them they are masters in their homes, even after any such behaviour has become thoroughly obsolete.

The wives of these unadjusted young men suffer also, not only erratic spears through their cheeks, but because they find it necessary to make their dominance so much clearer. So it was with Tchubukéma, the wife of Yangítimi, a fine tall girl with a prima-donna temperament. During her pregnancy Yangítimi took little interest; he sulked and his boils grew worse. She retaliated by continual fainting-fits, in the most public and conspicuous circumstances. These fits made ritual observances, fuss, commotion necessary. Yangítimi would temporarily take up an appropriately solicitous attitude. When her birth-pains began, Yangítimi soon wearied of his position of helpless and worried spectator, sitting at the far end of the house while his wife was closeted with the midwife and her father's sisters, between whose knees a woman in labour must kneel. Yangítimi began to laugh and jest with the magician who had been called in to put a spell on the proceedings. His wife heard his light-hearted laugh and rage rose within her. She stalked out into the centre of the house, where she was not supposed to go. She groaned and moaned. His light-hearted talk stopped. She retired. Again to her ears came the sound of typical irresponsible male conversation. She abruptly ceased her rhythmic moaning, which had increased to a periodicity of every five seconds, and went to sleep. Worry descended upon the house. If she lost her strength, she and the baby would die. The women tried to wake her up. The men's light-hearted conversation was hushed. She woke up. The moans began again, and again Yangítimi's impatience of his rôle asserted itself. And again Tchubukéma paraded, exhibited her sufferings, and finally again relapsed into a doze. This procedure, begun early in the morning, went on and on. By noon the men were a little frightened. They canvassed the magical possibilities, the

possibilities for sorcery. One by one these were divined about and rejected. The women said grimly, unimpressed, that Tchubukéima had not carried enough firewood during her pregnancy. By mid-afternoon, desperate measures were resorted to. It was decided that the spirits of the house were inimical and that the wife of Yangítimi should be moved to a house at the far end of the village. This, said the people, often induced the woman to put forth the proper effort and brought the child. So away we went, clambering over a rough and slippery path to a house a mile and a half away, the woman in labour, consumed with fury, in advance, the rest of the attending women following after her. I myself, just over an attack of fever, brought up the rear. Arrived in the chosen house, a new enclosure was made, and again Tchubukéima knelt between her father's sister's knees. But now a new complication ensued; the women also had lost patience. Her aunt sat with her head turned towards another woman, chattering briskly away, about the palm-boards that the people of Indéngai hamlet were cutting, about a recent reconciliation in Wómpun, about the state of Kaviwon's wife's face, and what she thought of men who put spears through their wives' faces. At intervals she turned to the furious kneeling girl to remark: "Have your baby!" Tchubukéima again lay down in a sulk and went to sleep. It was not until two o'clock in the morning, when the now genuinely worried Yangítimi had paid a *kina* to the earthly representative of one of the shamanic spirits, that Tchubukéima settled down to the business of delivering her child. The dominating wife of an aberrant man, she had been forced to unusual lengths to demonstrate her position.

The discussion of the position of the deviant in Mundugumor showed how the maladjustment of the mild person in a position that his culture dictated should be handled violently and aggressively is less pronounced than the mal-

adjustment of the violent individual condemned, but not disciplined, to play a mild and responsive rôle. Tchambuli conditions confirm this conclusion. The men are the conspicuous maladjusts, subject to neurasthenia, hysteria, and maniacal outbursts. The quiet, undominating woman as a rule slips along within the comfortable confines of the large women's group, overshadowed by a younger wife, directed by a mother-in-law. Her maladjustment is in no way conspicuous; if she does not play as conspicuous a rôle as her sex entitles her to, she does not greatly rebel over her position.

If she be particularly intelligent she may, like Ombléan of Mundugumor, outwit her culture. Such a woman was Tchengokwále, the mother of nine children, the elder wife of Tanum, a violent, overbearing, thoroughly maladjusted man, who was our nearest neighbour. Tchengokwále adjusted to his violence, and by her acquiescence in it no doubt had accentuated it. At the same time, she was a little remote from the highly sexed, aggressive younger women, his other wife and his son's betrothed wife. And she had made a career for herself as a midwife, an occupation that was regarded almost as a little soft and sentimental by the Tchambuli. And when a group of men were gathered together to consult over some complication, the only woman among them, the one woman who felt herself more in rapport with the anxious, harassed men than with the dominant, self-confident women, was Tchengokwále, the midwife.

PART FOUR

THE IMPLICATION OF THESE RESULTS



## CHAPTER XVII

### THE STANDARDIZATION OF SEX-TEMPERAMENT

WE HAVE now considered in detail the approved personalities of each sex among three primitive peoples. We found the Arapesh—both men and women—displaying a personality that, out of our historically limited preoccupations, we would call maternal in its parental aspects, and feminine in its sexual aspects. We found men, as well as women, trained to be co-operative, unaggressive, responsive to the needs and demands of others. We found no idea that sex was a powerful driving force either for men or for women. In marked contrast to these attitudes, we found among the Mundugumor that both men and women developed as ruthless, aggressive, positively sexed individuals, with the maternal cherishing aspects of personality at a minimum. Both men and women approximated to a personality type that we in our culture would find only in an undisciplined and very violent male. Neither the Arapesh nor the Mundugumor profit by a contrast between the sexes; the Arapesh ideal is the mild, responsive man married to the mild, responsive woman; the Mundugumor ideal is the violent aggressive man married to the violent aggressive woman. In the third tribe, the Tchambuli, we found a genuine reversal of the sex-attitudes of our own culture, with the woman the dominant, impersonal, managing partner, the man the less responsible and the emotionally dependent person. These three situations suggest, then, a very definite conclusion. If those temperamental attitudes which we have traditionally regarded as feminine—such as passivity, responsiveness, and a

willingness to cherish children—can so easily be set up as the masculine pattern in one tribe, and in another be outlawed for the majority of women as well as for the majority of men, we no longer have any basis for regarding such aspects of behaviour as sex-linked. And this conclusion becomes even stronger when we consider the actual reversal in Tchambuli of the position of dominance of the two sexes, in spite of the existence of formal patrilineal institutions.

The material suggests that we may say that many, if not all, of the personality traits which we have called masculine or feminine are as lightly linked to sex as are the clothing, the manners, and the form of head-dress that a society at a given period assigns to either sex. When we consider the behaviour of the typical Arapesh man or woman as contrasted with the behaviour of the typical Mundugumor man or woman, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of the strength of social conditioning. In no other way can we account for the almost complete uniformity with which Arapesh children develop into contented, passive, secure persons, while Mundugumor children develop as characteristically into violent, aggressive, insecure persons. Only to the impact of the whole of the integrated culture upon the growing child can we lay the formation of the contrasting types. There is no other explanation of race, or diet, or selection that can be adduced to explain them. We are forced to conclude that human nature is almost unbelievably malleable, responding accurately and contrastingly to contrasting cultural conditions. The differences between individuals who are members of different cultures, like the differences between individuals within a culture, are almost entirely to be laid to differences in conditioning, especially during early childhood, and the form of this conditioning is culturally determined. Standardized personality differences between the sexes are of this order, cultural creations to which each generation, male and female, is

trained to conform. There remains, however, the problem of the origin of these socially standardized differences.

While the basic importance of social conditioning is still imperfectly recognized—not only in lay thought, but even by the scientist specifically concerned with such matters—to go beyond it and consider the possible influence of variations in hereditary equipment is a hazardous matter. The following pages will read very differently to one who has made a part of his thinking a recognition of the whole amazing mechanism of cultural conditioning—who has really accepted the fact that the same infant could be developed into a full participant in any one of these three cultures—than they will read to one who still believes that the minutiae of cultural behaviour are carried in the individual germ-plasm. If it is said, therefore, that when we have grasped the full significance of the malleability of the human organism and the preponderant importance of cultural conditioning, there are still further problems to solve, it must be remembered that these problems come *after* such a comprehension of the force of conditioning; they cannot precede it. The forces that make children born among the Arapesh grow up into typical Arapesh personalities are entirely social, and any discussion of the variations which do occur must be looked at against this social background.

With this warning firmly in mind, we can ask a further question. Granting the malleability of human nature, whence arise the differences between the standardized personalities that different cultures decree for all of their members, or which one culture decrees for the members of one sex as contrasted with the members of the opposite sex? If such differences are culturally created, as this material would most strongly suggest that they are, if the new-born child can be shaped with equal ease into an unaggressive Arapesh or an aggressive Mundugumor, why do these striking contrasts

occur at all? If the clues to the different personalities decreed for men and women in Tchambuli do not lie in the physical constitution of the two sexes—an assumption that we must reject both for the Tchambuli and for our own society—where can we find the clues upon which the Tchambuli, the Arapesh, the Mundugumor, have built? Cultures are man-made, they are built of human materials; they are diverse but comparable structures within which human beings can attain full human stature. Upon what have they built their diversities?

We recognize that a homogeneous culture committed in all of its gravest institutions and slightest usages to a co-operative, unaggressive course can bend every child to that emphasis, some to a perfect accord with it, the majority to an easy acceptance, while only a few deviants fail to receive the cultural imprint. To consider such traits as aggressiveness or passivity to be sex-linked is not possible in the light of the facts. Have such traits, then, as aggressiveness or passivity, pride or humility, objectivity or a preoccupation with personal relationships, an easy response to the needs of the young and the weak or a hostility to the young and the weak, a tendency to initiate sex-relations or merely to respond to the dictates of a situation or another person's advances—have these traits any basis in temperament at all? Are they potentialities of all human temperaments that can be developed by different kinds of social conditioning and which will not appear if the necessary conditioning is absent?

When we ask this question we shift our emphasis. If we ask why an Arapesh man or an Arapesh woman shows the kind of personality that we have considered in the first section of this book, the answer is: Because of the Arapesh culture, because of the intricate, elaborate, and unfailing fashion in which a culture is able to shape each new-born child to the cultural image. And if we ask the same question about a

Mundugumor man or woman, or about a Tchambuli man as compared with a Tchambuli woman, the answer is of the same kind. They display the personalities that are peculiar to the cultures in which they were born and educated. Our attention has been on the differences between Arapesh men and women as a group and Mundugumor men and women as a group. It is as if we had represented the Arapesh personality by a soft yellow, the Mundugumor by a deep red, while the Tchambuli female personality was deep orange, and that of the Tchambuli male, pale green. But if we now ask whence came the original direction in each culture, so that one now shows yellow, another red, the third orange and green by sex, then we must peer more closely. And leaning closer to the picture, it is as if behind the bright consistent yellow of the Arapesh, and the deep equally consistent red of the Mundugumor, behind the orange and green that are Tchambuli, we found in each case the delicate, just discernible outlines of the whole spectrum, differently overlaid in each case by the monotone which covers it. This spectrum is the range of individual differences which lie back of the so much more conspicuous cultural emphases, and it is to this that we must turn to find the explanation of cultural inspiration, of the source from which each culture has drawn.

There appears to be about the same range of basic temperamental variation among the Arapesh and among the Mundugumor, although the violent man is a misfit in the first society and a leader in the second. If human nature were completely homogeneous raw material, lacking specific drives and characterized by no important constitutional differences between individuals, then individuals who display personality traits so antithetical to the social pressure should not reappear in societies of such differing emphases. If the variations between individuals were to be set down to accidents in the genetic process, the same accidents should not be repeated with simi-



lar frequency in strikingly different cultures, with strongly contrasting methods of education.

But because this same relative distribution of individual differences does appear in culture after culture, in spite of the divergence between the cultures, it seems pertinent to offer a hypothesis to explain upon what basis the personalities of men and women have been differently standardized so often in the history of the human race. This hypothesis is an extension of that advanced by Ruth Benedict in her *Patterns of Culture*. Let us assume that there are definite temperamental differences between human beings which if not entirely hereditary at least are established on a hereditary base very soon after birth. (Further than this we cannot at present narrow the matter.) These differences finally embodied in the character structure of adults, then, are the clues from which culture works, selecting one temperament, or a combination of related and congruent types, as desirable, and embodying this choice in every thread of the social fabric—in the care of the young child, the games the children play, the songs the people sing, the structure of political organization, the religious observance, the art and the philosophy.

Some primitive societies have had the time and the robustness to revamp all of their institutions to fit one extreme type, and to develop educational techniques which will ensure that the majority of each generation will show a personality congruent with this extreme emphasis. Other societies have pursued a less definitive course, selecting their models not from the most extreme, most highly differentiated individuals, but from the less marked types. In such societies the approved personality is less pronounced, and the culture often contains the types of inconsistencies that many human being display also; one institution may be adjusted to the uses of pride, another to a casual humility that is congruent neither with pride nor with inverted pride. Such societies, which have



taken the more usual and less sharply defined types as models, often show also a less definitely patterned social structure. The culture of such societies may be likened to a house the decoration of which has been informed by no definite and precise taste, no exclusive emphasis upon dignity or comfort or pretentiousness or beauty, but in which a little of each effect has been included.

Alternatively, a culture may take its clues not from one temperament, but from several temperaments. But instead of mixing together into an inconsistent hotchpotch the choices and emphases of different temperaments, or blending them together into a smooth but not particularly distinguished whole, it may isolate each type by making it the basis for the approved social personality for an age-group, a sex-group, a caste-group, or an occupational group. In this way society becomes not a monotone with a few discrepant patches of an intrusive colour, but a mosaic, with different groups displaying different personality traits. Such specializations as these may be based upon any facet of human endowment—different intellectual abilities, different artistic abilities, different emotional traits. So the Samoans decree that all young people must show the personality trait of unaggressiveness and punish with opprobrium the aggressive child who displays traits regarded as appropriate only in titled middle-aged men. In societies based upon elaborate ideas of rank, members of the aristocracy will be permitted, even compelled, to display a pride, a sensitivity to insult, that would be deprecated as inappropriate in members of the plebeian class. So also in professional groups or in religious sects some temperamental traits are selected and institutionalized, and taught to each new member who enters the profession or sect. Thus the physician learns the bed-side manner, which is the natural behaviour of some temperaments and the standard behaviour of the general practitioner in the medical profession; the

Quaker learns at least the outward behaviour and the rudiments of meditation, the capacity for which is not necessarily an innate characteristic of many of the members of the Society of Friends.

So it is with the social personalities of the two sexes. The traits that occur in some members of each sex are specially assigned to one sex, and disallowed in the other. The history of the social definition of sex-differences is filled with such arbitrary arrangements in the intellectual and artistic field, but because of the assumed congruence between physiological sex and emotional endowment we have been less able to recognize that a similar arbitrary selection is being made among emotional traits also. We have assumed that because it is convenient for a mother to wish to care for her child, this is a trait with which women have been more generously endowed by a carefully teleological process of evolution. We have assumed that because men have hunted, an activity requiring enterprise, bravery, and initiative, they have been endowed with these useful attitudes as part of their sex-temperament.

Societies have made these assumptions both overtly and implicitly. If a society insists that warfare is the major occupation for the male sex, it is therefore insisting that all male children display bravery and pugnacity. Even if the insistence upon the differential bravery of men and women is not made articulate, the difference in occupation makes this point implicitly. When, however, a society goes further and defines men as brave and women as timorous, when men are forbidden to show fear and women are indulged in the most flagrant display of fear, a more explicit element enters in. Bravery, hatred of any weakness, of flinching before pain or danger—this attitude which is so strong a component of *some human* temperaments has been selected as the key to masculine behaviour. The easy unashamed display of fear or

suffering that is congenial to a different temperament has been made the key to feminine behaviour.

Originally two variations of human temperament, a hatred of fear or willingness to display fear, they have been socially translated into inalienable aspects of the personalities of the two sexes. And to that defined sex-personality every child will be educated, if a boy, to suppress fear, if a girl, to show it. If there has been no social selection in regard to this trait, the proud temperament that is repelled by any betrayal of feeling will display itself, regardless of sex, by keeping a stiff upper lip. Without an express prohibition of such behaviour the expressive unashamed man or woman will weep, or comment upon fear or suffering. Such attitudes, strongly marked in certain temperaments, may by social selection be standardized for everyone, or outlawed for everyone, or ignored by society, or made the exclusive and approved behaviour of one sex only.

Neither the Arapesh nor the Mundugumor have made any attitude specific for one sex. All of the energies of the culture have gone towards the creation of a single human type, regardless of class, age, or sex. There is no division into age-classes for which different motives or different moral attitudes are regarded as suitable. There is no class of seers or mediums who stand apart drawing inspiration from psychological sources not available to the majority of the people. The Mundugumor have, it is true, made one arbitrary selection, in that they recognize artistic ability only among individuals born with the cord about their necks, and firmly deny the happy exercise of artistic ability to those less unusually born. The Arapesh boy with a tinea infection has been socially selected to be a disgruntled, antisocial individual, and the society forces upon sunny co-operative children cursed with this affliction a final approximation to the behaviour appropriate to a pariah. With these two exceptions no emo-

tional rôle is forced upon an individual because of birth or accident. As there is no idea of rank which declares that some are of high estate and some of low, so there is no idea of sex-difference which declares that one sex must feel differently from the other. One possible imaginative social construct, the attribution of different personalities to different members of the community classified into sex-, age-, or caste-groups, is lacking.

When we turn however to the Tchambuli, we find a situation that while bizarre in one respect, seems nevertheless more intelligible in another. The Tchambuli have at least made the point of sex-difference; they have used the obvious fact of sex as an organizing point for the formation of social personality, even though they seem to us to have reversed the normal picture. While there is reason to believe that not every Tchambuli woman is born with a dominating, organizing, administrative temperament, actively sexed and willing to initiate sex-relations, possessive, definite, robust, practical and impersonal in outlook, still most Tchambuli girls grow up to display these traits. And while there is definite evidence to show that all Tchambuli men are not, by native endowment, the delicate responsive actors of a play staged for the women's benefit, still most Tchambuli boys manifest this coquettish play-acting personality most of the time. Because the Tchambuli formulation of sex-attitudes contradicts our usual premises, we can see clearly that Tchambuli culture has arbitrarily permitted certain human traits to women, and allotted others, equally arbitrarily, to men.

If we then accept this evidence drawn from these simple societies which through centuries of isolation from the main stream of human history have been able to develop more extreme, more striking cultures than is possible under historical conditions of great intercommunication between peoples and the resulting heterogeneity, what are the implications of

these results? What conclusions can we draw from a study of the way in which a culture can select a few traits from the wide gamut of human endowment and specialize these traits, either for one sex or for the entire community? What relevance have these results to social thinking? Before we consider this question it will be necessary to discuss in more detail the position of the deviant, the individual whose innate disposition is too alien to the social personality required by his culture for his age, or sex, or caste ever to wear perfectly the garment of personality that his society has fashioned for him.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE DEVIANT

WHAT are the implications for an understanding of the social deviant of the point of view outlined in the last chapter? Under the term "deviant" I include any individual who because of innate disposition or accident of early training, or through the contradictory influences of a heterogeneous cultural situation, has been culturally disenfranchised, the individual to whom the major emphases of his society seem nonsensical, unreal, untenable, or downright wrong. The average man in any society looks into his heart and finds there a reflection of the world about him. The delicate educational process that has made him into an adult has assured him this spiritual membership in his own society. But this is not true of the individual for whose temperamental gifts his society has no use, nor even tolerance. The most cursory survey of our history is enough to demonstrate that gifts honoured in one century are disallowed in the next. Men who would have been saints in the Middle Ages are without vocation in modern England and America. When we take into account primitive societies that have selected far more extreme and contrasting attitudes than did our own ancestral cultures, the matter becomes even clearer. To the extent that a culture is integrated and definite in its goals, uncompromising in its moral and spiritual preferences, to that very extent it condemns some of its members—members by birth only—to live alien to it, in perplexity at the best, at the worst in a rebellion that may turn to madness.

It has become the fashion to group together all of those by



whom the cultural norm is not accepted as neurotics, individuals who have turned from "reality" (that is, the present-day solutions of their own society) to the comfort or inspiration of fantasy situations, taking refuge in some transcendental philosophy, in art, in political radicalism, or merely in sexual inversion or some other elaborated idiosyncrasy of behaviour—vegetarianism or the wearing of a hair shirt. The neurotic is furthermore regarded as immature; he has not grown up sufficiently to understand the obviously realistic and commendable motivations of his own society.

In this blanket definition two quite different concepts have become blurred and confused, each one rendering the other nugatory. Among the deviants in any society, it is possible to distinguish those who are physiologically inadequate. They may have weak intellects or defective glands; any one of a number of possible organic weaknesses may predetermine them to failure in any but the simplest tasks. They may—very, very rarely such an individual is found—have practically all of the physiological equipment of the opposite sex. None of these individuals are suffering from any discrepancy between a purely temperamental bent and social emphasis; they are merely the weak and the defective, or they are abnormal in the sense that they are in a group which deviates too far from human cultural standards—not particular cultural standards—for effective functioning. For such individuals any society must provide a softer, a more limited, or a more special environment than that which it provides for the majority of its members.

But there is another type of neurotic that is continually being confused with these physiologically handicapped individuals, and this is the cultural deviant, the individual who is at variance with the values of his society. Modern psychiatric thought tends to attribute all of his maladjustment to early conditioning and so places him in the invidious category of the

psychically maimed. A study of primitive conditions does not bear out such a simple explanation. It does not account for the fact that it is always those individuals who show marked temperamental proclivities in opposition to the cultural emphases who are in each society the maladjusted persons; or for the fact that it is a different type of individual which is maladjusted among the Mundugumor from the type which is maladjusted among the Arapesh. It does not explain why materialistic, bustling America and a materialistic, bustling tribe in the Admiralty Islands both produce hoboos, or why it is the individual endowed with a capacity to feel strongly who is maladjusted in Zuñi and Samoa. Such material suggests that there is another type of unadjusted person, whose failure to adjust should be referred not to his own weakness and defect, not to accident or to disease, but to a fundamental discrepancy between his innate disposition and his society's standards.

When society is unstratified and the social personalities of both sexes are fundamentally alike, these deviants are drawn indiscriminately from both sexes. Among the Arapesh the violent man and the violent woman, among the Mundugumor the trustful, co-operative man and the trustful, co-operative woman, are the deviants. Too much positive self-feeling predetermines one to maladjustment among the Arapesh, too much negative self-feeling is an equal liability among the Mundugumor. In earlier chapters we have discussed the personalities of some of these deviating individuals, and shown how the very gifts that Mundugumor society would have honoured were disallowed among the Arapesh, how Wabe and Temos and Amitoa would have found Mundugumor life intelligible, and Ombléan and Kwenda would have been well placed among the Arapesh. But the alienness of both these groups in their own cultures, although it impaired their social functioning, reducing the uses to which

their gifts might have been put, nevertheless left their psycho-sexual functioning unimpaired. Amitoa's positive drive made her behave not like a man, but like a woman of the Plains. Ombléan's love for children and willingness to work strenuously in order to care for a number of dependents did not make him suspect that he was like a woman, nor did it provoke in his associates an accusation of effeminacy. In loving children and peace and order, he might be behaving like some white men or some tribe they had never seen, but certainly no more like a Mundugumor woman than like a Mundugumor man. There was no homosexuality among either the Arapesh or the Mundugumor.

But any society that specializes its personality types by sex, which insists that any trait—love for children, interest in art, bravery in the face of danger, garrulity, lack of interest in personal relations, passiveness in sex-relations; there are hundreds of traits of very different kinds that have been so specialized—is inalienably bound up with sex, paves the way for a kind of maladjustment of a worse order. Where there is no such dichotomy, a man may stare sadly at his world and find it essentially meaningless but still marry and rear children, finding perhaps a definite mitigation of his misery in this one whole-hearted participation in a recognized social form. A woman may day-dream all her life of a world where there is dignity and pride instead of the mean shop-keeping morality that she finds all about her, and yet greet her husband with an easy smile and nurse her children through the croup. The deviant may translate his sense of remoteness into painting or music or revolutionary activity and yet remain in his personal life, in his relations to members of his own and the opposite sex, essentially unconfused. Not so, however, in a society which, like that of the Tchambuli or that of historical Europe and America, defines some temperamental traits as masculine, some as feminine. In

addition to, or aside from, the pain of being born into a culture whose acknowledged ends he can never make his own, many a man has now the added misery of being disturbed in his psycho-sexual life. He not only has the wrong feelings but, far worse and more confusing, he has the feelings of a woman. The significant point is not whether this mal-orientation, which makes the defined goals of women in his society intelligible to him and the goals of the man alien and distasteful, results in inversion or not. In extreme cases in which a man's temperament conforms very closely to the approved feminine personality, and if there is in existence a social form behind which he can shelter himself, a man may turn to avowed inversion and transvesticism. Among the Plains Indians, the individual who preferred the placid activities of the women to the dangerous, nerve-racking activities of the men could phrase his preference in sex terms; he could assume women's dress and occupations, and proclaim that he really was more a woman than a man. In Mundugumor, where there is no such pattern, a man may engage in feminine activities, such as fishing, without its occurring to him to symbolize his behaviour in female attire. Without any contrast between the sexes and without any tradition of transvesticism, a variation in temperamental preference does not result in either homosexuality or transvesticism. As it is unevenly distributed over the world, it seems clear that transvesticism is not only a variation that occurs when there are different personalities decreed for men and women, but that it need not occur even there. It is in fact a social invention that has become stabilized among the American Indians and in Siberia, but not in Oceania.

I observed in some detail the behaviour of an American Indian youth who was in all probability a congenital invert, during the period when he was just making his transvesticism explicit. This man had, as a small boy, showed such marked

feminine physical traits that a group of women had once captured him and undressed him to discover whether he was really a boy at all. As he grew older he began to specialize in women's occupations and to wear female underclothing, although he still affected the outer costume of a male. He carried in his pockets, however, a variety of rings and bangles such as were worn only by women. At dances in which the sexes danced separately, he would begin the evening dressed as a man and dancing with the men, and then, as if acting under some irresistible compulsion, he would begin to move closer and closer to the women, as he did so putting on one piece of jewelry after another. Finally a shawl would appear, and at the end of the evening he would be dressed as a *berdache*, a transvestite. The people were just beginning to speak of him as "she." I have cited his case in this connexion to make clear that this is the type of maladjusted individual with which this discussion is not concerned. His aberrancy appeared to have a specific physiological origin; it was not a mere temperamental variation that his society had decided to define as feminine.

This discussion is concerned neither with the congenital invert nor with overt behaviour of the practising homosexual. There are, it is true, ways in which the different types of maladjustment intersect and reinforce each other, and the congenital invert may be found among those who have found shelter in transvesticism. But the deviants with whom we are concerned here are those individuals whose adjustment to life is conditioned by their temperamental affinity for a type of behaviour that is regarded as unnatural for their own sex and natural for the opposite sex. To produce this type of maladjustment, not only is it necessary to have a definite approved social personality, but also this personality must be rigidly limited to one of the two sexes. The coercion to behave like a member of one's own sex becomes one of the

strongest implements with which the society attempts to mould the growing child into accepted forms. A society without a rigid sex-dichotomy merely says to the child who shows aberrant behaviour traits: "Don't behave like that." "People don't do that." "If you behave like that, people won't like you." "If you behave like that you will never get married." "If you behave like that, people will sorcerize you"—and so on. It invokes—as against the child's natural inclination to laugh or cry or sulk in the wrong places, to see insult where there is none, or fail to see insult that is intended—considerations of human conduct as socially defined, not of sex-determined conduct. The burden of the disciplinary song is: "You will not be a real human being unless you suppress these tendencies which are incompatible with our definition of humanity." But it does not occur to either the Arapesh or the Mundugumor to add: "You aren't behaving like a boy at all. You are behaving like a girl"—even when actually this may be the case. It will be remembered that among the Arapesh, boys, owing to their slightly different parental care, do cry more than girls and have temper tantrums until a later age. Yet because the idea of sex-difference in emotional behaviour is lacking, this real difference was never invoked. In societies without a sex-dichotomy of temperament, one aspect, one very basic aspect, of the child's sense of its position in the universe is left unchallenged—the genuineness of its membership in its own sex. It can continue to watch the mating behaviour of its elders and pattern its hopes and expectations upon it. It is not forced to identify with a parent of opposite sex by being told that its own sex is very much in question. Some slight imitation of a father by a daughter, or of a mother by a son, is not seized upon and converted into a reproach, or a prophecy that the girl will grow up to be a tomboy or the boy a sissy. The



Arapesh and Mundugumor children are spared this form of confusion.

Consider in contrast the way in which children in our culture are pressed into conformity: "Don't act like a girl." "Little girls don't do that." The threat of failing to behave like a member of one's own sex is used to enforce a thousand details of nursery routine and cleanliness, ways of sitting or relaxing, ideas of sportsmanship and fair play, patterns of expressing emotions, and a multitude of other points in which we recognize socially defined sex-differences, such as limits of personal vanity, interest in clothes, or interest in current events. Back and forth weaves the shuttle of comment: "Girls don't do that." "Don't you want to grow up to be a real man like Daddy?"—tangling the child's emotions in a confusion that, if the child is unfortunate enough to possess even in some slight degree the temperament approved for the opposite sex, may well prevent the establishment of any adequate adjustment to its world. Every time the point of sex-conformity is made, every time the child's sex is invoked as the reason why it should prefer trousers to petticoats, baseball-bats to dolls, fisticuffs to tears, there is planted in the child's mind a fear that indeed, in spite of anatomical evidence to the contrary, it may not really belong to its own sex at all.

How little weight the anatomical evidence of own sex has, as over against the social conditioning, was vividly dramatized recently in a case in a Middle Western city, where a boy was found who had lived twelve years as a girl, under the name of Maggie, doing a girl's tasks and wearing a girl's clothes. He had discovered several years before that his anatomy was that of a boy, but that did not suggest to him the possibility of being classified as a boy socially. Yet when social workers discovered the case and effected the change of his classification, he did not show any traits of inversion; he was merely

a boy who had been mistakenly classified as a girl, and whose parents, for some reasons that were not discovered, refused to recognize and rectify their error. This bizarre case reveals the strength of social classification as over against merely anatomical membership in a sex, and it is this social classification which makes it possible for society to plant in children's minds doubts and confusions about their sex-position.

Such social pressure exerts itself in a number of ways. There is first the threat of sex-disenfranchisement against the child who shows aberrant tendencies, the boy who dislikes rough-and-tumble play or weeps when he is rebuked, the girl who is only interested in adventures, or prefers battering her playmates to dissolving in tears. Second, there is the attribution of the emotions defined as feminine to the boy who shows the mildest preference for one of the superficial sex-limited occupations or avocations. A small boy's interest in knitting may arise from a delight in his own ability to manipulate a needle; his interest in cooking may derive from a type of interest that might later make him a first-class chemist; his interest in dolls may spring from no tender cherishing feelings but from a desire to dramatize some incident. Similarly, a girl's overwhelming interest in horseback-riding may come from a delight in her own physical co-ordination on horseback, her interest in her brother's wireless set may come from pride in her proficiency in handling the Morse code. Some physical or intellectual or artistic potentiality may accidentally express itself in an activity deemed appropriate to the opposite sex. This has two results: The child is reproached for his choice and accused of having the emotions of the opposite sex, and also, because the occupational choice or hobby throws him more with the opposite sex, he may come in time to take on much of the socially sex-limited behaviour of that opposite sex.

A third way in which our dichotomy of social personality by sex affects the growing child is the basis it provides for a cross-sex identification with the parents. The invocation of a boy's identification with his mother to explain his subsequent assumption of a passive rôle towards members of his own sex is familiar enough in modern psychiatric theory. It is assumed that through a distortion of the normal course of personality development the boy fails to identify with his father and so loses the clue to normal "masculine" behaviour. Now there is no doubt that the developing child searching for clues to his social rôle in life usually finds his most important models in those who stand in a parental relationship to him during his early years. But I would suggest that we have still to explain why these identifications occur, and that the cause lies not in any basic femininity in the small boy's temperament, but in the existence of a dichotomy between the standardized behaviour of the sexes. We have to discover why a given child identifies with a parent of opposite sex rather than with the parent of its own sex. The most conspicuous social categories in our society—in most societies—are the two sexes. Clothes, occupation, vocabulary, all serve to concentrate the child's attention upon its similarity with the parent of the same sex. Nevertheless some children, in defiance of all this pressure, choose the parents of opposite sex, not to love best, but as the persons with whose motives and purposes they feel most at one, whose choices they feel they can make their own when they are grown.

Before considering this question further, let me restate my hypothesis. I have suggested that certain human traits have been socially specialized as the appropriate attitudes and behaviour of only one sex, while other human traits have been specialized for the opposite sex. This social specialization is then rationalized into a theory that the socially de-

creed behaviour is natural for one sex and unnatural for the other, and that the deviant is a deviant because of glandular defect, or developmental accident. Let us take a hypothetical case. Attitudes towards physical intimacy vary enormously among individuals and have been very differently standardized in different societies. We find primitive societies, such as those of the Dobu and the Manus, where casual physical contact is so interdicted for both sexes, so hedged about with rules and categories, that only the insane will touch another person lightly and casually. Other societies, such as that of the Arapesh, permit a great deal of easy physical intimacy between individuals of different ages and both sexes. Now let us consider a society that has specialized to one sex this particular temperamental trait. To men has been assigned the behaviour characteristic of the individual who finds casual physical contact intolerable, to women, as their "natural" behaviour, that of individuals who accept it easily. To men, the hand on the arm or across the shoulder, sleeping in the same room with another man, having to hold another man on the lap in a crowded automobile—every contact of this kind would be, by definition, repellent, possibly even, if the social conditioning were strong enough, disgusting or frightening. To women in this given society, however, physical contact that was easy and unstylized would be, by definition, welcome. They would embrace each other, caress each other's hair, arrange each other's clothes, sleep in the same bed, comfortably and without embarrassment. Now let us take a marriage between a well-brought-up man in this society, who would be intolerant of any physical casualness, and a well-brought-up woman, who would consider it as natural when displayed by women and never expect it among boys or men. To this couple is born a girl who displays from birth a *noli me tangere* attitude that nothing her mother can do will dispel. The little girl slips off her

mother's lap, wriggles away when her mother tries to kiss her. She turns with relief to her father, who will not embarrass her with demonstrations of affection, who does not even insist upon holding her hand when he takes her for a walk. From such a simple clue as this, a preference that in the child is temperamental, in the father is socially stabilized male behaviour, the little girl may build up an identification with her father, and a theory that she is more like a boy than like a girl. She may come in time to be actually better adjusted in many other ways to the behaviour of the opposite sex. The psychiatrist who finds her later in life wearing mannish attire, following a male occupation, and unable to find happiness in marriage may say that identification with the opposite sex was the cause of her failure to adjust as a woman. But this explanation does not reveal the fact that the identification would not have occurred in these terms if there had been no dichotomy of sex-attitudes in the society. The Arapesh child who is more like a reserved father than like a demonstrative mother may feel that it resembles its father more than its mother, but this has no further effects on its personality in a society in which it is not possible to "feel like a man" or "feel like a woman." The accident of a differentiation of sex-attitudes makes these chance identifications dynamic in the adjustment of the child.

This example is admittedly hypothetical and simple. The actual conditions in a modern society are infinitely more complicated. To list merely some of the kinds of confusions that occur should be sufficient to focus attention upon the problem. One of the child's parents may be aberrant, and therefore be a false guide to the child in its attempt to find its rôle. Both the children's parents may deviate from the norm in opposite ways, the mother showing more pronounced temperamental traits usually specialized as male, the father showing the opposite traits. This condition is very likely



to occur in modern society, in which, because it is believed marriage must be based upon contrasting personalities, deviant men often choose deviant women. So the child, groping for clues, may make a false identification because its own temperament is like that decreed for the opposite sex, or a false identification because, while it is itself fitted for easy adjustment, the parent of its own sex is maladjusted.

I have discussed first identification along temperamental lines, but the identification may also be made in other terms. The original identification may be through intelligence or specific artistic gifts, the gifted child identifying with the more gifted parent, regardless of sex. Then, if the double standard of personality exists, this simple identification on the basis of ability or interest will be translated into sex terms, and the mother will lament: "Mary is always working with Will's drafting instruments. She hasn't any more normal girl's interests at all. Will says it's a pity she wasn't born a boy." From this comment, it is very easy for Mary to come to the same conclusion.

Worth mentioning here is the way in which the boy's plight differs from the girl's in almost every known society. Whatever the arrangements in regard to descent or ownership of property, and even if these formal outward arrangements are reflected in the temperamental relationships between the two sexes, the prestige values always attach to the occupations of men, if not entirely at the expense of the women's occupations, at least to a great extent. It almost always follows, therefore, that the girl "who should have been a boy" has at least the possibility of a partial participation in activities that are surrounded by the aura of masculine prestige. For the boy "who should have been a girl" there is no such possibility open. His participation in women's activities is almost always a matter for double reproach: he has shown himself unworthy to be categorized as a man, and



has thereby condemned himself to activities with a low prestige value.

Furthermore, it is seldom that the particular attitudes and interests which have been classified as feminine in any society have been given any very rich expression in art or in literature. The girl who finds the defined masculine interests closer to her own can find for herself forms of vicarious expression; the boy who might have found similar outlets if there were a comparable feminine art and literature is denied such satisfactory escape. Kenneth Grahame has immortalized the perplexity of all small boys before the special and limited interests of girls in his famous chapter, "What They Talked About":

"She's off with those Vicarage girls again," said Edward, regarding Selina's long black legs twinkling down the path. "She goes out with them every day now; and as soon as ever they start, all their heads go together and they chatter, chatter, chatter, the whole blessed time! I can't make out what they find to talk about. . . ."

"P'raps they talk about birds'-eggs," I suggested sleepily . . . "and about ships, and buffaloes, and desert islands; and why rabbits have white tails; and whether they'd sooner have a schooner or a cutter; and what they'll be when they're men—at least, I mean there's lots of things to talk about, if you *want* to talk."

"Yes; but they don't talk about those sort of things at all," Edward persisted. "How *can* they? They don't *know* anything; they can't *do* anything—except play the piano, and nobody would want to talk about *that*; and they don't care about anything—anything sensible, I mean. So what *do* they talk about? . . . But it's these girls I can't make out. If they've anything really sensible to talk about, how is it nobody knows what it is? And if they haven't—and we know they *can't* have, naturally—why don't they shut up their jaw? This old rabbit here—*he* doesn't want to talk. . . ."

"O but rabbits *do* talk!" interposed Harold. "I've watched them often in their hutch. They put their heads together and their noses go up and down, just like Selina's and the Vicarage girls!" . . .

"Well, if they do," said Edward unwillingly, "I'll bet they don't talk such rot as those girls do!" Which was ungenerous, as well as unfair; for it has not yet transpired—nor has it to this day—*what* Selina and her friends talked about.<sup>1</sup>

This perplexity is likely to remain throughout life. The woman who either by temperament or accident of training has become more identified with the interests of men, if she cannot adjust to the current sex-standards, loses out in her essentially feminine rôle of child-bearing. The man who has been disenfranchised from his own sex's interests suffers a subtler disenfranchisement, since a great part of the artistic symbolism of his society is rendered unavailable and there is no substitute to which he can turn. He remains a confused and bewildered person, unable to feel as men "naturally" feel in his society, and equally unable to find any satisfaction in rôles that have been defined by women, although their social personality is more akin to his temperament.

And so, in a thousand ways, the fact that it is necessary to feel not only like a member of a given society in a given period, but like a member of one sex and not like a member of the other, conditions the development of the child, and produces individuals who are unplaced in their society. Many students of personality lay these multiple, imponderable maladjustments to "latent homosexuality." But such a judgment is fathered by our two-sex standard; it is *post hoc* diagnosis of a result, not diagnosis of a cause. It is a

<sup>1</sup> From *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame. Copyright 1895, 1922, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

judgment that is applied not only to the invert but to the infinitely more numerous individuals who deviate from the social definition of appropriate behaviour for their sex.

If these contradictory traits of temperament which different societies have regarded as sex-linked are not sex-linked, but are merely human potentialities specialized as the behaviour of one sex, the presence of the deviant, who need no longer be branded as a latent homosexual, is inevitable in every society that insists upon artificial connexions between sex and bravery, or between sex and positive self-feeling, or between sex and a preference for personal relations. Furthermore, the lack of correspondence between the actual temperamental constitution of members of each sex and the rôle that a culture has assigned to them has its reverberations in the lives of those individuals who were born with the expected and correct temperament. It is often assumed that in a society which designates men as aggressive and dominating, women as responsive and submissive, the maladjusted individuals will be the dominant, aggressive woman and the responsive, submissive man. Theirs is, indubitably, the most difficult position. Human contacts of all sorts, and especially courtship and marriage, may present insoluble problems to them. But consider also the position of the boy naturally endowed with an aggressive, dominating temperament and reared to believe that it is his masculine rôle to dominate submissive females. He is trained to respond to responsive and submissive behaviour in others by a display of his self-conscious aggressiveness. And then he encounters not only submissive females, but also submissive males. The stimulus to dominating behaviour, to an insistence upon unquestioning loyalty and reiterated statements of his importance, is presented to him in one-sex groups, and a "latent homosexual" situation is created. Similarly, such a man has been taught that his ability to dominate is the

measure of his manhood, so that submissiveness in his associates continually reassures him. When he encounters a woman who is as naturally dominating as he is himself, or even a woman who, although not dominating temperamentally, is able to outdistance him in some special skill or type of work, a doubt of his own manhood is set up in his mind. This is one of the reasons why men who conform most closely to the accepted temperament for males in their society are most suspicious and hostile towards deviating women who, in spite of a contrary training, show the same temperamental traits. Their hold upon their conviction of their own sex-membership rests upon the non-occurrence of similar personalities in the opposite sex.

And the submissive, responsive woman may find herself in an equally anomalous position, even though her culture has defined her temperament as the proper one for women. Trained from childhood to yield to the authority of a dominant voice, to bend all of her energies to please the more vulnerable egotism of dominant persons, she may often encounter the same authoritative note in a feminine voice and thus she, who is by temperament the ideal woman in her society, may find women so engrossing that marriage adjustments never enter the picture. Her involvement in devotion to members of her own sex may in turn set up in her doubts and questions as to her essential femininity.

Thus the existence in a given society of a dichotomy of social personality, of a sex-determined, sex-limited personality, penalizes in greater or less degree every individual born within it. Those whose temperaments are indubitably aberrant fail to adjust to the accepted standards, and by their very presence, by the anomalousness of their responses, confuse those whose temperaments are the expected ones for their sex. So in practically every mind a seed of doubt, of anxiety, is planted, which interferes with the normal course of life.

But the tale of confusions is not ended here. The Tchambuli, and in a milder degree parts of modern America, represent a further difficulty that a culture which defines personality in terms of sex can invent for its members. It will be remembered that while Tchambuli theory is patrilineal, Tchambuli practice gives the dominant position to women, so that the position of the man with aberrant—that is, dominating—temperament is rendered doubly difficult by the cultural forms. The cultural formulation that a man has paid for his wife and can therefore control her continually misleads these aberrant individuals into fresh attempts at such control, and brings them into conflict with all their childhood training to obey and respect women, and their wives' training to expect such respect. Tchambuli institutions and the emphases of their society are, to a certain extent, at odds with one another. Native history attributes a high development of dominating temperaments to various neighbouring tribes, whose women have for many generations run away and married the Tchambuli. In explanation of its own inconsistencies, it invokes the situation that was just frequent enough among the Arapesh to confuse the adjustments of men and women there. These inconsistencies in Tchambuli culture were probably increased by a diminished interest in war and head-hunting and a greater interest in the delicate arts of peace. The importance of the women's economic activities may also have increased without any corresponding enhancement of the men's economic rôle. Whatever the historical causes, and they are undoubtedly multiple and complex, Tchambuli today presents a striking confusion between institutions and cultural emphases. And it also contains a larger number of neurotic males than I have seen in any other primitive culture. To have one's aberrancy, one's temperamental inability to conform to the prescribed rôle of responsive dancing attendance upon women, apparently con-



firmed by institutions—this is too much, even for members of a primitive society living under conditions far simpler than our own.

Modern cultures that are in the throes of adjusting to women's changing economic position present comparable difficulties. Men find that one of the props of their dominance, a prop which they have often come to think of as synonymous with that dominance itself—the ability to be the sole support of their families—has been pulled from beneath them. Women trained to believe that the possession of earned income gave the right to dictate, a doctrine which worked well enough as long as women had no incomes, find themselves more and more often in a confused state between their real position in the household and the one to which they have been trained. Men who have been trained to believe that their sex is always a little in question and who believe that their earning power is a proof of their manhood are plunged into a double uncertainty by unemployment; and this is further complicated by the fact that their wives have been able to secure employment.

All such conditions are aggravated in America also by the large number of different patterns of decreed behaviour for each sex that obtain in different national and regional groups, and by the supreme importance of the pattern of intersex behaviour that children encounter within the closed four walls of their homes. Each small part of our complex and stratified culture has its own set of rules by which the power and complementary balance between the sexes is maintained. But these rules differ, and are sometimes even contradictory, as between different national groups or economic classes. So, because there is no tradition which insists that individuals should marry in the group within which they were reared, men and women are continually marrying whose pictures of the interrelationships between the sexes are



entirely different. Their confusions are in turn transmitted to their children. The result is a society in which hardly anyone doubts the existence of a different "natural" behaviour for the sexes, but no one is very sure what that "natural" behaviour is. Within the conflicting definitions of appropriate behaviour for each sex, almost every type of individual is left room to doubt the completeness of his or her possession of a really masculine or a really feminine nature. We have kept the emphasis, the sense of the importance of the adjustment, and at the same time we have lost the ability to enforce the adjustment.

## CONCLUSION

THE knowledge that the personalities of the two sexes are socially produced is congenial to every programme that looks forward towards a planned order of society. It is a two-edged sword that can be used to hew a more flexible, more varied society than the human race has ever built, or merely to cut a narrow path down which one sex or both sexes will be forced to march, regimented, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It makes possible a Fascist programme of education in which women are forced back into a mould that modern Europe had fatuously believed to be broken forever. It makes possible a Communist programme in which the two sexes are treated as nearly alike as their different physiological functions permit. Because it is social conditioning that is determinative, it has been possible for America, without conscious plan but none the less surely, partially to reverse the European tradition of male dominance, and to breed a generation of women who model their lives on the pattern of their school-teachers and their aggressive, directive mothers. Their brothers stumble about in a vain attempt to preserve the myth of male dominance in a society in which the girls have come to consider dominance their natural right. As one fourteen-year-old girl said in commenting on the meaning of the term "tomboy," "Yes, it's true that it used to mean a girl who tried to act like a boy, dress like a boy, and things like that. But that belonged to the hoop-skirt era. Nowadays all girls have to do is to act exactly like boys, quite quietly." The tradition in this country has been changing so rapidly that the term "sissy," which

ten years ago meant a boy who showed personality traits regarded as feminine, can now be applied with scathing emphasis by one girl to another, or can be defined by a small girl as "the kind of boy who always wears a baseball glove and goes about shouting, 'Put her there! Put her there!' and when you throw him a soft one he can't catch it." These penetrating comments are sharply indicative of a trend that lacks the concerted planning behind Fascist or Communist programmes, but which has nevertheless gained in acceleration in the last three decades. Plans that regiment women as home-makers, or which cease to differentiate the training of the two sexes, have at least the virtue of being clear and unambiguous. The present development in this country has all the insidious ambiguity of the situation that we found illustrated among the Tchambuli head-hunters, where the man is still defined as the head of the house, although the woman is trained to a greater celerity and sureness in taking that position. The result is an increasing number of American men who feel they must shout in order to maintain their vulnerable positions, and an increasing number of American women who clutch unhappily at a dominance that their society has granted them—but without giving them a charter of rules and regulations by which they can achieve it without damage to themselves, their husbands, and their children.

There are at least three courses open to a society that has realized the extent to which male and female personality are socially produced. Two of these courses have been tried before, over and over again, at different times in the long, irregular, repetitious history of the race. The first is to standardize the personality of men and women as clearly contrasting, complementary, and antithetical, and to make every institution in the society congruent with this standardization. If the society declared that woman's sole function was motherhood and the teaching and care of young children, it could

so arrange matters that every woman who was not physiologically debarred should become a mother and be supported in the exercise of this function. It could abolish the discrepancy between the doctrine that women's place is the home and the number of homes that were offered to them. It could abolish the discrepancy between training women for marriage and then forcing them to become the spinster supports of their parents.

Such a system would be wasteful of the gifts of many women who could exercise other functions far better than their ability to bear children in an already overpopulated world. It would be wasteful of the gifts of many men who could exercise their special personality gifts far better in the home than in the market-place. It would be wasteful, but it would be clear. It could attempt to guarantee to each individual the rôle for which society insisted upon training him or her, and such a system would penalize only those individuals who, in spite of all the training, did not display the approved personalities. There are millions of persons who would gladly return to such a standardized method of treating the relationship between the sexes, and we must bear in mind the possibility that the greater opportunities open in the twentieth century to women may be quite withdrawn, and that we may return to a strict regimentation of women.

The waste, if this occurs, will be not only of many women, but also of as many men, because regimentation of one sex carries with it, to greater or less degree, the regimentation of the other also. Every parental behest that defines a way of sitting, a response to a rebuke or a threat, a game, or an attempt to draw or sing or dance or paint, as feminine, is moulding the personality of each little girl's brother as well as moulding the personality of the sister. There can be no society which insists that women follow one special person-

ality-pattern, defined as feminine, which does not do violence also to the individuality of many men.

Alternatively, society can take the course that has become especially associated with the plans of most radical groups: admit that men and women are capable of being moulded to a single pattern as easily as to a diverse one, and cease to make any distinction in the approved personality of both sexes. Girls can be trained exactly as boys are trained, taught the same code, the same forms of expression, the same occupations. This course might seem to be the logic which follows from the conviction that the potentialities which different societies label as either masculine or feminine are really potentialities of some members of each sex, and not sex-linked at all. If this is accepted, is it not reasonable to abandon the kind of artificial standardizations of sex-differences that have been so long characteristic of European society, and admit that they are social fictions for which we have no longer any use? In the world today, contraceptives make it possible for women not to bear children against their will. The most conspicuous actual difference between the sexes, the difference in strength, is progressively less significant. Just as the difference in height between males is no longer a realistic issue, now that lawsuits have been substituted for hand-to-hand encounters, so the difference in strength between men and women is no longer worth elaboration in cultural institutions.

In evaluating such a programme as this, however, it is necessary to keep in mind the nature of the gains that society has achieved in its most complex forms. A sacrifice of distinctions in sex-personality may mean a sacrifice in complexity. The Arapesh recognize a minimum of distinction in personality between old and young, between men and women, and they lack categories of rank or status. We have seen that such a society at the best condemns to personal frustration, and at the worst to maladjustment, all of those men

and women who do not conform to its simple emphases. The violent person among the Arapesh cannot find, either in the literature, or in the art, or in the ceremonial, or in the history of his people, any expression of the internal drives that are shattering his peace of mind. Nor is the loser only the individual whose own type of personality is nowhere recognized in his society. The imaginative, highly intelligent person who is essentially in tune with the values of his society may also suffer by the lack of range and depth characteristic of too great simplicity. The active mind and intensity of one Arapesh boy whom I knew well was unsatisfied by the *laissez-faire* solutions, the lack of drama in his culture. Searching for some material upon which to exercise his imagination, his longing for a life in which stronger emotions would be possible, he could find nothing with which to feed his imagination but tales of the passionate outbursts of the maladjusted, outbursts characterized by a violent hostility to others that he himself lacked.

Nor is it the individual alone who suffers. Society is equally the loser, and we have seen such an attenuation in the dramatic representations of the Mundugumor. By phrasing the exclusion of women as a protective measure congenial to both sexes, the Arapesh kept their *tamberan* cult, with the necessary audiences of women. But the Mundugumor developed a kind of personality for both men and women to which exclusion from any part of life was interpreted as a deadly insult. And as more and more Mundugumor women have demanded and been given the right of initiation, it is not surprising that the Mundugumor ceremonial life has dwindled, the actors have lost their audience, and one vivid artistic element in the life of the Mundugumor community is vanishing. The sacrifice of sex-differences has meant a loss in complexity to the society.

So in our own society. To insist that there are no sex-



differences in a society that has always believed in them and depended upon them may be as subtle a form of standardizing personality as to insist that there are many sex-differences. This is particularly so in a changing tradition, when a group in control is attempting to develop a new social personality, as is the case today in many European countries. Take, for instance, the current assumption that women are more opposed to war than men, that any outspoken approval of war is more horrible, more revolting, in women than in men. Behind this assumption women can work for peace without encountering social criticism in communities that would immediately criticize their brothers or husbands if they took a similarly active part in peace propaganda. This belief that women are naturally more interested in peace is undoubtedly artificial, part of the whole mythology that considers women to be gentler than men. But in contrast let us consider the possibility of a powerful minority that wished to turn a whole society whole-heartedly towards war. One way of doing this would be to insist that women's motives, women's interests, were identical with men's, that women should take as bloodthirsty a delight in preparing for war as ever men do. The insistence upon the opposite point of view, that the woman as a mother prevails over the woman as a citizen at least puts a slight drag upon agitation for war, prevents a blanket enthusiasm for war from being thrust upon the entire younger generation. The same kind of result follows if the clergy are professionally committed to a belief in peace. The relative bellicosity of different individual clerics may be either offended or gratified by the prescribed pacific rôle, but a certain protest, a certain dissenting note, will be sounded in society. The dangerous standardization of attitudes that disallows every type of deviation is greatly reinforced if neither age nor sex nor religious belief is regarded as automatically predisposing certain individuals to hold minority attitudes.

The removal of all legal and economic barriers against women's participating in the world on an equal footing with men may be in itself a standardizing move towards the wholesale stamping-out of the diversity of attitudes that is such a dearly bought product of civilization.

Such a standardized society, in which men, women, children, priests, and soldiers were all trained to an undifferentiated and coherent set of values, must of necessity create the kind of deviant that we found among the Arapesh and the Mundugumor, the individual who, regardless of sex or occupation, rebels because he is temperamentally unable to accept the one-sided emphasis of his culture. The individuals who were specifically unadjusted in terms of their psycho-sexual rôle would, it is true, vanish, but with them would vanish the knowledge that there is more than one set of possible values.

To the extent that abolishing the differences in the approved personalities of men and women means abolishing any expression of the type of personality once called exclusively feminine, or once called exclusively masculine, such a course involves a social loss. Just as a festive occasion is the gayer and more charming if the two sexes are dressed differently, so it is in less material matters. If the clothing is in itself a symbol, and a woman's shawl corresponds to a recognized softness in her character, the whole plot of personal relations is made more elaborate, and in many ways more rewarding. The poet of such a society will praise virtues, albeit feminine virtues, which might never have any part in a social Utopia that allowed no differences between the personalities of men and women.

To the extent that a society insists upon different kinds of personality so that one age-group or class or sex-group may follow purposes disallowed or neglected in another, each individual participant in that society is the richer. The arbitrary

assignment of set clothing, set manners, set social responses, to individuals born in a certain class, of a certain sex, or of a certain colour, to those born on a certain day of the week, to those born with a certain complexion, does violence to the individual endowment of individuals, but permits the building of a rich culture. The most extreme development of a society that has attained great complexity at the expense of the individual is historical India, based, as it was, upon the uncompromising association of a thousand attributes of behaviour, attitude, and occupation with an accident of birth. To each individual there was given the security, although it might be the security of despair, of a set rôle, and the reward of being born into a highly complex society.

Furthermore, when we consider the position of the deviant individual in historical cultures, those who are born into a complex society in the wrong sex or class for their personalities to have full sway are in a better position than those who are born into a simple society which does not use in any way their special temperamental gifts. The violent woman in a society that permits violence to men only, the strongly emotional member of an aristocracy in a culture that permits downright emotional expression only in the peasantry, the ritualistically inclined individual who is bred a Protestant in a country which has also Catholic institutions—each one of these can find expressed in some other group in the society the emotions that he or she is forbidden to manifest. He is given a certain kind of support by the mere existence of these values, values so congenial to him and so inaccessible because of an accident of birth. For those who are content with a vicarious spectator-rôle, or with materials upon which to feast the creative imagination, this may be almost enough. They may be content to experience from the sidewalks during a parade, from the audience of a theatre or from the nave of a church, those emotions the direct expression of which is

denied to them. The crude compensations offered by the moving pictures to those whose lives are emotionally starved are offered in subtler forms by the art and literature of a complex society to the individual who is out of place in his sex or his class or his occupational group.

Sex-adjustments, however, are not a matter of spectatorship, but a situation in which the most passive individual must play some part if he or she is to participate fully in life. And while we may recognize the virtues of complexity, the interesting and charming plots that cultures can evolve upon the basis of accidents of birth, we may well ask: Is not the price too high? Could not the beauty that lies in contrast and complexity be obtained in some other way? If the social insistence upon different personalities for the two sexes results in so much confusion, so many unhappy deviants, so much disorientation, can we imagine a society that abandons these distinctions without abandoning the values that are at present dependent upon them?

Let us suppose that, instead of the classification laid down on the "natural" bases of sex and race, a society had classified personality on the basis of eye-colour. It had decreed that all blue-eyed people were gentle, submissive, and responsive to the needs of others, and all brown-eyed people were arrogant, dominating, self-centred, and purposive. In this case two complementary social themes would be woven together—the culture, in its art, its religion, its formal personal relations, would have two threads instead of one. There would be blue-eyed men, and blue-eyed women, which would mean that there were gentle, "maternal" women, and gentle, "maternal" men. A blue-eyed man might marry a woman who had been bred to the same personality as himself, or a brown-eyed woman who had been bred to the contrasting personality. One of the strong tendencies that makes for homosexuality, the tendency to love the similar rather than the antithetical

person, would be eliminated. Hostility between the two sexes as groups would be minimized, since the individual interests of members of each sex could be woven together in different ways, and marriages of similarity and friendships of contrast need carry no necessary handicap of possible psycho-sexual maladjustment. The individual would still suffer a mutilation of his temperamental preferences, for it would be the unrelated fact of eye-colour that would determine the attitudes which he was educated to show. Every blue-eyed person would be forced into submissiveness and declared maladjusted if he or she showed any traits that it had been decided were only appropriate to the brown-eyed. The greatest social loss, however, in the classification of personality on the basis of sex would not be present in this society which based its classification on eye-colour. Human relations, and especially those which involve sex, would not be artificially distorted.

But such a course, the substitution of eye-colour for sex as a basis upon which to educate children into groups showing contrasting personalities, while it would be a definite advance upon a classification by sex, remains a parody of all the attempts that society has made through history to define an individual's rôle in terms of sex, or colour, or date of birth, or shape of head.

However, the only solution of the problem does not lie between an acceptance of standardization of sex-differences with the resulting cost in individual happiness and adjustment, and the abolition of these differences with the consequent loss in social values. A civilization might take its cues not from such categories as age or sex, race or hereditary position in a family line, but instead of specializing personality along such simple lines recognize, train, and make a place for many and divergent temperamental endowments. It might build upon the different potentialities that it now



attempts to extirpate artificially in some children and create artificially in others.

Historically the lessening of rigidity in the classification of the sexes has come about at different times, either by the creation of a new artificial category, or by the recognition of real individual differences. Sometimes the idea of social position has transcended sex-categories. In a society that recognizes gradations in wealth or rank, women of rank or women of wealth have been permitted an arrogance which was denied to both sexes among the lowly or the poor. Such a shift as this has been, it is true, a step towards the emancipation of women, but it has never been a step towards the greater freedom of the individual. A few women have shared the upper-class personality, but to balance this a great many men as well as women have been condemned to a personality characterized by subservience and fear. Such shifts as these mean only the substitution of one arbitrary standard for another. A society is equally unrealistic whether it insists that only men can be brave, or that only individuals of rank can be brave.

To break down one line of division, that between the sexes, and substitute another, that between classes, is no real advance. It merely shifts the irrelevancy to a different point. And meanwhile, individuals born in the upper classes are shaped inexorably to one type of personality, to an arrogance that is again uncongenial to at least some of them, while the arrogant among the poor fret and fume beneath their training for submissiveness. At one end of the scale is the mild, unaggressive young son of wealthy parents who is forced to lead, at the other the aggressive, enterprising child of the slums who is condemned to a place in the ranks. If our aim is greater expression for each individual temperament, rather than any partisan interest in one sex or its fate, we must see these historical developments which have aided in freeing



some women as nevertheless a kind of development that also involved major social losses.

The second way in which categories of sex-differences have become less rigid is through a recognition of genuine individual gifts as they occurred in either sex. Here a real distinction has been substituted for an artificial one, and the gains are tremendous for society and for the individual. Where writing is accepted as a profession that may be pursued by either sex with perfect suitability, individuals who have the ability to write need not be debarred from it by their sex, nor need they, if they do write, doubt their essential masculinity or femininity. An occupation that has no basis in sex-determined gifts can now recruit its ranks from twice as many potential artists. And it is here that we can find a ground-plan for building a society that would substitute real differences for arbitrary ones. We must recognize that beneath the superficial classifications of sex and race the same potentialities exist, recurring generation after generation, only to perish because society has no place for them. Just as society now permits the practice of an art to members of either sex, so it might also permit the development of many contrasting temperamental gifts in each sex. It might abandon its various attempts to make boys fight and to make girls remain passive, or to make all children fight, and instead shape our educational institutions to develop to the full the boy who shows a capacity for maternal behaviour, the girl who shows an opposite capacity that is stimulated by fighting against obstacles. No skill, no special aptitude, no vividness of imagination or precision of thinking would go unrecognized because the child who possessed it was of one sex rather than the other. No child would be relentlessly shaped to one pattern of behaviour, but instead there should be many patterns, in a world that had learned to allow to each individual the pattern which was most congenial to his gifts.

Such a civilization would not sacrifice the gains of thousands of years during which society has built up standards of diversity. The social gains would be conserved, and each child would be encouraged on the basis of his actual temperament. Where we now have patterns of behaviour for women and patterns of behaviour for men, we would then have patterns of behaviour that expressed the interests of individuals with many kinds of endowment. There would be ethical codes and social symbolisms, an art and a way of life, congenial to each endowment.

Historically our own culture has relied for the creation of rich and contrasting values upon many artificial distinctions, the most striking of which is sex. It will not be by the mere abolition of these distinctions that society will develop patterns in which individual gifts are given place instead of being forced into an ill-fitting mould. If we are to achieve a richer culture, rich in contrasting values, we must recognize the whole gamut of human potentialities, and so weave a less arbitrary social fabric, one in which each diverse human gift will find a fitting place.

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## INDEX AND GLOSSARY<sup>1</sup>

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